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THE ABBEY,

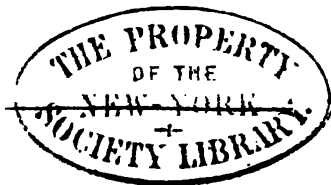
AND OTHER TALES.

BY MRS. GORE.

AUTHORESS OF PREFERMENT, MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS,
MARY RAYMOND, ETC. ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

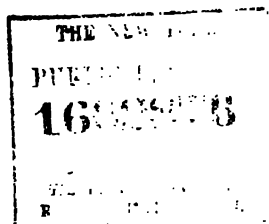
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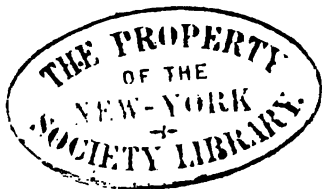
THE ABBEY.

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

Lament, lament old Abbies,
The faries' lost command!

BISHOP CORBET.





THE ABBEY.

CHAPTER I.

In old time of the King Artour
All was this land fulfilled of Faerie.
The Elf-Queen with her jolly company
Danced full oft in many a grene mede,
This was the old opinion as I rede.
I speak of many hundred years ago,
But now can no man see no elves mo.

Chaucer.

ALAS ! for the days of Faery !—Alas ! for the fatal fact, that since new worlds have been added to the old, and “perilous regions of thick-ribbed ice” familiarly laid open to our ken, the “land of thought” has disappeared ! Dwarfs and giants are no longer creatures of the imagination, but people of fairs and show booths. The word Sylph presents nothing more ethereal than Taglioni to our mind’s eye ; and lo !—at the name of Gnome uprises some leathern-vested unshapeliness with pickaxe and shovel, as from

the trap-doors of the Surrey theatre. Even our beau ideal of the frosty Caucasus, with its associations of Mangraby, the caverns of the Afrits and Solomon's seal, is destroyed for ever by the meagre copper-plate views of some modern quarto ;—Sir Tickle-son Nickleson's "Peep into Persia," or "The Rev. Peter Pop-about's bird's eye view of the Holy Land." If the days of chivalry are past, the days of illusion have also ceased to exist.

Mournfully and touchingly does Wordsworth's sonnet deplore the departure of the gods, and tender are the poet's aspirations after the sight of "old Triton and his wreathed horn." But what would it be to recall for a season our days of childish simplicity (the true age of gold,) when the Blue Bird was something better than a macaw ; and Blue Beard, more than a fancy edition of the Reis Effendi ; when the *Croque Mitaine*, who allegorically devoured Red-Riding Hood figured as a four-legged wolf ; and the "Open sesame" of the Arabian tale, as a more potent spell than aught of Rothschildian invention ? What would it not be to find new faith for the voyages of Sindbad as for the travels of naturalist Watterton ; or as deep-seated a horror of the old man of the sea as of that everlasting modern bore whom his tediousness was intended to typify !

What would it not be if natural magic could for a time be reconstructed into the skyey influences of preternatural agency ; if chemistry could be re-conjured into her crucible, geology re-interred by the swart

spirits of the mine, and all the phenomena of nature re-enveloped in their pristine mystery ;—if that which now overcomes us like a summer cloud were to assume once more the terrors of necromancy, and the gossamer hang anew upon the evening air a tissue of unearthly enweavement.—But, alas ! for the days of faery !—Alas ! that the only wands of enchantment left in the nineteenth century should be those of the Usher of the black rod, and the silver stick in waiting !

But is it the material world alone that has been despoiled of its illusions by the discoveries of modern science ?—Has the mind of man lost nothing of its alchemic wonders,—the heart of woman forfeited nothing of its charms by the operation of that thirst after the positive, which breaks a butterfly upon a wheel to pry into its organization ?—Have not the quondam idols of our imagination been taken to pieces like the models of an anatomical museum ;—do we not analyse and decompose our own sentiments and those of others, till nothing but a heavy caput mortuum remains ;—nay, do we not even expose the mighty dead to the influence of our scientific investigation, till, having directed a galvanic battery upon the resuscitated victim, we clap our hands for joy to see its legs quiver and its lungs expand with the artificial existence of our creation ! Man delights us no longer, nor woman either. “ By the Lord ! we know them as well as he who made them.” They have been weighed in our balances and found want-

ing ; admeasured by our compasses, and discovered to be pigmies. Our knowledge of the world and its ways is infinite ; but our eyes, ears, and understandings are disenchanted of all the sweeter illusions of life.—Alas ! alas ! for the spells of Faery !

It was on a mild but over-clouded day in autumn within the earlier half of the last century, that two youths of noble appearance, each bearing on his shoulder the paraphernalia bespeaking a disciple of old Izaak, were seen toiling across the country from the sea coast towards the most westernly of the lakes of Cumberland. • Wastwater, sullen, secluded, unfathomable Wastwater, alienated from the brighter regions of that land of hill and dale by a ridge of rugged or inaccessible mountains, appeared to be the object of their pilgrimage ; for ever and anon their eyes were bent inquiringly upon the misty eminence of Sty Head, and the cloud-enshrouded heights of Sca Fell, as if to ascertain what further wilds still interposed between them and the lonely mountain lake.

All around was ruggedness and desolation ;—no bordering woods, no gladsome verdure ;—not even a hedge-row overgilded with the yellow tints of autumn. Arid plains of stubble proved indeed that the land had its cultivators, and that its scanty product was somewhere or other farmed and treasured. But scarcely a hovel was visible. The rude stone walls forming landmarks of possession, seemed to have grown spontaneously out of the soil. The scene was the abode of Solitude ;—not the mildly

pleasing hermit haunting apart from mankind to commune unmolested with the holiness of nature ; but rather that wild, distracted, care-crazed, briar-crowned Tom o' Bedlam, who

With presented nakedness outfaces
The winds and persecutions of the sky !

At some distance, however, closely enskirting the western shore of Wastwater, and surmounted in the landscape by the scaurs and mountain steeps that serve to shut out the lake from all access to civilized life, was seen a verdant belt of plantations ; as though one portion at least of the valley was favored as the resort of human kind. Thither, the two travelers directed their steps, hoping to preface their sport by rest and refreshment ; and

Wilds immeasurably spread
Seemed lengthening as they went !

Nevertheless, they pushed valiantly onward. Their attire, at once simple and sportsmanlike, consisted in short tunics of dark grey cloth, with caps of the same humble material ; and it was only the grace of their aspect, their gay freedom of demeanor and fine frank openness of countenance, that inferred them to be of higher degree than the sons of Whitehaven burgesses, occasionally engaged in sylvan sports in those rude and sequestered dales.

Nor was that nameless air of nobility a lying indication. Both were of lofty descent ; but though, as

the phrase runs, brothers of the angle, neither brothers in blood nor even distant kinsmen. The taller of the two was addressed by his companion by the name of Cecil ; the other appeared to bear the name of Claude ; and they jested familiarly together on a thousand topics as they trudged along, more especially Cecil,—who was loud in his predictions that they should repent their expedition which could not choose but prove a fool's errand at so advanced a period of the year.

“ I foresee how it will be ! ” cried he, “ when at length they reached a thicket of alder bushes on the outskirts of the green oasis which gave token that they were approaching the lake. “ You forced me hither from Whitehaven,—compelled me to rest last night in a Cumbrian hovel, which it was your pleasure to call a farm house,—and now drive me onwards into the wilderness with as heavy a sky over our heads as will serve to flood the country between this and Egremont,—on pretext of seeking sport, where sport never yet was found, in this same bottomless lake, which we shall reach I presume, somewhere about Candlemas ; but in reality to afford you the satisfaction of traversing a terra incognita which your pride whispers at every step you stumble, was bestowed upon one of your Anglo-Saxon ancestors, by way of affording him wherewithal to piece his shirt of mail worn out in warring against the Picts ! Pry-thee, Claude, how was he styled, this doughty hero

of the north—was he a Leofric, or a Ceorcil, or a Torquil, or a——”

“It matters little, even to myself,” cried Claude, striving to throw off the air of vexation which for a moment overspread his fine face, “since neither stick nor stone of the estate, (and i’faith its timber is somewhat stickish of stature, and its soil fertile of sandstone!) remains at present to the family. It is a legend, indeed among our people, that as far as a horse could pace in a day between Wastdale and the sea, was once our property. But my uncle Giles, like a rake as he was, sent his acres rattling through the dice-boxes at White’s. He chose to be a gay town gentleman, and sport away the inheritance of his fathers with Wharton and his crew of wits and profligates; and, at the moment of his ruin, all his northern property, not included in the deed of entail, was sold to the highest bidder and parcelled off in farms.”

“No great matter of lamentation. Your family does not seem to have been at any time seated in this part of the country; and lands without house or home, held by some never seen proprietor, affix no particular interest to the soil. The people are happier to be neighbored by Gaffer and Gammer Gorton, who plough their own land and fatten their own beeves, than by some lord in tinsel and buckram who bows away his life two hundred miles off, at the levee of Sir Robert or Sir Robert’s master! As far as *you* are concerned, (if the matter of the entail in any way concerns you) accept my congratulations that this

Torquil or Tanaquil did not see fit to establish his house for ever in this ultramontane district—sans roads, sans towns, sans christian-like habitations, sans everything! I would not pass a year in so savage a Goshen for the world!”

“A year is a long time to pass in any secluded spot, even when it is overflowing with milk and honey.”

“Say rather with claret and venison pasties,—for such is the diet my hungry stomach at this moment craveth,” cried Cecil. “But, in good time, yonder among the bushes, I discern the gleaming of the silver thread that soon widens into the lake of Wastwater; the which, saving its presence, I have heard likened unto the Dead Sea, for any good that is to be found in its waters or upon its borders;—and, having toiled thus far for the pleasure or pain of throwing a line into it, ’tis most likely we shall find neither boats to launch in, nor on this valley-side footing or foundation; and so, like Marlbrook in the song——”

“You are mistaken, you are mistaken!” cried Claude, pushing onwards, and gaining sight of the rising green knolls and clear sedgeless banks of the lake towards its Wastdale limits. “I see a skiff moored to the stump near yonder cabin.”

“No matter;—old Sca-fell has got on his night-cap. I espy a coming storm which will render skiff and lake alike impracticable. These ruts and cart-tracks doubtless indicate something that in wilderness-dialect calls itself a road. Let us follow it to the

nearest farm—beg, buy, or appropriate to ourselves shelter and refreshments—then, make our way across the country to Egremont, whence we may find conveyance back to Whitehaven, and run no further danger from delay. Had I deemed that the lake lay at so great a distance, I had seen it dried up ere I adventured the loss of a second night's rest."

"Farmhouse unluckily, there is none, in sight;" cried Claude, laughing heartily at the growing petulance of his companion. "But here comes the rain at your service;" and they had just time to scramble towards a sand-bank overgrown by the gnarled branches of a venerable holly tree, upon which the shower soon pelted with the violence characteristic of a mountainous district; rattling, as Cecil observed, like a shower of shot upon a suit of Milan armor.

"I should be sorry to find myself up yonder among the roaring storms that envelope Sty-Head," exclaimed Claude, in the same reckless tone; "we are well ensconced here."

"Well?" retorted his angry friend; "with every chance of being wet to the skin, during our thirty miles walk; but without the slightest hope of finding so much as an oatmeal cake to appease our hunger! Honor bright, Claude, my man, I have had all but enough of these mad-brained adventures, which have nothing chivalresque, or picturesque, or sportsmanesque about them. Pass for the encounter of danger;—but the encounter of discomfort is a bore!"

"How like two stone-chatterers we look, croaking under this reeking hollybush!" exclaimed Claude, still making light of their grievances. "What a pitiful figure we cut! and how lucky that no Marplot is at hand to espy our plight, and tell it in Gath, or at Christchurch."

But, at that moment, as if in disapproval of his assertion, the sound of an approaching horse assailed their ears; and immediately came cantering along the strip of turf bordering the far side of the road, a well built mountain pony mounted by, what at first sight appeared a page—at second sight, a woman,—and at third, an angel!—

A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament;
A dancing shape, an image gay
To haunt, to startle and waylay!

Long light tresses escaped from a black velvet cap, lay upon the green vest and skirting, in which the beautiful equestrian was appareled,—tresses such as they had a right to suppose would have floated in ringlets, had the weather been more auspicious; but not even the torrents of rain streaming on that lovely face had power to destroy the exquisite but mellow softness of complexion which lent so speaking a grace to the features. A moment—and the vision was gone!—leaving it to the two sportsmen to express their wonderment, so soon as they might recover breath and self-possession for the effort.

CHAPTER II.

What aspect bore the man who roved or fled
First of his tribe to this dark dell, and first
In this pellucid water slaked his thirst?
What hopes came with him—what designs were spread
Along his path? His unprotected bed
What dreams encompassed? Was the intruder nursed
In hideous usages and rites accursed?

The Duddon.

HALF hidden in one of the most "bosky bournes" adjoining the lake of Wastwater, just where a silver brooklet which frets its way from the mountain ridge above, finds issue into the lake, may be traced peeping between the thickets of dwarf ash and privet, a decayed boundary wall, overtopped by a straggling plantation of larches and chestnuts, surmounted in their turn at rare intervals by the giant skeletons of a few super-centuried oaks, such as were perhaps saplings when the edicts of the Eighth Harry assigned them, with the soil in which they flourished, to other than monastic proprietorship. Gate of entrance seemed there none; though the decayed wall showed more than one fissure which might have served all purposes of admission to the enterprising adventurer.

Nevertheless, the two young fishermen had busied themselves for some time, with little effect, in seeking out an entrance. Having discussed with due fervor and eloquence the miraculous manifestation of the fair horsewoman of Wastdale, they decided, that unless, like the weird women of Forres, a bubble of the earth, she might probably be heard of by following the road she had taken, as far as the nearest habitation. Upstarted they, accordingly, from their lair under the hollybush ; and, though the rain was still pouring, and the lightning flashing, pursued their way along the beaten track till it ended suddenly at a gate overgrown with nettles, docks, and scorpion-grass, which had evidently remained unopened for years. Eager in their pursuit, however, they persevered in following the outskirts of the wall, hoping to discern some other mode of ingress ; till at length, unsuccessful and despairing, the elder of the two, throwing his encumbering fishing basket on the steaming grass, in spite of wind and weather, storm gusts and showers, climbed to the summit of the wall, resolved to determine what manner of domicile lay concealed within.

“ Well ? ”—cried the impatient Claude, so soon as his friend Cecil, having attained a point where the plantation was thinnest, looked down upon the scene below ; “ what kingdoms of the earth do you discern from your pinnacle ? ”

“ An everlasting kingdom, my dear fellow ! ”

“ And of course worth scaling to see ? ”—

"I prythee do not mock me, fellow student!"

"No traces, of a habitation?"—

"Of a thousand!"

"Too many, by nine hundred and ninety-nine!
—You will not stimulate my curiosity by rhodomontading."

"A thousand family mansions, as I am a christain man!—"Tis a churchyard!"

"And what beyond?—I swear our beauty was a creature of flesh and blood. Do you mean to tell me that she is lodged in some old mausoleum?—What beyond?"—

"Another wall, and another range of trees, concealing probably the church to which this agreeable pleasure ground belongs. So out of the way with you! that I may drop down again!—Tomb-gazing when a fellow is drenched to the skin, is but a rheumatic recreation!"

And, having clambered down, and shaking the wet from his garments, the unsuccessful adventurer proposed that they should retrace their steps, and make for the nearest cottage.

"So soon discouraged?" cried Claude. "'Tis now my turn then to shine an ascending star; wait for me."

In a moment he had attained the summit of the wall, and, catching hold of the branch of an oak that extended itself over the ridge, was out of sight before his friend could make conditions.

"He will be back, anon," murmured Cecil, en-

sconcing himself, so as to obtain shelter weatherward of the wall. But the minutes wore away, and vague as was the adverb by which he had thought proper to limit his expectancy, "anon" had never before assumed so lagging a sense in his experience. A quarter of an hour passed away,—passed twice; and a whole hour at length expended the patience of the rain-soaked Pylades, ere he made up his mind to the old experiment of shooting a second arrow to determine the lodgment of the first. Luckily, the weather was inclined to favour his enterprise. The thunder had brayed its farewell peal; the last drops of the shower had pattered over the leaves; and the gray filmy clouds seemed on the point of dispersing to disclose the clearer light of the eye of day, when Claude suddenly re-appeared upon the wall.

"At last!" cried Cecil, gladly hailing his approach. "I was on the point of going to seek you. Where have you been?"

"I don't know," panted the new comer.

"What have you seen, then?"

"I can't say," persisted Claude.

"But you have obtained some clue to the will-o'-the-wisp which has led us so confoundedly out of our way?"

"Not so much as the thread of a spider's web!" continued Claude, leaping from the wall.

"You are determined not to satiate my curiosity by too full a meal," said Cecil. "But to proceed categorically, what lies beyond the wall?"

"An ancient cemetery—as you already know ;—in whose soft, springy turf, as in a framework of greenest velvet, lie enchased some score or two of worn out sepulchral tablets,—forgotten remembrances of men, and things forgotten."

"And beyond the churchyard?"

"Another wall."

"Which you escalated as actively as this?"—

"Which I passed through a simple wicket gate."

"And discovered ——."

"The most beautiful object; my dear fellow,—the fairest, loveliest thing!"

"A woman?"—

"No!—"

"A horse?"—

"An ass alone would ask it! 'Twas neither woman, horse, nor mule; but simply a ruin—a cloistered Abbey, as I take it;—with fine gothic arches—and clustering columns—and lofty transepts, such as even a Norman might exclaim upon as magnificent!"

"One might have guessed as much! One might have known that none but the cunning varlets of monks would have found out this little Land of Canaan (where sinners like ourselves find nothing to put into our mouths!) with its lakes full of fish and wild-fowl, and its pastures of fat beeves and milch-kine."

"And think you 'twas the attraction of cows and

oxen," resumed his companion, "which enticed its present inhabitants to the Abbey?"

"Its present inhabitants?—Hey-day!—Has it any to boast besides swifts and swallows, or, perhaps a solitary owl?—Saw you a living thing among the ruins?"

"Not I!"—

"Prythee, tamper no more with me, my good friend. Say out your say, or evermore hold your tongue and let us be going," cried Cecil.

"I fear we must be going," replied the adventurer, looking wistfully at his tackle on the grass. "But, for my say, it is soon said, if you but hold your questioning. Know, then, that the noble pile yonder is closed in and weather proof, in that portion of the building in former times, the dormitory and refectory of the monks;—*ergo*, it serves for the dwelling-house of living mortals. Know, again, that the inner close in which it stands is cultivated with parterres and plat-bands of richest flowers—a sheet of flowers—a world of flowers—nothing, whichever way you turn your eyes, but flowers, flowers, flowers;—*ergo*, it serves for the dwelling-house of the fairer sex!"

"Well urged—well argued! But did you not make surmise assurance, by pushing your discovery?—Did you not make good your entrance?"

"Your humble servant!—There were two as ill-visaged old blood-hounds stalking in the court, as you would wish not to see on a summer's day!

Every time I made a movement to penetrate beyond the ruinous nave whose splendid archway forms the chief ornament of the Abbey,—*y—r—r—aw!* You should have heard the ominous growl set up by the mistrustful beasts !”

“It was lack of enterprise, then, and not of curiosity, that kept you stumbling on the threshold ?”

“Threshold ?—I did not reach it within a furlong ! For, even had I chosen to defy two famished mastiffs——”

“Mastiffs ?—They were blood-hounds but now.”

“Well—blood-hounds—mastiffs—curs, or Cerberus himself,—no matter ! Even had I ventured into their very jaws, who knows what further champion I might have had to defy ? The lady who passed us on the road, unaccompanied as she was, was evidently of gentle, I should say, of high degree ; and has probably father, uncle or brother within call, to say to an intruder like myself : ‘ ’Tis not to the visitor who scales our walls like a house-breaker, we give welcome.’ On which hint, half-a-dozen stout knaves of servants might start forth to drive one back to the scurvy road one entered.”

“You are grown wondrously prudent, on a sudden !” cried Cecil somewhat out of humor. “So, after all, I was kept here an hour or so in a pelting rain, while you were botanizing among flower-beds, and playing the antiquarian among ruins !—”Tis at least *your* turn to wait ;—so, *presto*, off I go to reconnoitre !”—

And he was about, in his turn, to scale the wall, when Claude eagerly detained him.

"I beseech you," said he, "do not mar our chance of admittance by further indiscretion. I have discovered that the ordinary entrance to the Abbey lies close under the bank of the lake, to which its southern transept lies open. I noted also, when perched on the summit of the wall, that, at no great distance, in the contrary direction, stands a cottage, where, no doubt, we may obtain information to direct our movements. Let us not enter this enchanted castle like two starving beggars. She who had taste to adorn and cultivate yonder exquisite spot,—whether maid, wife, or widow,—is not likely to be struck by the merit of cavaliers, who come like traveling tinkers, hungering after bread and cheese. For my part, I do ever remember that comfortable creature called small-beer; let us refresh and rest ourselves before we renew the adventure!"

"Faith! there is more sense in the proposal than is always to be admired in measures of either thine or mine," cried his friend. "But, as the first proof of our good judgment, let us lose no more time!" And, snatching up his paraphernalia, he proceeded, accompanied by his sage councillor, in the direction pointed out by Piscator.

CHAPTER III.

I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold
May in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.

Shakespeare.

BREAD and cheese, and "the comfortable creature called small-beer," are far easier of attainment in a Cumbrian cottage, than an answer intelligible to ears polite. It was the hour for the able-bodied and able-minded to be abroad at labor in the fields; and the old woman and young child, from whom the two sportsmen managed to procure a small portion of the coarsest food, seemed to possess a still more moderate allotment of the King's English, to bestow upon travelers.

"You have a magnificent ruin yonder, on the margin of the lake, my good woman; what is it called?—To whom does it belong?—Is it at present inhabited?"—inquired Cecil of his ancient hostess.

"Anan?" answered the beldame holding up her hand to the least dunny of two deaf ears.

"I asked the name of the Abbey and of its inhabitants," reiterated the traveler.

"T'ould Abbey, grandmither," explained the child. "T'a gentry wants to know haw a' be colled."

"Haw t'ould Abbey be colled?—Whoy, a' be colled t'ould Abbey, to be shoar!"—bawled the dame, chuckling at her superior wisdom.

"To whom does it belong, then?" inquired Cecil, giving up his first point of interrogation.

"Ee cawn't jistly seay to whom a' did belong *than*;—a' belongs *naw* to them as owns hur."

"And who are 'them as owns hur,' my good woman?"

"Them as boides in hur."

"And who are 'them as boides in hur'?"—

"Grandmither, the gentry be a makeing geame o' ye!" interrupted the boy.

"Anan?" said the hag, luckily turning her deafer ear to the insinuation.

"I will make mince-meat of *you*, urchin, if you presume to be saucy," cried the elder of the two young men. "But, since you have so ready a tongue, answer my questions yourself, and win this new crown for your trouble. Who resides yonder at the Abbey?"

"Ta ladies, sure!"—was now the ready reply.

"What ladies?"

"Ee cawn't seay, there be twa on 'em."

"And what are their names?"

"Madam Maud and Madam Amy."

"And pray how old are Madam Maud and Madam Amy?"

"Ee cawn't seay—they be women grown."

"And as old, perhaps, as your grandmother?" cried Claude, finishing his last mouthful of oat-cake, and mingling impatiently in the conversation.

"Madam Maud be summut strick in years, but Madam Amy be neither here nor there."

"What do you mean by neither here nor there?"

"Madam Amy be owlder than suster Sarah, and younger, may be, than ta parson's woife."

"These ladies live quite alone?" inquired Cecil.

"Noa they doan't."

"Who resides with them?"

"There be Alison, ta waiting-woman, and owld Johnny Mayne t' shepherd, Alison's father."

"No one else?"

"Noa!—ees, a' be thof——"

"Who else?"

"Nestor and Hector—t'owld hounds, and little Galpin."

"Can any one be permitted, do you think, to view the grounds of the Abbey?"

"Nabudy, Sur, nabudy! Madam Maud kicked up a pratty bit o' dust ance on a toime, 'cause granny tuk a grand painting gemman in wi' hur, to hould a bit o' a crack with Alison; an naw, ta geates be locked, and ta hounds always astir."

"We make but poor advances," observed Cecil to his companion.

"While the afternoon advances rapidly," replied the other ; "and with as much rain in its skies as would float an Armada. So prythee, lose no more time in asking idle questions, which yield us still idler answers, or we shall be benighted to-night, and be-morned in the morning, leaving a sorry account to render of ourselves, at last, to Rawdon and the very Reverend the Dean, to whom your father wrote to announce our arrival full ten days ago."

"And term commencing on Thursday next !" cried Cecil, in despair. "My father would never let me hear the last of the misdemeanor, if I should be handed up a second time as I was last year. Fools that we were, my dear Claude, to loiter away those five good-for-nothing days in Dublin !"

"They were good for some very tolerable burgundy and the best claret I ever drank ; to say nothing of your good old uncle Sir Ulick's campaigning stories, still racier than his wine. But time or money spent, are not to be recalled by moaning after them. So let us make the most of the two hours' day-light still before us, and on towards Egremont."

"Without one attempt at a visit to the Abbey ?"

"Without one attempt at a visit to the Abbey !— At the best, we lose one evening in the enterprize ;— at the worst, (should the lady who is neither here nor there in age, prove the same who was here on

horseback, and seems to be there, in clover) we may be tempted to waste another half-a-dozen at her feet. So again I say, away towards Egremont or Raven-glass ! I budge not a foot on the road to the Abbey."

"I see how it is !" cried Cecil, bestowing as he spoke a liberal remuneration on the lad and his grand-dame, and gathering up his tackle to be gone. "You are afraid the news of your exploits of gallantry should reach my sister Horatia. Or, perhaps, had the Lady Maud been of tender years——"

"A truce to conjectures," cried Claude, pushing him out of the cottage ; "and let us be trudging."

And away they trudged ; grumbling ~~not~~ a little on reaching the main road they had followed in the morning, at the canal-like appearance of the ditches, and plashy, miry, miserable condition of the causeways. All that remained for them, was to push forward to the nearest farm to hire horses and a guide. Claude, who seriously desired to divert the thoughts of his companion from the Abbey and its inhabitants, wearied himself in unloosing and hunting down the bagged-fox topics of common-place conversation ; while Cecil remained listless and abstracted, answering at random, and questioning not at all ; till, on a sudden, just as the closing twilight admitted of their discerning in the distance a farm-house—the long desired object of their pilgrimage—he suddenly ejaculated : "By Heavens, it was the loveliest creature

that ever my waking eyes beheld !—Such have I dreamed of—such yearned after,—but till this morning never looked upon. And, shall I abandon all chance of seeing her again, when to-morrow I quit the North, and without intent of returning hither for the remainder of my days ?”—

“Far better,” cried Claude, “than embark in a wild-goose chase, beginning with a wet jacket, and ending with—the Heavens, or their antipodes, know what !”

“Well, well—this vein of philosophy sits well on you,” cried Cecil. “In me, ’twere ‘soul disproportion—thoughts unnatural !’ Proceed, therefore, to Ravenglass, if you can procure a nag ; and I, whether on horse or foot, will straightway retrace my way to the Abbey.”

For some time, Claude attempted, with the utmost force of persuasion and argument, to deter his friend from his project ; but, finding his representations unavailing, and trusting that a short trial would disgust the enthusiast with a night-ride in miry weather and an un-familiar country, and induce him to turn his horse’s head and rejoin him, he at length acquiesced. Escorted by a farming-lad by way of guide, he accordingly made onwards in the direction of the coast ; while Cecil, mounted on the farmer’s favourite hackney, and accompanied, for a sufficient fee, by the farmer’s son, who seemed unwilling to

trust so trusty a steed out of sight, departed on his Quixotic adventures.

Once upon the road, the young man did not fail to extract further intelligence from his rustic esquire. Though the Abbey lay at a distance beyond his immediate parish and ken, Hobnail knew enough to swear that it was a ruinous hole ; and, if a church in the olden time, by no means a place of fitting habitation for modern christians. Nothing could be clearer to his perceptions than that those who chose to reside there, did it for lack of a better domicile. He had never seen the two mysterious daughters of Eve ;—but described them from report as “ two queerish, outlandish kind of women, who did a power o’ good i’ the coountry-soide, with physic-stuff and Gospel-lessons.”

“ Physic-stuff and Gospel-lessons ! ”—Cecil, who had his Farquhar and ‘ Beaux Stratagem ’ by heart, pshawed at the idea of his Queen of Faery transmuted into a broad-skirted Lady Bountiful, brewing and dispensing cordial waters to the old women of the parish ; and, by way of silencing his companion, lightened the remainder of the road by carolling the following idle ditty of the olden time :

BALLAD.

Where stands a castle, proudest
Of all that guard the Rhone
Above, the winds blow loudest,
Below, the waves flow on !

There, leant the rampart over
A lady fair and lone,
Who mourned her captive lover ;—
But the murm'ring waves flowed on !

Quoth she "If tears endear me
To that loved absent one,
Ye woods, ye waters—hear me !—"
But the murm'ring waves flowed on !

"He sought me of my mother
But gold or lands had none ;
And they gave me to another,—"
But the murm'ring waves flowed on !

"'Twas then that, broken-hearted,
To battles lost or won,
He for the East departed—"
But the murm'ring waves flowed on !

"The Paynim war-trump sounded,
The Crescent fiercely shone ;
And he was captured—wounded—"
But the murm'ring waves flowed on !

"And now where Christians languish,
On Syria's Dungeon-stone
He lies, nor dreams my anguish."—
But the murm'ring waves flowed on !

"Ah ! lady hush !—Beside thee
Thy lord o'erhears thy moan,
Away !—ere ill betide thee !—"
But the murm'ring waves flowed on !

A steel-gloved hand descended
Her tender cheek upon,

She fell—her woes were ended!—
But the murm'ring waves flowed on!

The rampart's edge flung over
The heavy corse is gone,
Rhone! the dark deed discover!—
But the murm'ring waves flowed on!"

CHAPTER IV.

On Heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall.

Walter Scott.

“OBERON be my speed !” ejaculated the Quixote of Ch—— Ch——, when at length, accompanied by the lad Ralph (his cottage acquaintance of the morning, and the self-vaunted acquaintance of Nestor and Hector), he passed the wicket from the western shore of the lake, and confronted the majesty of Holycross Abbey ;—“ for, if any unearthly thing have influence here, it must be elf or fay.—The mitre has departed ;—nought but the fairy-wand can be its substitute !”

And, fascinated by the wondrous beauty of the scene, he stood contemplating the massive ruin, all steeped in streams of silvery moonlight ;—its venerable face in meditative solemnity “ commercing with the skies ;” of which, at that enchanting hour, a higher and more ethereal portion seemed revealed to the eye of adoration. Not an ivy-leaf upon the crumbling towers,—not a masque grinning on the key-stones of each ribbed aisle, but was visible as at noonday ; and the hoary features of the consecrat-

ed place seemed to rejoice as in a congenial atmosphere.

But how strange a contrast between the time-worn and rugged aspect of that reverend structure, and the trimly and ornate array of the green and flower-fringed lawn, on which the entranced traveler stood contemplating its beauties !

"By Jove ! 'tis as though old Saturn had purloined the cestus of Venus to engird his swarthy sides !" ejaculated the classical collegian. "Or, as if Nox himself had played the pilferer with the rosy garlands of Aurora ;—while yonder watchful planet——"

"Whew !—Nestor—Hector—whew, boy !—down, down !" interrupted the cow-boy, perceiving that the two hounds were taking somewhat mistrustful cognizance of the stranger who addressed the moon so familiarly, but had nothing to say to themselves.

"I'se be thinking, Master," he continued, coming closer to Cecil, as if to point him out to the dogs as an acquaintance of his own ; "I'se be thinking that if we were to gang our ways at once t' kitchen door——"

"The ways of the kitchen door are not *my* ways," replied his temporary master. "Tell me, prythee, where lies the ladies' entrance ?"

And Master Ralph having pointed to a low postern leading from the cloisters, Cecil was about to raise the huge iron ring appended to the heavy-knob-

bed oaken door, when before he could make his summons audible, he found himself tapped lightly on the shoulder, and, on turning hastily round, was accosted by a beautiful boy, scarcely past the age of childhood, attired in a short white tunic, who with very little ceremony demanded his business and vocation.

"A traveler from the South who, having lost his way crossing Sty Head from the gorge of Borrowdale," said Cecil, "would fain find a lodging for the night."

"Not here, I trust," said the child, saucily, and, raising his hand as if to shade his bright blue eyes from the intense moonlight, while he examined the person and habiliments of the intruder. "Our ladies of Holycross keep no hostel for the accommodation of man and beast. Nevertheless, if an hour's shelter and a meal's refreshment would serve your purpose——"

"Excellent!—since more extensive hospitality is denied," said Cecil, chiefly anxious to gain admittance into the house. "Foot-sore and weary as I am, a stool to rest on and a cup of water to refresh me, were a charity for which I should be thankful."

And his heart leapt within him, when the boy, applying to the oaken door the key he carried in his hand, promised to conduct him to the presence of Dame Alison, who would perhaps add something

more substantial to the fare he so modestly demanded.

“If you were to announce to Mistress Maud,” observed Cecil, as he entered a little dark vestibule and found the page on the point of pushing open one of two doors, which stood alike ajar into chambers in both of which lights were burning, “if you were to announce at once that a stranger—”

“Who have you there with you, Galpin?” croaked a hoarse voice from one of the chambers.

“Who have you there with you, Galpin?” whined a feeble voice from the other.

And ere the boy could frame a reply, “Who have you there, with you Galpin?” was reiterated by a third voice,—Cecil could not say from whence,—so enchanted was his ear by the bird-like sweetness of its intonation.

“A stranger, if it please your Ladyship,” replied the boy, without entering either apartment; and the word “stranger” was so immediately caught up in chorus by the three voices, that it became impossible for Cecil to discover whether it were to the gruff, the feeble, or the melodious, that Galpin addressed his reply. But there was no time for the indulgence of his curiosity. In a moment, the two doors were flung open; at the one, appeared a withered visage surrounded by a plaited coif; while, at the other, poor Cecil had the happiness to hail the identical star-bright beauty of which he was in chase! Her riding skirt

and cap thrown aside, Mistress Amy stood before him, with the light held at the opposite door by old Alison reflected upon her lovely face ; and as she retreated into the chamber, incoherently announcing : “ A gentleman, dear aunt—a strange gentleman.” Cecil unhesitatingly followed ;—bowing low at every step, and at every bow explaining, in hurried terms, the disastrous plight, he had chosen to invent for himself in pretext for intrusion.

A rapid glance round the room, once an abbatial sanctuary and now the bower-chamber of ladies fair, enabled him to descry that its antique furniture was of a mean quality, as well as worn and faded. Yet the atmosphere was strongly impregnated with the sickly fragrance of frangipane ; while on the rude oak table drawn towards a hearth whereon, in spite of the fineness of the night, a heap of pine-logs was blazing, lay a snuff-box and a *bonbonnière*,—an open letter and a volume bound in velvet and ornamented with clasps of richly chased gold. Close beside it, in a high-backed chair covered with rugged tapestry, sat a tall, rigid looking female ; who, after listening attentively to Cecil’s harangue and carefully noting the high-bred courtesy of his address, bade him, with considerable gravity, be welcome to her roof,—be seated,—be of good cheer ;—and, by the time he had thrice repeated his history, so as to have become tolerably fluent in its details, and thrice been assured by the lady stricken in years, that she rejoiced in the

opportunity of being serviceable to him, all parties appeared tolerably at ease.

Cecil meanwhile, found the younger of the ladies Bountiful, far fairer in her stomacher and knots, than even her masculine attire of the morning : nor did the mysterious ladies of the Abbey who lived

Remote from cities, like the swain
Unvexed by all the cares of gain

of Gay's then recent fable, scorn to gather from the lips of so polite a traveler tidings of the civilized world ;—of the playhouses and the prayhouses ;—popular poets and popular preachers ;—of court fashions and city politics ;—the fiddle-faddle of Lady Mary Wortley, and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams ;—the vogue of Quinault's operas and Congreve's comedies. Yet ever and anon, the successful adventurer could not help thinking he discerned glances of significant and supercilious meaning pass betwixt Madam Maud and Madam Amy ;—more especially when he enlarged upon the gaities of the court, and described as an eye witness, the gala recently given at the King's Mews, in honor of the wedding of the Prince of Wales with Augusta of Saxe Gotha.

“ I see they take me for an impudent adventurer ! ” thought the young man,—so construing the contemptuous expression of countenance with which his elder hostess listened to his mention of St. James's and its illustrious hosts. “ But no matter ! even

their mistrust shall not seduce me into the needless braggartry of announcing myself. Let them suppose me what they list ; since they are so chary of their confidence, as to withhold from me their name and condition. Under all circumstances, however, they cannot choose but offer me a bed ; and by'r Lady, to-morrow morning shall work wonders for me !”

He continued, therefore, to exercise his liveliest conversational powers for the entertainment of his companions. Inexplicable as was their position, two things regarding them was sufficiently plain ;—that the elder, who from her black robe and hood of a peculiar shaping, her massive gold chain and cross, might be inferred a member of some religious community, had, at some period or other of her existence, been jumbled into contact with the very greatest of the great world ; but that the other, gay and naïve as was compatible with the strictest feminine delicacy, was a child of the wilderness, uncontaminated by the corruptions of social life. Thus far indeed, was avouched by the demeanor of both ;—nor had Cecil spent an hour in their society,—sipping small hyson and seasoning it with small talk in a manner that might have done credit to the afternoon circle of some antiquated maid of honor at Hampton Court, —without discerning certain traits of striking resemblance between the two, such as might warrant the supposition of closest affinity between them. Were they in reality aunt and niece ; or *what* were they,—

who were they,—and *why* residing in that ex-mundane spot? Had the spinster-mother retreated thither from the indignation of some family of high condition, after having introduced into it under the screen of her hoop, some nameless and inadmissible scion?—Provoking and perplexing guesses! Why could he not gratify his curiosity, by a plain question following a plain avowal?—Why not say at once, “I have deceived you, gentlest ladies, in announcing myself an obscure traveler, you behold in me—”

But no! it was at present neither his business nor his pleasure to acquaint them *whom* they really beheld under the humble designation by which he had chosen to be known.

It happened, however, that Mistress Maud, having been roused by Cecil’s arrival out of her habitual evening doze, was growing irresistibly drowsy. Her eyes drew straws,—her head nodded;—nor would the aid of either snuff-box or *bonbonnière* avail to keep her eye-lids unclosed, while her visitor entered learnedly into lengthy details of Saxon and Roman architecture,—of Norman and British cathedrals,—the Domkirch at Cologne and the Domo at Milan—crypts, transepts, choirs, chancels, naves and sacristies! At length, and undisguisedly, the lady slept; yes, slept and snored; and, either to avert their guest’s attention from so vile a frailty, or from some other cause best known to herself, Amy was soon

afterwards moved to observe in an undertone to her visitor :

" Confess that you are strangely puzzled to make us out ?—you, who would fain pass yourself upon us for so fine a gentleman, does it not amaze you, that one who has evidently swam in a gondola and seen the Louvre, like my lady kinswoman yonder, (who *soit dit en passant*, would expire in her sleep did she conjecture what eloquent music her nose is discoursing) should content herself to do penance here from summer to summer—from christmas to christmas,—with no better company than my wilful, sinful self,—two clodhopping servitors like Alison and her father,—little Galpin the page, and some half dozen horned owls, who harbor during the winter in the old belfry ?—Does it not amaze you ?" —said Amy with an arch smile, fixing her liquid blue eyes inquiringly upon his face.

" You have named a palliative such as must render seclusion not only endurable—"

" But a heaven on earth !—My own sweet society of course.—Spare your labor, gentle Sir ! Bumpkins as we are, so much at least are we skilled in the flummeries of life as to know that gallant anglers like yourself bait your hooks with gaudy feathers and ends of silk,—good enough to entrap the silly fry for which you condescend to throw the line."

" On my life—my soul !" cried Cecil—

" On your life, your soul—as Beau Fribble says

in the play,—but as a man of honor should be above saying in order to give weight to that which is lighter than the summer gossamer !”—cried Amy :

“ You wrong me,” hastily interrupted Cecil, with increasing fervor. “ From the moment I beheld your face this morning—”

“ From the moment you beheld my face *this morning* ?—How befel the chance, I pray you, fair Sir, of any such beholding ?—*You* who, on our own showing crossed the mountains from Borrowdale late in the afternoon ; while *I* returned at mid-day from my morning’s ride to Calder Abbey. Soho ! Monsieur Traveler !—Soho ! found out !—Be at least consistent in the romances of your fabrication.”

“ Dame Alison desires to know, Madam, does the stranger gentleman sleep to-night at the Abbey ?”—inquired the little page of Mistress Amy ; having entered the room on tiptoe to remove the enamelled tray and teacups,—the pride and glory of his elder lady. “ I cannot at present disturb my aunt to make the inquiry,” replied the beauty, half pouting at the ill-timed question which she was not privileged to answer in the affirmative she saw would have been so welcome to her guest ; and which, perhaps, if the truth were told, might not have been altogether disagreeable to herself. “ But, while we wait her waking, fetch hither a flambeau, Galpin ; and bid old Mayne attend at the western portal. I have promised

you shall show this gentleman the crypt and cloisters of the Abbey."

A significant glance directed towards Cecil, warned him that the duty required of him was ready compliance: nor in his heart could he help thanking the positive damsel for having devised a pretext for getting him out of the way while she awakened Mistress Amy, and preferred her entreaties that a night's lodging might be vouchsafed to so agreeable a guest. For that entreat she would, Cecil never doubted: and he accordingly followed the saucy child out of the chamber, convinced that ere he entered it again, all would be settled to his satisfaction with the elder lady.

Old Mayne had been summoned, and old Mayne obeyed the summons, and old Mayne grumbled while he obeyed: muttering that, "'Twas no such pleasant thing, forsooth, for a man of threescore years to quit a hearthside where the embers were glowing, on a frosty October night, to pace the chill-striking grave-stones of an abbey aisle, or bear a blazing flambeau aloft amid the clinging damps of a vaulted crypt;" and, while he sullenly plodded along the echoing cloisters, followed by the listless guest, little Galpin flitted hither and thither before them among the columns: now in moonlight, now in shade,—laughing, halloing, and anon creeping back to Cecil's side, and affecting to address him in faint and awe-stricken whispers.

"Beside yonder shrine," faltered the lad, "observe the marble effigies of the warrior on his bier; extended at full length, palm against palm, and greave against greave; his lance and red-cross shield beside him. 'Tis the tomb, sir, of no less a man than Dacre of Gilsland, whose bones, for crimes untold of, are said to have been refused christian burial by the monks of St. Mary's in Furness, and the prior of Bolton: and lo! to this day, every month, when the new moon glimmers yonder through the western arch, uprises the stone figure from its grim resting-place, and, stalking with measured tramp along the very aisle we are treading, kneels down yonder in the choir, before a niche where once stood a miraculous image of Our Lady, to do penance with Ave Marias and Paternosters until daylight. At early cockerow, the garden lads have oftentimes seen it retreating back to the tomb, when the rattling of the marble armor, as it lies down again, is ghastly to hear."

"His soldiership seems tranquil enough to-night," said Cecil, casting a passing glance upon the finely preserved effigy of a recumbent warrior, which graced the mausoleum of the Dacres.

"And see yon iron door, gentle Sir! Wot you whither it leads?" inquired the urchin resuming his ominous whisper.

"To the belfry, perhaps,—perhaps, to the cool and well-vaulted binns of the monks?"

“To the judgment chamber, Sir; where refractory sinners were tried and condemned of old; where the decaying masonry of the walls discovers many a frightful niche of immurement; and lo! at the feet of every skeleton stands an earthen cruise, placed there to furnish the last measure of their earthly nourishment!—Day and night, Sir, winter and summer, moans may be heard in that grated chamber, such as curdle the human blood to hear! Lower your torch, Daddy Mayne!” he continued, addressing the greyheaded shepherd. “Lower your torch, for the gentleman to see the grating that gives vent to the judgment chamber.”

“Wha gae thee freedom, younker, to prate o’thae things?” growled the old man. “Lead on t’quoire, and haud ’ee peace, or t’ll be the warse for’ee.”

And, following their guidance, the stranger traversed the nave, now roofless and open to the winds of Heaven; graced, in lieu of banners captured from the infidels, with streaming brambles, and floating pennons of ivy that shed their desolate blossoms from many a rift among the crumbling arches; while the torches carried by the page and the old shepherd casting a warm reflection on the walls within reach of their radiance, seemed to impart a glow of life to the fiendish visages grinning from many a sculptured ‘coigne of vantage.’ But beyond—beyond at a far distance—the cold, calm, holy moon poured her chastened light upon the pavement of the chancel;

revealing here a ruined shrine, and there an empty niche, and, below all, the gravestones with their half obliterated tributes to the memory of the long long dead !—

“ Behold, Sir,” whispered the boy, approaching nearer to Cecil and plucking him by the sleeve to excite attention lest he should be overheard by his morose companion. “ Around us is the haunt of fiends, and evil spirits : and, when the brambles rustle as the bats flit by, one might swear one heard them croaking their fearful vespers overhead. Yonder is the spot where the fairy train gain grace to gambol and dance on holy ground on St. John’s eve, Sir, or Candlemas, or the vigil of St. Antony ; on which nights, not a man in all the dales of Cumberland would enter the Abbey and guide you hither as I am doing now. ’Tis said, indeed, that ——”

At that moment, the boy interrupting himself in his narrative, shrieked aloud for fear. A stern gripe fixed its hold upon his shoulder ; nor was it till he perceived that Cecil had advanced towards him and was pointing in the direction of the moonlit aisle, that he gained courage to demand of the guest the motive of his interruption.

“ Be silent !” said Cecil. “ Keep your death’s head legends for those that ask them : and tell me whether yonder figure be the effigy of an impaled nun, or a creature of daily life ?”

And again he pointed towards an opening in the

distant aisle ; where a moment before a figure clad in loose drapery, and veiled in white, had been distinctly visible.

" I see nothing," said the boy.

" Nor I," quoth Daddy Mayne, straining his bleared eyes in the same direction.

" Nor I !" cried Cecil, striving to laugh when he found that the vision had disappeared, or that his eyes had deceived him. " And yet I could have sworn I saw the figure of a woman standing motionless yonder in the moonlight."

" One of t'marble pillars !" growled old Mayne.

" I say the figure of a woman !" reiterated Cecil.

" Like enough !" murmured the page, his voice sinking to a whisper. " Such apparitions were nightly seen wandering about the ruins here, at Furness, and Calder Abbey, just before the rising of the north in the fifteen. I have heard Madam Maud declare ——"

He stopped suddenly. A strain of music rising in the air, seemed to hover like the flight of a bird among the ruined arches of the ancient pile. Slight and melodious as it was, Cecil could distinguish the following wild verses as the burden of the song :

Away ! 'tis midnight's witching hour !
The owl that haunteth
Yon churchyard yew and mould'ring tower
Her vespers chaunteth ;—

List not ! the hell-hag with her imps
 Thine ear entranceth ;
 Gaze not ! the meteor's livid glimpse
 Around thee glanceth !

The toad that squats on yonder grave
 With bright eye gleaming,—
 The leathern bat that flits the nave,
 The nightbird screaming,—
 The swollen reptiles, poison-fed
 In silence creeping,
 Keep watch around !—the quick and dead
 Alone are sleeping.

Arise, ye flesh-denuded forms
 Bare-skull'd and grinning,—
 Arouse, ye slumberers with the worms,
 The game is winning !
 Toll out, thou bony skeleton,
 Our ghastly measure ;
 With shrieking mandrakes strewn, lead on
 The path of pleasure !

Hurrah ! the sable banner's fold
 Is darkly playing
 O'er lone Dunbar's dark ramparts old
 And line decaying :—
 Hurrah ! the heir's stern requiem swell,—
 His moments number ;—
 Hurrah ! prepare yon wormy cell
 To grace his slumber !

Startled by the burden of a song, which evidently addressed itself to the friend with whom he had that morning parted, Cecil's heart thrilled within him. A young Oxonian of the eighteenth century was not likely to be over-susceptible to the influence of the supernatural. Yet the singular adventure in

which he had embarked, the hour, the scene, the growing ascendancy of the mysterious beauty, the genius of that sequestered place, conspired to augment the amazement with which he heard his friend,—his bosom-friend,—his companion of many months past—his brother-in-law of some future moment—thus apostrophized at midnight in the ruined Abbey of Holy Cross!—His heart swelled with emotion, his breath came short, and, as the verse proceeded, he gradually advanced towards that part of the building from which the sound appeared to emanate: till, at the conclusion, he found himself standing where the pale moonshine gleamed fairest and brightest into the roofless transept.

As the song ceased, he turned hastily to question his companions. But where were they?—gone—vanished—no page, no torchlight visible!—He called aloud on Galpin—not a word!—on the shepherd—no answer! He strove to retrace his steps, he traversed the church, he passed the warrior effigy of Gilsland, the fearful grating of the chamber of judgment;—not a living being to be heard or seen!—To venture into the darker portions of the church, encumbered as it was with fallen cornices and jutting abutments, was not a tempting task; yet even thither he wandered, and in vain.

Again he called aloud on Galpin, on the shepherd;—nay, on Madam Amy and Dame Alison to come and release him. And this time the mocking laugh-

ter of fiends derided his appeal ; and a chuckling croak from the north was answered by a shrill burst of merriment from the south.—He stamped—he swore—and again the mirth of his invisible tormentors was renewed.—He felt as if the grotesque masks were grinning and making mouths, as if a thousand unearthly things were in league against him. He was overmastered, derided. Neither strength nor courage could avail against such enemies.

At length, the syren voice by which he had been fascinated, once more addressed him :

“ Rejoin your friend, Sir Knight !” said its clear, shrill accents. “ And when master Claude shall demand from master Cecil an account of his exploits at the old Abbey, fail not to tell him that the Queen of Faery *Vale* and her elfings remained masters of the field !”—

CHAPTER V.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.

Shakespeare.

"You draw too largely on my credulity!" cried Sir Claud Dunbar to Lord Cecil Reresby, one gloomy night in November, as they sat cheating the weariness of the time over a bottle of claret in Dunbar's snug apartment overlooking the venerable quadrangle of Christ Church; some weeks after their return from passing the summer vacation in Ireland, at the seat of Lord Cecil's father, the Marquis of Grandison.

"Or on mine," exclaimed a young clergyman named Rawdon, at once the college tutor and friend of the two young men; "after all I believe you are both in league to play upon my good faith with the marvels of a Winter's Tale!"

"Honor bright, not I!" cried Dunbar. "I blush to return from the land of lakes, mountains and trout streams, without a single exploit to boast worthy the attention of so zealous a disciple of Walton, and so devout a votary of the muse. But I plead my insignificance! Driven by stress of weather into Whitehaven instead of Holyhead, Reresby and my-

self, having timed the date of our return to our last moment of leisure, agreed to make the best of our way to Oxford ; when, fool as I was, finding we had still a day on hand, I suffered myself to be persuaded to take a peep at the far-famed lakes of Cumberland, and enjoy if possible an afternoon's fishing, such as the season afforded."

" Which, you knew, afforded nothing !" added Rawdon. " So, after sleeping at Calder Abbey, you set forth on foot to Wastdale, got drenched to the bones, and were rewarded for cold, hunger, and a hail shower, by the momentary sight of some farmer's goodly housewife, trotting home on Dobbin from the neighboring market !—All this I have already heard, am willing to hear again, and to credit, the last time as the first."

" Extending your belief," added Dunbar, stretching out his limbs before the fire, " so far as my safe return to Whitehaven early in the night, and Reresby's re-appearance early in the morning."

" Common-place and credible enough !—"

" While I," continued Dunbar, " am resolved to limit my faith to the tale our marvel-loving friend here was pleased to relate on our journey back to Oxford, videlicet : that disgusted by the state of the roads he abandoned his project, and attempted to join me at Ravenglass ; found I had already quitted the inn ; and, after refreshing himself, while his horse was baiting, with a jug of nappy north country ale, became

too sleepy to proceed and so rejoined me at day-break."

"Indebted no doubt to the aforesaid nectareous potation for his dreams of fays and goblins, Ariels, and Calibans," cried Rawdon.

"Would I could sleep so much to the purpose ! Belinda's lock and its sylphs should no longer monopolize the admiration of Grub Street ; but a duodecimo of Rosycrucian philosophy go forth to prove that others have out-imagined the imagination of the bard of T wit'nam."

"Sleepy yourself, to give your readers sleep," cried Dunbar.

"'Tis all very well," observed Lord Cecil, who since his return to Oxford had fallen into a strangely absent frame of mind. "You laugh at me for a crack-brained visionary, and I expected no other at your hands. For this, I forbore at first to inflict my revelations on Dunbar ; who I foresaw would treat me as a dupe, or as seeking to make him mine. On rejoining him, therefore, I framed an excuse to serve all immediate purpose of explanation. But the impression has since gained such ground upon me, that I am no longer able to drive it from my thoughts.

If I sleep, it is to dream of the Abbey ; nor can even our worthy professor's prosiest prose efface from my waking mind the poetical associations connected with that bewildering spot. One moment I convince myself that I was befooled by a set of cun-

ning jades, who amused a dull evening by playing off their pranks at my expense ; the next, I become more firmly persuaded than ever, that the beings I saw were creatures of the elements—motes in the moonbeam,—revealed by some magnetic influence to my sight.”

“ A clear case of nympholepsy !” cried Rawdon.

“ If you continue in this disordered state of mind, my dear Lord Cecil, I shall make it a matter of conscience to bleed and blister you, according to the most approved formula of Warwick Lane.”

“ I begin to think that I *am* mad, or likely to become so !” ejaculated Reresby, with a despondency of air and tone that did not escape the attention of his companions.

“ But prythee tell me, my dear Cecil,” cried Dunbar, growing more serious, “ what chanced after, on finding yourself alone in the Abbey, and a thousand scramblings and turnings, you made your way forth again ?—How happened it that you returned not to the door through which you at first entered the inhabited portion of the building ?”—

“ For full an hour I tried to retrace my steps thither in vain. The night became over-clouded ; not a soul seemed stirring in the premises ; the darkness of the sky threatened a recurrence of the showers of the afternoon. Nestor and Hector were not forgotten in my cogitations ; and when, on reaching the wicket of the old dilapidated gateway where I hoped the

farm lad Ralph would have been in waiting, I found only my former guide and the horses, I was glad to mount and be off. I insisted, indeed, on visiting the cottage where he had agreed to await me ; but all was closed for the night, and no effort could obtain an answer ; while my guide was so overpowered by drink as to be wholly unintelligible. As to talking to the brute of the Abbey, or the ladies of Wastdale, I might as well have addressed myself to his horse. Before morning, torrents of rain increased the misery of my plight. I knew that Dunbar was impatiently waiting for me ; that our departure for Oxford was indispensable ; and reluctantly gave up the point of revisiting the place by daylight and deciding by whom or what I had been imposed on."

"I wish you had !"—exclaimed Dunbar.

"I felt so discouraged, so mortified, so indignant ! —It was my purpose to explain all to you on my arrival, and claim your councils ; but you accosted me in so bantering a vein respecting my adventures of the night, and broad daylight was so unpropitious to the tale I was desirous to unfold, that I judged it best to remain silent."

"What opinion should you have given at the moment ?" said Dunbar, addressing himself to Mr. Rawdon.

"The same I have now expressed."

"That I was maudlin !—Thank you."

"Thank me rather that I do not pronounce you crazy in right earnest."

"But what say you to Claude, then? He was with me when I first set eyes on the accursed creature who thus bewildered my senses. He admired her as I did—followed her as I did,—ay, pledged as he is in heart and hand to my sister Horatia,—followed her at the risk of breaking his neck over a church-yard wall!"

"'Tis true," said Dunbar, speaking apart to Rawdon. "She was the most lovely being I ever beheld—the most singular—the most picturesque! All he has related of our collation at the cottage and the accounts given us there of the Abbey and its inhabitants, are strictly correct."

"And on that and your participation in the intelligence has he grounded his romance," cried Rawdon, relapsing into incredulity. "And now he would actually engage our sympathy in his ideal sufferings! One thing, however, I pledge myself to undertake in his behalf. You two are to pass the Christmas holidays at Grandison Park; and neither Lady Horatia nor the Marquis, I conclude, will spare you to go Quixotizing about the country, instead of fulfilling your engagement. I, meanwhile, am to celebrate the new year at Edinburgh; and will gladly diverge from my road to resume my route northward at Carlisle. What say you, my dear lord?—Shall I proceed to

exorcise this haunted Abbey ; or should I find access to its mysterious heroines—”

“ Spare your trouble and your jests, Rawdon,” said Reresby. “ The instant term is over, I make my way to the north.”

“ Good !—we will go together !”—said Rawdon, extending a hand towards Cecil, which was eagerly clasped by his pupil. “ It has never yet been my luck to light upon fay or spectre. Introduce me but to so much as the smallest goblin of the Abbey establishment, and I am your proselyte for ever !—Meanwhile, banish, if possible from your mind the fancy that disturbs it ; or, instead of a bachelor’s degree by midsummer next, you will find yourself returned in disgrace upon my hands.”

“ You are like to lead a pleasant life of it between us, my dear Rawdon !” observed Sir Claude. “ With one pupil full fathom five in love, and spending his days sonneteering to his mistress’s eyebrow ; and the other bewildered by a host of—”

“ No more of it !” interrupted Reresby, somewhat angrily. “ I find no fault with you for your romantic ravings concerning my sister Racy ; and, if Lady Dunbar should consent, have promised to intercede with my father for your early marriage. In your turn, be forbearing with my infirmities. I shall mention the subject no more. Maintain a similar silence towards myself.”

ut although the compact thus proposed was
ly observed on the part of Mr. Rawdon and
Claude Dunbar, they observed with pain that
d Cecil's mind was engrossed by the forbidden
c. His studies were neglected ; he mingled no
e in the pastimes of his companions. Hitherto
eager sportsman, he loitered away his leisure in
own apartments, till his friends entertained se-
is apprehensions for his health or reason. As
period approached for emancipation from college
s and his journey to the north, his eye brighten-
and his spirits in some degree resumed their elas-
ly. Dunbar would fain have accompanied his
nd on his excursion, that his presence might
of service in detecting any imposture likely to be
ewed upon his susceptible imagination. But
d Cecil, tenderly attached to his sister Horatia,
sed to be instrumental in delaying her lover's pro-
ed visit to Grandison Hall ; and eventually, Sir
ude took his departure for Holyhead within a
weeks of Reresby's starting in company with his
d and sagacious tutor on his singular expedition.
sheerless journey was in store for all parties ; for,
those old fashioned times, winter made his annu-
appearance arrayed in a mantle of snow and gal-
askins fringed with icicles ; nor was it always that
northern males could force their way across the
try waste of Staen Moor—still less penetrate the
ses and mires of western Cumberland.

Nevertheless, Lord Cecil's spirits rose from mile to mile, from post to post ; and, by the time they caught sight of the lofty crests of Sca Fell and the great Gavel, overlooking the dales to which he was bound, the elation of the young nympholept knew no reasonable bounds.

CHAPTER VI.

By this we see the Fairies
Were of the old profession ;
Their songs were Ave-Maries,
Their dances were procession.

Bishop Corbet.

A NEW-MADE grave is a cheerless thing to look on ;
—a spot of earth watered by human tears in lieu of
the dews of Heaven ;—a portion of the dust to which
dust hath returned ;—a pledge of fulfilment of the
first sentence of mortal punishment ;—the end-all
of some tale of human happiness and hope !

But never does it look more chill, more cheerless,
than when the unshapely mound, reared in the depth
of winter, opposes the contrast of its rude earthy
unsightliness to the smooth surface of a waste of
snow !—And lo ! when Rawdon and Lord Cecil,
chilled to the marrow by their ride from Ravenglass,
checked their horses beside the enclosure of the
humble kirkyard of Wastdale, in the midst of which
stood a reed-thatched temple of christian holiness,
—and saw no fewer than nine rising above the snow,
—nine newly-filled graves out of the population of
that scarcely inhabited valley,—it seemed as though

Death had taken too strong a hold upon the children of the land !

One grave, alas ! was still open. The pit still gaping, with a mass of clay and gravel upheaped beside it, proclaiming that its inmate was expected ;—nay ! —the old sexton, the architect of that last habitation —was loitering near the church-porch, evidently awaiting the instalment of his tenant to give him a house-chilling. He looked out so earnestly, in fact, as the travelers paused beside the low stone wall, that Rawdon's eyes, following the direction of his own over the snow, discerned, afar off, an approaching procession,—that saddest and most touching of processions—a pauper's funeral ;—the ovation of the slave released from bondage—the progress of the sovereign to his enthronization—the pilgrimage of the outcast towards the land where the tears shall be wiped from off all faces—the welcome of the christian unto the bosom of his God !—

“ Who are you about to bury ?” cried Rawdon aloud over the wall, to the old man. But the stone wall and the ears of the sexton were pervious in a like degree to the appeal.

“ 'Tis labor lost talking to deaf Joe,” interrupted the man who had accompanied them from Ravenglass. “ But, if your honor wants to know whose funeral be coming yonder along the causeway, I'm bold to say 'tis that of one of the last in the village. They have had the purple fever here these two

months past, as yonder graves can testify. The infection has scarcely spared a living soul."

"Let us waste no further time, my dear Rawdon," said Reresby, in a low voice, to his companion. "I acceded to your proposal that we should not hazard spreading the news of our arrival by stopping at the cottage where I was formerly entertained. Pr'ythee, let us make at once for the Abbey, instead of loitering in a church-yard."

And, pricking forward over the hard-beaten snow, Rawdon was fain to follow the excited young man, till they reached a portal of venerable masonry closing a dilapidated wall, within a few furlongs of the black-looking, but never-freezing, lake of Wastwater.

"'Tis the entrance to the Abbey," observed Reresby, in a concentrated voice. But the intelligence was superfluous; for the trees, so thickly foliaged at his first visit as to shut out every glimpse of the ruin, were now leafless; and the high towering arch of the western front stood proudly visible from the road.

"Proceed to the cottage with our horses," said Rawdon, addressing the guide; "and, in the course of a couple of hours, we will rejoin you;"—an injunction obeyed not without grumbling by the man, who had no mind to visit a spot depopulated by a raging epidemic.

"But how is this?"—continued Rawdon, flinging ajar the shattered wooden gate that closed the solid

mason-work ; and entering unmolested a desolate-looking close, the snow on whose surface was unbroken by the print of footsteps. "Neither dwarf nor giant seems on the watch, my dear fellow, to guard the entrance of your enchanted castle !"

On turning towards Lord Cecil, he desisted, however, from further pleasantries. The expression of his young friend's countenance attested that all the eagerness he had hitherto evinced to bring to the proof the reality of his adventures at Holy Cross, was merged in anxiety for the fate of one who had inspired him with so strange an infatuation ; and instead of rushing towards the long-talked-of spot and verifying his midsummer day's dream, he trembled lest the depopulation of Wastdale should have comprehended the Abbey within its bills of mortality !—Inconsistency of human nature !—Cecil, who had often been heard to surmise that the beauteous Amy was a mystic daughter of the air, feared to find her the victim of so plebeian a distemper as the typhus fever !—

"You do not imagine that any one is resident *here*?" exclaimed Rawdon, at last, after following the guidance of his pupil from aisle to aisle, from roofless nave to ruined choir.

"This is the Abbey Church of Holy Cross : the apartments of which I spoke, lay in the Monastery," replied Reresby, somewhat puzzled to recall to mind in the snow-drifted and cheerless platform around

him, the paradise he had left luxuriantly sheeted with flowers.

And, again launching forth on his voyage of discovery, he reached a low portal leading to three or four ruinous chambers, the windows of which were obscured by damp and dust, the dilapidated stone floors green and discolored, the whole place dreary, tenantless and desolate !

Rawdon had scarcely courage to fix his eyes on his companion. Reresby's previous irritability convinced him that his chimeras were no laughing matter ; yet it was impossible to regard his former declarations touching the Abbey as any thing but the result of an imagination heated by wine, or disturbed by delusions. He contented himself, therefore, with a steadfast scrutiny of the rooms, the doors of which stood open ; and straightway taking Lord Cecil's arm and traversing the snow, towards the gateway, proposed that they should rejoin their guide, and return to the place from whence they came so soon as the horses were baited.

" You do well to spare me," ejaculated Reresby, in a broken voice, after pursuing their way in silence ; " for, on this detestable subject, I can bear neither irony nor argument. To be so deeply the dupe of thick coming fancies implies latent insanity.—Yes, Rawdon—yes—I shall die a lunatic—a miserable, heart-broken, lunatic ; and, when I am dead and gone, you and Dunbar will talk over me on a win-

ter's night, and say: 'We ought to have guessed the poor fellow was mad, after those strange vagaries of his about the Abbey!' "

"My dear Lord—my dear friend!" said Rawdon, in a soothing tone, distressed and alarmed at his emotion, "believe me, this—"

"Yes!" interrupted the young visionary, "yes!—that is exactly the soft cajoling voice in which they will address the patient—poor mad Reresby!—That is just the tone in which they will say: 'Your Lordship is right. There *was* an Abbey—there *were* ladies abiding there—you *did* visit them one moonlight night. Compose yourself, my Lord, we admit that you were perfectly in your senses!' But, for all that, they will secure me in a strait-waistcoat, or chain me in a cell."

"What are we to say Dunbar, then?" exclaimed Rawdon, now really alarmed for the reason of his pupil, and eager to pacify his agitation. "Dunbar admits that he saw the lady you name Amy, and even heard at the cottage that—"

"True, true!" cried Reresby, snatching at his only remaining chance of information. "Let us, at least, re-visit the cottage, and learn all that can be learned; be it only sufficient to convince you that, whatever I may hereafter become, I am now in my right senses."

And he led the way towards a hovel surrounded by a miserable enclosure; which, during the summer

season, might perhaps have classed its dilapidations under the title of "picturesque,"—but which exhibited nothing, amid frost and snow, but the degradation of extreme penury.

"Was it not here that two travelers rested in the month of September last, one of whom returned on horseback, the same night, on his way to the Abbey?"—demanded Lord Cecil, of a wretched-looking laboring man, by whom, after much knocking, the door was opened.

"Wha be ye, to be speering idle questions at sic a toime?" demanded the peasant in a broad border dialect. "'Ta gudewoife just carr'd ower the threshold, and the bairns lying i' the fever!—awa' wi' ye!"

"We are travelers, as you may perceive," said Reresby, "and ignorant of your misfortune, or we should not have presumed to disturb you."

"Gang yer ways naw, then," growled the man, slamming the door in their faces; and Rawdon, alarmed lest his young friend should expose himself in addition to his other calamities, to the perils of infection, immediately proposed to address further inquiries to the clergyman of the parish. "It is impossible," said he, "that persons of note should have been resident in such a place, unknown to the Rector."

On reaching the little straggling hamlet, however, no mansion presented itself of sufficient respectability to pass in collegiate eyes for that of a beneficed

divine ; and when, having retraced their steps towards the thatched church, whence the funeral-train was departing and penetrated a dark nook pointed out to them as the vestry, they beheld a homely, middle-aged man, exchanging a rusty cassock for a shabby smock-frock, the Oxonian was almost as much shocked by the aspect and habit of the clericus of St. Bees, as by the fantastic imaginings of his pupil.

With a view to enlist in their cause the professional sympathies of his brother of the cloth, (that cloth being in the present instance no other than threadbare hodden gray) Rawdon unluckily thought fit to announce himself as Reverend, and of Oxford. The northern-light immediately flared up ! Smarting with jealousy, and hungering after Israel and its flesh-pots, he detested the high-church priest as he would have hated a Jewish Rabbi ; and, closing his mouth even as if it were the parish poor-box, persisted in declaring, in reply to Rawdon's interrogations, that " there *might* have been people living at the Abbey at the time he mentioned ;—that two women had resided there for many years—two miserable, misguided papists—near akin to the wretches instrumental in raising the North in the year fifteen ; but that now—the Lord be praised !—the parish was rid of them !"

" *Dead ?*" inquired Cecil, with a heavy heart and faltering voice.

" No,—not dead—(that he had heard of), gone,—departed,—flitted ;—no one knew whither, and

no one cared ;—or *he*, at least, knew not, cared not, and had never inquired.” In the same morose spirit, were answers yielded by the *ehrwürdiger Pastor von Grünau*, to Cecil’s inquiries touching the name, nature, habits and associations of Mistress Maud and Mistress Amy. The respondent “knew that they were called Mistress Maud and Mistress Amy, and that they belonged to the bloody-minded Church of Rome ;—the Church of the Devil and the Pretender ;—which was all he knew, or wished to know, about the matter.”

And anon he nodded, without touching his hat to the civil querists standing beside him at the gate of his own kirkyard ; and tramped off in hobnail shoes through the snow, to his agricultural occupations ; after the fashion of a neighborhood unfertile in fat livings and those evangelical loaves and fishes, which the miracles of modern Christendom convert into turbots and French rolls.

“One important point, at least, is established by our colloquy with my urbane clerical brother,” observed Rawdon, when, finding from the guide, that not a house of the hamlet but was infected by the fatal fever, he persuaded Lord Cecil to remount his horse and return with him towards Ravenglass. “It can no longer be doubted that the ladies, whose existence I have been sometimes bold enough to question, were not only flesh and blood, but sufficiently good catholics to give umbrage to the pastor

of Wastdale. It had more than once occurred to me, indeed, that parties leading the secluded life you described and purposely enveloping themselves in mystery, might be involved in the danger of the Stuart cause, and, for their own safety, were compelled to 'come like shadows—so depart.' They were perhaps under hiding—certainly (as papists) under surveillance."

"It had already occurred to you—yet you never comforted me by the suggestion!" ejaculated Reresby, "I can scarcely forgive you!"

"Let me make amends for the fault, by future assiduity," cried Rawdon, charmed to witness the return of cheerful smiles to the countenance of his friend. "As it happens, I have connexions among that unfortunate party, such as may enable me to pursue our inquiries to the point. Did you ask, or do you happen to know, to whom the ruins of Holy Cross Abbey belong?"

"To some Cumberland farmer, I fancy," replied Lord Cecil. "The guide informs me that the valley is divided into small farms, belonging to proprietors known by the name of 'dalesmen.'"

"No matter! It will be easy for me so to designate the place as to ascertain, from the agents of Charles Edward, whether it be marked in their charts with the symbol of the white rose."

"My dear, dear Rawdon!—when are you likely to obtain this intelligence?" exclaimed Reresby.

"On reaching Edinburgh;—provided you covenant on your own part to proceed instantly to Grandison Park, and take no further steps till you hear from me."

"My heart and hand upon the bargain!" cried Lord Cecil. "You resume your journey to-night?"—

"Stop, stop!—have a little mercy!" said Rawdon, pointing laughingly to the six inches of snow already on the ground, and the overcharged clouds which threatened a doubly-deep addition. "Give me one good night's rest; after which, I promise to start as readily and expeditiously on your errand as the great North mail will carry me!"

CHAPTER VII.

Countess.—In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband!

Bertrand.—And I, in going, weep o'er my father's death anew.

SIR Claude Dunbar was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. Herself sole child and heiress of a wealthy west country laird, her marriage with Sir Arthur Dunbar had preceded the fatal epoch of the political troubles of Scotland by years so few, that the influence of a bride prevailed over his weak and timid nature sufficiently to retain him snug and sober at the Castle of Dunbar, when the party to which his family was hereditarily attached, was spreading fire and fury through the country. The unfortunate issue of the insurrection might be supposed, in some measure, to justify her conjugal prudence.

Nevertheless, after the execution of Derwentwater, Sir Arthur held up his head no more. The circumstance that more than one member of his family had remained staunch to that of Stuart, seemed only to increase the poignancy of his affliction. Before his only child, young Claude, overstepped the age of infancy, the poor man was gathered to the forefathers he had dishonored;—dying, as was

jocosely said among his enemies, of having taken too much care of his life.

From that period, the widowed Lady Dunbar seldom or ever quitted the Castle she had deprived of its laird, and the clan of its chief. Conscious, perhaps, of her fault, she evinced no desire to repress the manly spirit of her son; and, while limiting her habits and desires by rules of strictest parsimony, afforded to the boy every advantage of education that money could command. She even engaged for him, on his repairing to Oxford for the completion of his studies, the services of a tutor recommended by the jacobite friends of the late Baronet; and, though persisting in her residence, winter and summer, at their family Castle on the shores of the Mull of Galloway, taking no thought for the morrow what she should eat or what she should drink, or for her raiment, what she should put on, took infinite care that the product of the wheels of her whole household should be laid aside to stock the future napery of the young Baronet;—and stored her cellars and garners with an abundance that seemed to anticipate a famine in the land.

Such a mother, if she did not call forth the filial tenderness of her son, had strong claims upon his gratitude. Sir Claude could not always admire the customs of the castle, but his respect for its liege lady was undeviating; and though unlike to become, as his father, a victim to passive obedience, would

have suffered much ere he ventured on any measure of importance, in opposition to the wishes of the widow.

It was under a full admission of these feelings, that he had attached himself to the sister of his schoolfellow and fellow-collegian, the lovely Lady Horatia Reresby ; yet now the period was approaching to solicit the good lady's consent and assistance ere he laid his proposals in form before the Marquis of Grandison, he trembled for the result ! A presentiment forewarned him that he should meet with opposition from his mother ; and lo ! on his arrival in Dublin on his way to Grandison Park, while waiting the arrival of Cecil to compose and dispatch to Lady Dunbar a demand for her sanction to his matrimonial views, he received from her a letter, acquainting him that she had peremptorily disposed of his hand.

“ Your uncle Giles,” she wrote, “ whom fortune appears to favor in proportion to his slighting her gifts, has unexpectedly returned from Surinam with heaps of wealth. It is his desire to secure it to the family by uniting you with his only daughter ; and Miss Dunbar and her father being now on a visit here, I have to request you will immediately repair to the castle to do its honors to your nearest relatives—still nearer (I hope) to be.”

Here was a stroke of destiny for the unfortunate Claude !

Lady Dunbar, who till now had neither mention-

ed the name of mortal woman to her son nor seemed to fancy he could incline towards the matrimonial estate, admitted that she had planned his immediate union ! What an absolute termination to his pretensions to the hand of the high-born, high-bred Horatia !—The young lover shuddered as he thought of it ! Miss Dunbar was doubtless the offspring of a marriage between his graceless uncle, (of whose movements for many years past the family had heard no tidings) and some Surinam heiress,—the amply petticoated widow or daughter of a Dutch planter ! What blood, what breeding, to recommend her to his attachment !—His heart sickened as he pondered upon the broad flat face, sandy hair, and freckled complexion of his promised wife ; and he consoled himself by a vow, registered in Heaven and his heart of hearts, that if fated to abjure all hope of becoming son-in-law to the Marquis of Grandison, nothing should compel him to bestow his hand and title upon Miss Dunbar.

This determination, couched in the most respectful terms, was forthwith unfolded in a letter to his mother. Relying upon the thrifty lady's prudence to keep the communication to herself, he declared that, even were his affections disengaged, nothing would induce him to unite himself with the child of one so irregular in his conduct and loose in his principles, as the uncle whose recently acquired and probably ill-gotten wealth, endowed him with so much

consequence in the family. The widow replied to this bold challenge of her authority in a similar spirit of defiance. Sir Claude retorted,—her ladyship was quick to answer the retort. That which might have speedily been pacified between them in a war of words, promised to become a “seven,” or even a “thirty years’ war” when waged per return of post.

The young Baronet became reluctantly convinced, that however resolute against bestowing the family title on her who bore the family name, it was by no means a propitious moment for expediting the progress of his suit to Lady Horatia ; and the Christmas vacation, instead of affording to the two young men the superlative happiness to which they had looked forward, threatened to end “for one in madness—both in misery.”

Neither Claude nor Lord Cecil afforded much addition to the brilliant assemblage at Grandison Park. Their attention was absorbed by the arrival of letters from Scotland. To Dunbar’s correspondence with his mother, and Reresby’s with Rawdon, was attached their every hope of earthly happiness !

But the course of true love ran unevenly for both ; and they found themselves once more buried in the learned shades of Granta to be emancipated only by the lapse of time indispensable to their college studies—without having advanced a step towards the consummation so devoutly the object of their wishes.

It were tedious to trace page by page, volume by

volume, problem by problem, the progress of the aspirants. The musty atmosphere of the Bodleian is scarcely of a quality to sustain the buoyant wings of fancy ; and Ariel herself would become materialised, if enrobed in academic cap and gown. Suffice it that Rawdon's pupils having graduated with honor, bade adieu to the venerable cloisters of Christ Church—

The sacred fountains—the o'ershadowing groves,
Whose walks with godlike harmony resound.
Fountains which Homer visits ;—happy groves
Where Milton haunts : and th' intellectual power
On the mind's throne, suspends his graver cares
And smiles !

CHAPTER VIII.

That she is living,
Were it but *told* you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears she lives
Though yet she speaks not.

Winter's Tale.

It was midsummer—bright, glowing, gorgeous,
glorious midsummer—

When hearts and babbling brooks are most in tune.

Roses, in flaunting array, softening from deepest damask to the pure and tender tints of maiden's-blush-hood, imparted fragrance and jouvence to the garden breezes ; lilies, all ivory and gold, stood overlooking the parterres with the air of ladies attournament ; while blue convolvuluses trailed with an azure streak upon the ground, like—

Un pezzo del ciel caduto in terra !

The fountains threw up their silver springlets into the sunshine, as if to interlace themselves with its golden rays ;—while a hundred marble goddesses retreated coyly from the glare of day into the verdant nooks of the well-trimmed lime-bowers adorning the bosquets and parterres of Grandison Park !

The gardens were all sweetness and bloom,—the slopes of the park beyond all majesty and shade. The dappled deer lay grouped as in sylvan meditation beneath the venerable oak trees ; while the wood-pigeons winged their way in happy pairs across the clear expanse of an unclouded sky. And lo ! on the shaven lawns, around a mansion of lordly degree, ladies with sweeping trains and fans outspread, and plumes that waved and nodded as they stepped, were idling side by side with red-heeled maccaronis and courtiers in suits of velvet or paduasoy whose embroidery glistened in the sun, taking care that their swords should oppose no awkward entanglement to the mincing steps of the little silken-haired lap-dogs, trotting after the rustling furbelows of their loving ladies.

It was midsummer,—and every countenance at Grandison Park was bright as the season and the scene. A grand festival was in preparation. The offices sent forth savory steams. Marrow-bones were crushing, cullises distilling, and the aroma of citrons and rich spices exhaled from the coming banquet. The high altar of the chapel was richly covered with tapestry ; velvet benches were dispersed in formal array—the marble pavement strewn with flowers, for, behold ! “ the darling of each heart and eye ”—the daughter of that ancient house,—the lovely Horatia Reresby was about to be united to the

man of her choice, Sir Claude Dunbar, the dearest friend of her dearest brother.

There could not be a handsomer couple than Lady Horatia, with her fawn-like eyes and gestures, and the noble youth who had successfully stemmed the tide of family opposition, to become her husband. Theirs was a true and trustful affection, theirs a destiny of peace and prosperity—even the destiny of the favored ones of the earth ;—no cares around or before them, but enough of clouds behind to enhance the brilliancy of the prospect in the distance.

The gay groups chatting, smiling and conversing, upon that courtly lawn were seen at intervals to cast impatient glances towards the long avenue of elms traversing the park ; for every minute the family of the bridegroom was expected to arrive : the dowager, who for so many years had been unable to uproot herself from Dunbar Castle, having graciously consented to grace the auspicious bridal of her own—her only son. Lady Horatia, whose heart, long motherless, yearned towards her as towards a mother, trembled nevertheless at the prospect of the approaching meeting. Not that she apprehended lack of kindness or indulgence on the part of one whom, she was prepared to love and honor and obey, as part (and a part most venerable) of him who maintained the dearest hold upon her affections ; but with Lady Dunbar was expected the wealthy uncle,

—the stern uncle,—the mortified uncle,—compelled by the obduracy of Sir Claude to renounce his views for his daughter upon the family honors and their representative. She knew how vast a waste of epistolary eloquence had been lavished by her lover during the six preceding months, to mollify the heart of the dowager and obtain from old Giles Dunbar the cession of his projects. But they *had* consented. The marriage-contract was ready to be signed—the marriage-tapers to be lighted. Nothing jarred against the completion of the hopes of the young couple ; nor was aught unsatisfactory connected with the mode and manner of their nuptials, unless the inevitable presence of Miss Dunbar the semi-Dutchwoman, and her pragmatistical father.

Yes,—one thing more ! *One* circumstance was wanting to complete the happiness of Horatia and her bridegroom. The attired figure and dejected countenance of Lord Cecil did not fail to remind them that, although he no longer courted the ridicule of his family, or the wonderment of strangers, by alluding to the marvellous adventure in which he had borne a part, the recollection did not the less powerfully weigh upon his spirits. He had perhaps given up, as a matter of question with himself, the reality of his impressions : convinced that he had indeed been admitted to the society of two ladies of condition, consigned by some strange chance to a residence at Holy Cross Abbey, who, for either wan-

tonness or mischief's sake, had successfully practised upon his young imagination. But, was it a subject of less concern to him, that all his investigations sufficed not to discover aught concerning the fantastic but most captivating being, whose arch countenance and radiant smiles had impressed themselves more indelibly, more perplexingly upon his heart, than the most regular array of perfect loveliness?

Why, why had he been fated to hear the music of that changeful but melodious voice;—why permitted to gaze upon the spell-like brightness of those speaking eyes—to witness that gracious play of sportive fancy? His soul was still entranced by the charm of an interview so brief, that the cistus flower has a longer existence—the summer lightning almost as prolonged a brightness. Day after day, he wandered hither and thither through the wooden glens of Grandison Park, and hung in listless abstraction over the falling waters of each wild cascade. He was no longer himself—no longer capable of applying his powers of mind to the common purposes of life. His family began to look upon his condition rather with terror than with pity; and when about ten days previously to the marriage of Lady Horatia and Sir Claude, Mr. Rawdon, who had been the able negociator for his pupil with the family at Dunbar Castle, arrived as a plenipotentiary at Grandison Park, with full powers from the Dowager to treat for the hand of the beautiful daughter of the Mar-

quis, half the tutor's time was occupied, during the first two days, in private confabulation with his Lordship touching the health, moral and physical, of Lord Cecil,—its symptoms, tendencies, and chances of convalescence ; the mystery of which was a problem which the learned pundit of Christ Church alone seemed capable of solving.

The result of these consultations did not transpire. Many persons at the Hall inferred, indeed, from the cheered demeanor of Lord Grandison, after the first interview, that counsels had been imparted likely to secure the restoration of his son. Yet, after the momentary elevation of spirits produced by the announcement of Horatia's happy prospects, Lord Cecil relapsed into all his former dejection ; and, though Rawdon and the Marquis appeared satisfied that an amendment was in progress, his kinsfolk and acquaintance were of opinion that the happiness he was required to witness, served only to demonstrate to the unfortunate young man, that he was himself miserable beyond all hope, and sick past all surgery.

At length arrived the day of days ; and the young lover, who beheld its auspicious auroral uprise beside the earth, sandaled with gold and arrayed in a mantle of purple resplendent with showering light, felt assured that the blessing of Heaven was upon its great events. From earliest dawn, the air was alive with music and mirth ; every thing and every body laughed aloud with glee,—saving the gentle bride,

whose pensive grace promised smiles hereafter, as a showery morning fore-shows the brightest noon.

While all the rest of the gay household, paraded the great galleries or the blooming gardens, Horatia wandered apart in her snow-white bridal array, leaning upon the arm of Lord Cecil; for, at a moment of such general hilarity, she felt that her brother needed consolation. Ever and anon, Sir Claude deserted the joyous company of guests, to hold a moment's converse with his beloved; and when, at last, he ventured to reproach her, that on such a day her countenance should retain a single trace of sadness, her tearful eye glanced from his towards the dejected figure of his friend, reminding him of the presence of a deep-seated sorrow.

Lady Horatia dreaded, however, lest her brother should suppose himself an object of commiseration; and attributing her sadness to the anxieties attendant on a first meeting with her future family, whispered to Dunbar, that till his mother and uncle had embraced her and sanctified his choice, her heart could not be at ease. And again, for the twentieth time, Dunbar flew to the window commanding the great avenue, to ascertain whether the tardy travellers were in sight; leaving Horatia and his friend alone beneath the old oak-tree.

"Sister!" faltered Cecil, as he placed himself beside her on the bench of fretted marble; "I have long looked to this day as the crowning one of my

destiny ; having waited but to see you happy in Dunbar's protection, I purpose to quit my home—my country—and seek in distant climes, and a new aspect of nature, relief from the heavy cares that overpower my soul. Be happy, dearest Horatia,—happy as I once hoped to be,—happy as I shall be no more. I was ambitious, and my aspirings have passed away ; I was covetous of domestic peace,—and lo ! a desert lies before me ! No matter ;—the two beings dearest to me on earth will be indebted to each other for the happiness which is denied to me ; and, satisfied that all is well with those whom my soul loveth, I shall resign myself to go down to the grave undistinguished and unloved,—without a name—without a tear—without a requiem !”

He paused ; for at that moment a strain of inspiring music burst upon their ears. The travelers were approaching,—the happy moment was come.

Again, the rustic pipes and tabors sounded stirringly from a distance. There was a crowd—a clamor ;—the bridegroom's family were come, and looking eagerly around them for the object of his choice.

Cecil and Horatia beheld the Marquis approaching them along the laurel-shaded shrubbery, leading by the hand a stately but soft-browed dame, whose resemblance to their beloved Claude proclaimed her to be his mother.

“ Let us meet them by the way,” whispered Reres-

by, offering his brotherly support to the trembling Horatia, but wondering within himself that Sir Claude did not make his appearance to conduct her to the feet of his parent. But it was in her *arms* that Lady Dunbar received her daughter-in-law ;— it was to her *bosom* that again and again, she closely pressed her ;—and Cecil's feelings were so penetrated by the joy of seeing his sister thus cordially welcomed, that, for a moment, he had no eyes for any other object.

But, what strange sight has brought, at length, the color into his pale cheek, as he uplifts his eyes in search of the bridegroom ? What sudden shock hath wrung such a cry of wonderment and joy out of his heart ?—Some incident which seems a source of general gratulation ; for his father has placed his hand encouragingly on the young man's shoulder, and Rawdon's face is bright with smiles, and Horatia and the bridegroom are turning a deaf ear to the exhortation of Lady Dunbar, while Lord Cecil stands transfixed, and at length recovers himself sufficiently to accept the proffered hand of a fair and graceful girl, which the prompting of a jovial old gentleman extends towards him.

“ Have you nothing better than an awkward obeisance to tender to my lovely cousin, Mistress Amy Dunbar ? ” cried Sir Claude, without pity for his friend's confusion.

"Have you no remonstrances to address to my daughter?" cried the ex-Antonio of Surinam.

"Have you no homage to render to your future wife?" added the Marquis.

And at that announcement, all present heartily sympathised in the rapture of the wonder-whelmed Lord Cecil. His quondam preceptor (by whose sagacity these marvels had been brought to bear) stood rubbing his hands for joy, and explaining to the inquiring guests that every preparation had been secretly completed for the solemnization of a double wedding.

The bells now rang out a merry peal, when the Marquis was the first to propose their adjournment to the house. And then, in the grand saloon, the two young couples were formally presented to the valetudinarian Mistress Maud, the aunt of Claude and Amy,—in her youth a Maid of Honor to the deposed queen consort of England, at the court of St. Germain; and, during her age, guardian to the only daughter of Giles, her banished brother, in the sequestered Abbey of Holycross—the last remnant of an estate squandered in the cause of the Stuarts.

"But they are wealthy, now,—enormously, prodigiously wealthy," observed Rawdon, in explaining to the inquisitive country cousins the particulars of a plot graced by so charming a *dénouement*. "Mr. Dunbar's first care, on his return to England, was to hasten down to the miserable dwelling he had been

compelled to assign to his sister and his child, and remove them from a spot rendered doubly dreary by the perils of infection. Thus deserted (for the young orphan adopted into their household shared with the faithful Alison and her father their journey to Dunbar Castle), the rooms they had occupied at the Abbey were speedily dismantled by marauders, and left to the undisputed dominion of the rats and bats : so that, on Lord Cecil's second visit, all wore the aspect of utter desolation. Miss Dunbar, conscious of the strong impression produced by her incantations, had perhaps maliciously calculated on the probability of her guest's return, and the wonder likely to be excited in his mind, by the transformation of the place."

"But how chanced it, sweet coz," inquired Sir Claude of Mistress Amy, "how chanced it, that our names were so familiarly known at Holycross?"

"Through your own indiscretion in addressing each other during your sojourn at the cottage," replied the young lady, archly smiling. "Ralph, the neatherd, was brother to our little page; and, long before Lord Cecil returned, had communicated to me, even to the smallest details, your conversation of the morning.—Accident favored the entrance of your friend into our dwelling; and, in order to get rid of him without discourtesy, stratagem was indispensable. To take my aunt into my confidence I dared not! In spite of the feud existing between her and the elder branch of her house, I feared that

the name of Sir Claude Dunbar would hurry her into disclosures that might prove injurious to my father. I knew not that the sentence passed on him in 1715 was on the point of being reversed ; and, so scrupulous had I learned to be in all regarding his safety, that I forbore, year after year, to acquaint him with the indigence to which we were reduced by the exactions of our fallen party, lest he should come forward to its assistance."

"A confused sequel to a most perplexed story, my pretty coz!"—cried Sir Claude. "Some winter's evening, you shall instruct us more largely, as we sit in a happy circle, round a blazing fire in the Castle of our forefathers. Meanwhile, let me bless the stars that presided over our disastrous voyage to Whitehaven : and insured me—since wife she was not to be—a sister, in my mad-brained cousin, Amy."

"No further reminiscences, just now!" ejaculated Cecil, who just then rejoined them from the chapel "All is prepared,—the witnesses are assembled,—and Rawdon stands surplined at the altar. Unless you wish aunt Maud to faint outright with fatigue, detain them no longer—for Galpin, her page, informs me that his Lady's Eau de Luce was left behind at the last inn they slept in ;—and hark ! the bells ring out ;—the chimes are sounding, the tenants crowding to the door with music and acclamations. They ask to see the bride—they want to catch a glimpse of the enchantress."

"No longer an enchantress, but an humble and happy wife," answered Amy, placing her hand in that of Lord Cecil, while her father approached to conduct her to the altar. "My wand of necromancy is buried for ever, amid the ruins of THE ABBEY!"

XAVIERA.



XAVIERA.

"In Valencia," quoth the Castilian proverb, "flesh is grass, and grass is water; men are women, and women—nothing!"

It was perhaps at the instigation of this disparaging adage, that Don Luis di Junquera, the representative of one of the most ancient houses in the province, saw fit to amend his Valencian meat by the efforts of a Parisian *maitre d'hôtel*; and the enervated temperament of his Valencian line, by an alliance with the only daughter of a Neapolitan nobleman, a refugee in Spain from the political troubles agitating his native country. These innovations, however, tended greatly to disturb the more than *flema Castellana* of his kinsfolk and acquaintance.

The correctness of the proverb was disproved no less by the manly boldness with which Don Luis had outraged Valencian custom, and the tenacity with which he defended his right to be master of his own household, and the carver of his own destinies, than

by the vehemence with which his lordship's sudden assumption of independence was resented by a certain Doña Xaviera d'Andujar, the widow of one of his near relatives, who had preconcerted his conjugal subjugation.

Doña Xaviera was decidedly "something!" She was a very beautiful woman, as well as a very audacious manœuverer; and, but for the fact that she had attained her thirty-eighth year, while the lovely Carolina di Pignatelli was just entering her eighteenth, might have eventually succeeded in establishing her ascendancy over one who, although firmer and more manly in his purpose than accorded with the truth of the Castilian adage, was peculiarly under the domination of female attractions.

One day, however, at the very period when Doña Xaviera considered herself securest of the offer of his hand, and therewithal of the presidency of his magnificent palace in the Gloreta and castle on the Guadalquivir, with their costly hangings, sumptuous marbles, gorgeous plate, and princely caskets of ancestral jewels, it happened that Don Luis was persuaded to accompany her to the convent of the Assumption, fast by the Puerta de los Serranos, in Valencia; where her only child, his ward, was deposited, to be out of the way of her intriguing mother, and in the way of receiving such sprinkling of education as was bestowed upon daughters of hidalgo blood during the last century. Doña Xaviera

was anxious to display to the world the paternal interest taken by Don Luis in the welfare of little Doña Florencia ; but, unluckily, the self-same grating which secured the little chocolate-complexioned damsel from the corruptions of the city, extended its protection over the maturer beauties of the blooming Agrolina, who, at the moment of this ill-timed visit, was receiving the fond greeting of her father, Prince Pignatelli, on his arrival from a hazardous expedition to his Calabrian estates. Ever bright and joyous, the countenance of the young Neapolitan was so exquisitely irradiated by the rapture of an unexpected reunion with her parent, that Don Luis found it impossible to fix his attention upon the tapestry frame presented him by a lay sister, as a sample of the talents and industry of his future step-daughter. He could see nothing but Carolina's arm thrown around her father's neck ; he could listen to nothing but the bland and endearing accents of affection with which she welcomed the old man's arrival.

In vain did Dona Xaviera strive to win his ear by the cajoling tones in which she adjured her dingy little offspring, as, "*Hija de mi alma !*" "Child of my soul !"—her lion-port and awe-commanding grace were not in unison with words of human endearment. It was only the gentle Carolina who knew how to love !

From that period, the destiny of the Valencian lord was determined. If the haughty widow of An-

dujar had found her influence insufficient to reform Don Luis's propensity for a foreign household, still less was it available against the heavenly charm of Carolina's eyes ; and, in defiance of all obstacles, within two months of their encounter at the grate of the convent, Don Luis had managed to obtain the friendship of the banished Pignatelli, and the hand of his daughter.

His claims upon her heart were perhaps of a more problematical nature ; but if, as yet, Carolina had bestowed no more than kindness and gratitude on the man who had endowed her with a noble name and honorable home, and loaded her father with services at some risk to the reputation of his own loyalty, Dona Xaviera's inference was far from just, that the young Neapolitan was prepared to loathe the shallow egotist she had sworn to honor as her husband.

It is true, the wily widow was, at present, careful to keep this opinion to herself. Having failed in her project to become the wife of Junquera, she still chose to write herself down his loving kinswoman and ally ; and soon began to affect a matronly tenderness towards the bride, and even such airs of duenna-ship as she might have assumed towards a daughter of her own.

Carolina, meanwhile, who had been so early domesticated in Spain as to have become more than half a Valencian in habits and language, accepted

the counsels of Junquera's relative as readily as she had already adopted the costume and dialect of his country. Motherless from her cradle, the guardianship of the venerable abbess and sisterhood of the Assumption had sufficed the instinctive cravings of her young heart after womanly companionship and guidance; and she was as ready to adopt Doña Xaviera as a trusty counsellor and friend, as the crafty manœuverer to proceed against her as an enemy.

When, at the conclusion of the carnival, the hidalgo and his household migrated from their palace in the city to San Felipe, a castle overlooking the beautiful Huerta de Valencia, Carolina earnestly seconded the entreaties of her lord that his charming relative would deign to bear them company during the summer season; and Doña Xaviera, with seeming reluctance, allowed herself to be persuaded into a project originally planned and suggested by her own intentions.

It was a welcome thing to be the bride, immured as she had been for years and years of childhood, and habituated to no nearer intercourse with nature than could be effected within the narrow limits of the cloister gardens of the Assumption, to find herself for the first time pacing by her husband's side (on a stately Andalusian barb, black as night, unless where a speck or two of foam was seen upon its glossy flank, and with two scarlet pomegranate blos-

soms stuck gallantly into the head-reign of its silken housings), along the deep ravine forming the channel of the Guadalquivir ; or roaming, with his sprightlier kinswoman among the garden grounds skirting the castle of San Felipe, an ancient Moresco fortress of considerable dignity.

Like a wild bird or a honey-bee, Carolina seemed to hover over its fragrant wilderness of geraniums and jessamines ; or reclined beside its tinkling fountains ; or mused beneath the shadowy thickets of venerable cork-trees forming the outermost barrier of the domain ;—tracing vistas of the valley far, far below, whose spreading rice-fields and verdant plantations of mulberry-trees have obtained for Valencia the appellation of the garden of Spain.

Every object around her was new and precious to Carolina. The purple mountains—the sheltered pastures—the inter-tangled woods—the solitary, down-drooping tree—the herds midway in the pool or grouped tranquilly in the shade—the majestic bird winging its flight sea-ward through the skies—the grasshopper singing in the grass—the chaffinch brooding over its nest—the humblest as well as the most imposing shows of nature—each had a voice for her ear, and woke a responsive chord in the sympathy of her young heart. The beauty of the external earth seemed to offer to her lips a fountain of intoxication. She sang—she flew—she laughed her solitary way through the green gardens, as though she

had learned to trifle with the solemnities of her lofty destiny. The joy of gazing unchecked upon the sunshine or the moonlight,—upon flood or forest,—was enough for her happiness ; she had attained the consciousness of a sense which had hitherto slumbered in her breast—even that of gratitude to God for his gifts of loveliness unto a world, which his goodness seemed to have adorned for her sake !

Most men would have rejoiced, and even the undemonstrative Conde di Junquera evinced some satisfaction on finding himself the instrument of so much happiness to so gifted a being ; for Carolina never looked more beautiful than when she smiled, and now, having overcome the depression of spirits produced by her father's return to Italy soon after her marriage, she was always smiling.

But Doña Xaviera saw things in a different light. *She* had no faith in innocent gaiety ; and choosing to interpret the vivacity of the young countess into the indication of a vain and frivolous disposition, was exasperated that the Conde, in deference to the foreign birth of Carolina, should have been induced to dispense with that second providence of Spanish virtue—the veil and the duenna.

Xaviera was careful, however, not to awaken the vigilance of Don Luis till she could contrive to introduce, as a guest into the castle, a certain Don Juanito d'Albufera, whom she took occasion to present to the notice of its noble owners as a high-born

Murcian cavalier, selected by her maternal care to be the future husband of her daughter.

Yet, vast and manifold as were his merits, she admitted her anxiety to exercise some further scrutiny into his character, ere she hazarded the happiness of her child by his solemn betrothment with Doña Florencia ; and Don Luis, who felt himself pledged as kinsman and guardian to watch over the welfare of the young lady, could do no less than request that the intended bridegroom might become his inmate for a week or two, during the sojourn of Doña Xaviera under his roof.

Juanito was accordingly welcomed into the domestic circle of San Felipe. He came—he saw—he even conquered—*not*, indeed, at first sight, the gentle heart of Carolina, but what the wily widow regarded as a first step towards that final consummation—the esteem and predilection of her husband. The young Hidalgo was, in truth, a very taking personage. He possessed all that easy frankness of demeanor to which persons so reserved and formal in their address as Don Luis di Junquera are apt to affix especial value ; he was a bold and expert horseman, and consequently a pleasant companion to the lord of the castle ; he was an accomplished musician, and therefore a valuable acquisition to the lady. After rising with the lark to follow Don Luis to the chase, he would wake and watch with the nightingale, that he might touch his guitar in ac-

paniment to the Moorish ballads with which, in the hush of the moonlight hour, Carolina persuaded to recreate the ears of the Conde and friends; and Don Luis, who loved to listen to spirit-stirring recital of the prowess of his ancestors—the defeat of El Chico, and the redemption the fortress of San Felipe from the hands of the Moors, was grateful for the aid of a minstrel by whose animated chords her genius seemed to be inspired.

It was impossible, in fact, not to like Juanito. His irresistible openness of his countenance and character, won every heart to his side. But, had he been less prepossessing, Don Luis was not the man to be moved to a paltry feeling of jealousy by the mere beauty of his person, or the mere refinement of his manners. Carolina's bridegroom boasted not a very strong or a very cultivated understanding, but he had high instincts of honor. The countryman of the Cid, he was proud of the distinction; and the generosity of character which sense and enlightenment sometimes fail to strengthen or guide, arose in his mind from the consciousness of noble and valorous descent. He would have been guilty of no crime—rather than of a base or unworthy action; and suspicion he regarded as mean and degrading. Nor could all Doña Xaviera's hints and insinuations avail to stir up his jealousy of the superior attractions of his young guest; for Don Luis

was satisfied that both his lady and Juanito were come of too gentle blood to be guilty of deceiving a hospitable host or confiding husband.

The widow, meanwhile, shrugging her shoulders at the obtuseness of his perceptions, refrained not from her efforts to render them more susceptible to the fact, that his sable-silvered head was seen to disadvantage by the side of Don Juanito's raven locks, and that the soft cadences of her Florencia's intended bridegroom did not tend to enhance the harsh discords and unpleasing sharps of his own untunable accents.

She seemed resolved that her refractory kinsman should not be *too* happy in the enjoyment of his cheerful home and the tenderness of his youthful bride; and it was wormwood to her to find her manœuvres obstructed by the more than knightly magnanimity of the high-minded Junquera. Although neither so young nor so handsome as the boyish d'Albufera, he was incapable of stooping to become the puppet of an envious woman's machinations.

Unfortunately, however, Carolina was as little conscious of enmity on the part of the widow, as of this elevation of soul on the part of her husband. Reared in the seclusion of conventual life, she had not improved her mind by the study of love-romances, printed or acted; had neither "run the gauntlet of a string of puppies" in the ball-room of fashion, nor

refined her sentiments by the code of any manual of tender devotion more modern than the ballads of Granada, or the Righte Tragicall Historye of Inez de Castro.

Unprepared, therefore, to espy indications of passion in Albufera's dark eyes, she was equally unobservant of Xavier's cunning, and of the dignified demeanor of Don Luis; and continued to laugh, and talk, and ride, and run with Juanito,—suffering him to place the pomegranate blossoms in the silken housings of her jet-black jennet, and inviting him to join his voice with her's in the fervent strains of some old madrigal, or the unmeaning sentimentalities of a modern canzonet. She even accepted from him the gift of a dainty silken-eared spaniel, such as seem formed to become the appropriate watch-dog of a lady's boudoir; diminutive as that wonder of a lap-dog in the fairy tale, which lay concealed within a grain of millet-seed, and originally destined by the gay gallant as a gift of homage to Doña Florencia d'Andujar.

But, although the young hidalgo allowed himself to be confided in by Carolina as a brother and roamed with in the shade, and sported with in the sunshine, he had deeper thoughts and deeper feelings concerning the lady of San Felipe than could have been altogether conned out of his lady mother's book of psalmody, or acquired in the seminary whence, but a few months before, he had issued

forth from studentship to gird on the sword of chivalry.

Whether his motives were brightened by instinct or increased by experience,—stimulated by the pulses of his own heart or the instigations of Doña Xaviera,—it might be difficult to determine; but certain it is, that he began to see in the beautiful Carolina the youthful wife of an elderly lord; open as such, by established precedent (and perhaps accessible), to the persuasive words and more persuasive sighs of any young and handsome cavalier who might be so lucky as to penetrate into the sanctum of her familiar friendship.

He drew closer to her side, therefore, when they wandered together through the algarobba groves of the Huerta; seized her bridle-rein, when they approached some rugged ascent in the mountainous regions of the Puente de la Viuda, and hung over her with more than fraternal intimacy, as they sat together at eventide, beside the open lattice of her bower window, soothing the summer air with music. And, while the widow calculated upon poisoning the ear of Junquera with hints of his wife's indiscretion, Juanito, on *his* part, to insinuate himself into the better graces of the wife, by attempting to excite her jealousy of Don Luis and the widow.

The first moment he found himself alone with the lady of San Felipe, was sure to elicit his lamentations over the destiny of one who had been tempted

to sacrifice herself in marriage to a hoary libertine whose reminiscences of former profligacy were still too strong to admit of his imbibing the principle of a pure and hallowed affection.

At these condolences, Carolina at first laughed heartily ; but when again and again, and circumstantially repeated, she at last grew angry. Her soul was anything but disposed to soften at Juanito's tale of perfidy ; she was no less indignant at the imputed treachery of Don Luis, than at the *positive* treachery of the guest who had thought fit to unfold it to her knowledge. Yet it was scarcely possible to remain angry with her young companion. Juanito laughed off the confession of his fault with so good a grace, that she soon forgot to tax him with his scandalous propensities ;—and the bride, and he who would have been so suitably matched as her bridegroom, became closer and dearer friends than ever.

Such, alas ! was the critical epoch selected by Doña Xaviera for a definitive attack upon the credulity of Don Luis di Junquera.

“ You profess, I perceive, a somewhat catholic latitude of faith in the virtue of womankind, and the discretion of your charming Carolina,” said she, one evening, when she had drawn him forth to amble by her side along the castle bastions, holding in his hand her fan of peacock's feathers and her comfit-box of cardamums, as became a gallant of his years and breeding ;—“ and, truly, you are right. It has

been observed by all in Valencia on this delicate topic, that when a man so far presumes to outrage the customs of his country, as to unite the pure blood of his race with that of a Neapolitan rebel, he must needs have had especial incentives to so mad an action. The peerlessness of the object preferred, can alone exonerate its rashness."

"Methinks," replied Junquera, caressing his beard, as with dignified gravity he stalked beside her, "methinks, Madam, the excellent merits and attractions of Prince Pignatelli's daughter afford a sufficient apology for my alliance with a stranger of noble blood, even admitting the right of all the old women in Valencia to impugn my liberty of choice."

"The *superficial* attractions of mere youth and beauty," quoth the widow, with a bitter smile, "are not always accounted, by the opinion of the world, sufficing qualifications in a wife. There *was* a time, my good Lord, when parity of years, parity of station, parity of ——"

"There is a time for all things, Madam," interrupted Junquera, in a peevish accent. "When a boy, and trammelled by the prejudices of the narrow circles of that narrow city which you are pleased to call the world, I, too, fancied that the bloom and cheerfulness of youth were secondary in importance to inter-alliance with the more ancient houses of Valencia; for bloom and cheerfulness were then familiar things to my eyes, and in the common course of

enjoyment. But I have grown older, Doña Xaviera d'Andujar ; and those who were fair and guileless when I was young, have, like myself, become morose, and crafty, and hard of feature ; and *now* it is, that, enlightened by their deficiencies, I begin to appreciate the value of loveliness of person and simplicity of mind."

The mortification experienced by the widow at this insolent innuendo, caused the habitual paleness of her complexion to vary into a green and yellow tint, imitating that of the citron fruits which turned their pale gold ripeness to the sun in the fragrant orangery overlooked by the bastions of San Felipe. Predetermined on vengeance, her malice was now overflowing.

"Far be it from me," she cried, "to plead the cause of age and deformity ; which none, my Lord, regard with a more loathing eye than I do. Yet I confess I know no cause why maidenly modesty or matronly purity should be held inconsistent with a smooth cheek, a winning smile, and a waist of comely dimensions. I can even figure to my fancy a lady of San Felipe, a wife for the Conde di Junquera, sufficiently graced in person to satisfy the fastidiousness he affects, yet incapable of soiling the high name with which he has endowed her, by trifling with a handsome stripling,—a stranger, the affianced bridegroom of her husband's ward."

"The Holy Trinity be judge over me!"—muttered Don Luis, turning suddenly aside towards the bastions, as if to extend his gaze over the valley below. "Does the fiend possess this woman?—On what poisonous herb has she trodden?—let not yet her mischief-working tongue, betray me into unbecoming emotion."

"Even now—even at this very moment," resumed Doña Xaviera, "when the birds are carolling their even song among the bushes, and the sunshine streams in mellow splendor athwart the Huerta, and all things in nature are arrayed as if to allure us forth to their enjoyment, does it not please the lady countess to tarry in her chamber, making music, or making grimaces, for the diversion of yonder fanciful boy?—Ay! my Lord, even though I, her guest, her kinswoman, and her elder,—even though *yourself*—her husband, and her elder still, have condescended to solicit her company in our promenade!"

"Twenty legions of fiends repay the creature's malice!" again muttered the Conde, apart. "That I had but strength of mind to stop her short at once!"

"And though such, my dear friend, may be the unseemly customs of the Sicilies," persisted the Doña, bridling up with self-importance, "*we* old-fashioned wives and mothers of Valencia, are accustomed to look with suspicion on their introduction to our homes and hearths."

"You do wisely," said Don Luis, abruptly.

“Should the Lady Florencia my ward for instance, strive to introduce them into *yours*, beware, Madam, beware of the innovation; for from *her*, such innocent freedom of speech were an outrage against the established pruderies of her country. But my Carolina drew breath on a foreign strand; and on *her*, the Spanish ceremonial of the duenna and confessor would sit as unbecomingly, as the basquina and mantilla of an Andalusian on a sculptured goddess of Greece.”

“I had ever imagined,” insinuated the widow, “that Prince Pignatelli’s daughter imbibed her notions of decorum in company with my own daughter, in the Spanish convent of the Assumption, in the Spanish city of Valencia?”

“Rather from Heaven itself!”—interrupted the Conde, with sudden warmth, rendered furious by the pertinacity of his companion; “from Heaven, which blessed her with such angelic innocence of heart!”—

“Innocence so absolute and complete,” retorted Doña Xaviera, “that she espies no evil in twilight assignations with a gay Murcian cavalier, whose whispers, if their nature may be inferred from the heightened complexion and enraptured glances which accompany their utterance, can scarcely be listened to with impunity.”

“*Assignations?*”—reiterated Don Luis, indig-

nant against himself for giving ear to her scandals, yet wanting the self-mastery to silence them.

"Assignations!" persisted the widow "When suitors of Don Juanito's age, and heroines of that of Doña Carolina di Junquera, meet together by appointment in some secluded solitude, I know no other term by which to designate the rendezvous. Between ourselves, my good Lord, your lady is in possession of the key of a certain private garden—the pavilion-garden of the castle—which has been made the little instrument of mighty evil."

"That very key," observed Don Luis, musing, "did I myself present to Carolina on her arrival at San Felipe, to secure to her a tranquil and unmolested haunt, and, when I asked it of her this morning, with the view of exhibiting the frescoes of the pavilion to—to—to——"

"*Juanito*," said the lady stoutly.

"Even so,—to Don Juanito d'Albufera, that very key, did my wife protest was no longer in her possession."

"She may have spoken truly;—it might at that moment have been in *his*."

"And ingeniously laying the blame on her own carelessness," continued Junquera, without advert-
ing to the lady's innuendo, "she admitted that she had lost it from her chamber!"

"What matter where or on whom *she* laid the

blame?" cried Doña Xaviera, impatiently; "'tis where yourself, Don Luis di Junquera, shall be pleased to affix it, that the stain will rest. Nevertheless, I would be the last to influence your counsels. See with your own eyes, hear with your own ears, and exhort or condemn with your own lips. This evening, so please you, we will watch together in the plantations leading to the pavilion, and then——"

"Play the spy upon my wife—degrade myself into an eaves-dropping lacquey?"—cried the Don, well content to have found a pretext for the explosion of the wrath already boiling in his bosom. "I—I, who have proved my superiority to the vulgar foibles of matrimonial life, by bestowing on my Carolina the freedom of action enjoyed by the wives of other countries?—Better call back at once the duenna and the veil, and render myself a laughing-stock to all the prudes and viragos of Valencia!"

"As you will!"—replied his companion, drawing up with assumed dignity. "But permit me to doubt whether the charming Doña Carolina di Junquera will leave it a matter of your *choice* to become a laughing-stock to the world. The distinction may chance to have been already and amply conferred!"

So saying, and having at that moment reached the portal, Doña Xaviera, as she claimed back the *abanico* from his hands, courtesied with mock respect to the ground, and glided through the open wicket; leaving to the unfortunate husband, the al-

ternative of ending his perplexities by accepting her counsels, or by a leap from the fearful northern rampart of the Castle overlooking the rocks of San Miguel de los Reyes.

“Fool and wretch that I am !”—murmured he within the troubled depths of his soul ;—“ *fool*, for having given scope to the possibility of such mischiefs as this she-demon announces ; *wretch*, for wanting courage to clear up my misgivings, or confirm the sentence of my despair !—Meet him by twilight—moonlight—midnight—(how said she ?)—in the solitude of the pavilion garden ? Carolina !—my wife—*mine* ! Oh ! that yesterday were but come again ; that I could be asleep and wake, confirmed in reliance on her excellence, as before this boy’s arrival—that I could but look once more into her face, and hold it, as at first, the mirror of every earthly—heavenly virtue !—I, who so trusted her—who gave my honor into her keeping, without so much as an apprehension of being forced, even in jest, to call it back for scrutiny !—Meet him by night, in the Pavilion garden !—to what end ?—does she not see him every hour of the day ? Has he not the *entrée* of her oriel chamber, unchecked, unwatched ?—Ay, ay !—but *there* my dainty lady is subjected to importunate visits ;—there, this boy—this stripling—this damned, damned lover-minion—may be obstructed in his homage by the intrusion of a jealous husband or officious waiting-maid. And

they must needs appropriate to themselves the pure retreat I had devoted to her secret meditations—her solitary delight!—Faugh!—I cannot breathe this evening—a heavy storm seems brooding in the air!—How fearfully still is everything around me!—Yet the strangest tumults are ringing in my ears, and my breast is loaded with oppression. Carolina?—Juanito?—Oh! that it were—that it were with me but as yesterday!—”

But, as he gradually drew towards the Castle, calmer thoughts possessed themselves of the mind of Junquera; and the high self-reliance of a noble nature returned with double force.

“I will visit her chamber,” said he firmly, as he set foot upon the private stair leading to Carolina’s apartments—“I will question her with frankness, as husband to wife, even as I could wish that she would deal with me in return. She so loved her old father—she so loves and venerates him still—that I will not believe she can have stooped to that which would lay his gray hairs with sorrow in the grave!”

And thus, taking counsel of his better self, he ascended slowly towards the private entrance especially devoted to his use in Carolina’s apartments, which having gently opened—oh, grief!—oh, consternation!—he found the arras’ hangings discreetly drawn over the door as during the chilly autumn

evenings, so as to screen the persons within from sudden interruption !

It had been but the work of a second to tear aside the tapestry, and at once unveil the offenders ; but, as Don Luis raised his hand for that purpose, the voice of Albufera modulated to tones of the tenderest intercession suspended his movements. At that critical moment, the cry of honor was stifled in the breast of Junquera, and his hand involuntarily clenching the hilt of his rapier, revealed his determination to play the spy—to hear and revenge all—to become a listener, perchance a *murderer* !

“ Believe it not as you list,” were the first words uttered by the unlucky Juanito—(and Don Luis could not but figure to himself, as he stood with his limbs convulsively pressed against the threshold, the blooming cheek of his Carolina fanned by the perfidious breath that gave them utterance)—“ but ’tis as certain as the truth of Heaven, that a league somewhat more tender than of amity, subsists between Doña Xaviera d’Andujar, and your respected lord. Disposed though we may be to interpret favorably of the conduct of both, I am bound to declare that I have seen nods, winks, and smiles, passing after a most unseemly fashion between my future mother-in-law and her daughter’s guardian.”

“ It may be so—it may be so—it may—it may be so !” said, or rather sang, the gay-hearted Carolina, lightly touching the strings of her guitar as if in ac-

companiment to her giddy affirmation—"and why not, I pray you?—Junquera is Doña Xaviera's near kinsman, and was her husband's friend; and there may be private matters of business stirring between them, which it little imports us to know."

"And can you content yourself," exclaimed Albufera in a still closer whisper—a whisper that caused the ardent blood of Don Luis to scorch his very veins—"that he whom you profess to love should withdraw his gaze from your lovely countenance—(a countenance whose merest smile is worth the Indies!)—to fix it on the meretricious graces of a withered coquette?—'Tis on Doña Xaviera that the eyes of Junquera are riveted—'tis to *her* his compliments are addressed—'tis——"

"And would you have him then Hidalgo, as he is," interrupted Carolina, somewhat moved, "inflict his caresses in public upon his wife, like some water-carrier or melon-vender of the street-corners of Valencia?—Look you, Don Juanito! this arraigning of my husband's conduct, is, on your part, but a graceless effort. Don Luis di Junquera is indeed my elder in years. I knew it when we wedded, and was not daunted by the fact; I know it now, and the knowledge serves only to mingle some shade of reverence with my attachment. I love him, Juanito,—I honor him—as those alone deserve to be loved and honored who know how to show love and honor in return. And, if at times I am moved to

regard his measures as mysterious or of ill account, I have but to look down yonder on the olive groves of the Huerta, and mark how dim and dark the aspect of their foliage, till the breeze, wafting aside the leaves, reveals their silver lining to the day.—So it is with the character of Junquera !”

“Bah !” interrupted Albufera, while unconsciously the heaving breast of Don Luis drew calmer breath, and his hand released its clutch of the pommel of his sword—“*this* is the mere language of romance ! —But facts are stubborn things :—and, when I show you this key, which I have managed to coax out of Doña Xaviera, *this* key, which by her own admission has long afforded her means of secret interviews with the Conde, and which, I, dearest, loveliest Carolina, humbly trust to render the protecting talisman of mutual happiness between us, more blest than ever fell to the lot of mortal man——”

“That key is *mine* !” interrupted Carolina, eagerly snatching it from his hand. “It must have come into the possession of our kinswoman by treachery ; but not by the treachery of my husband, for Junquera is incapable of an unworthy thought or action. Since Doña Xaviera became our guest (unwilling to admit into a spot rendered sacred by happiest and holiest reminiscences) I have neglected the Pavilion garden, and noted not that the key, for some invidious purpose, had been withdrawn from my chamber. But now I bid you restore it, my Lord !

—Yes !—I bid you restore it with the authority of one who, insulted by your evil designs, has a right to assume so much command over your proceedings. Give me the key, then, and quit this place forever ! We have been happy companions together, but I was deceived in you, Don Juanito !—and thrice deceived in the mother of Doña Florencia d'Andujar. No more, Sir !—Repair, at least, the injury you have done, by departing from San Felipe without compelling me to acquaint my husband how greatly we had misplaced our trust :—I would willingly spare him the pain of the discovery !—God forgive you, my lord—God forgive you !—and save us in future from such false friends !”

“ I obey you,” replied the young Hidalgo, in a subdued tone ; for in a moment he saw that the indignation of the lovely lady was genuine and undissembled. “ With a heavy heart, I quit your presence ; but believe me at least when I swear on my life, my soul, my honor, that I am guiltless of all participation in the plots of Doña Xaviera ;—guiltless, dearest, sweetest Carolina, of all but adoring you !”

The sound of a heavy weight falling on the chamber, reduced his protestations to silence. Don Luis di Junquera, overcome by the emotions contending in his bosom—by the sense of shame at his own position as a spy—of indignation at the perfidy of his kinswoman,—and, above all, of triumph in

the noble excellence of his wife—had fallen into a deep swoon. Ere he recovered perfect consciousness, Doña Xaviera and her *protégé*, apprised that their misdemeanors were brought to light, had discreetly taken their way back to Valencia, without waiting for the ceremony of a farewell interview.

Six years afterwards, when Don Luis di Junquera was gathered to his Gothic forefathers, it was to his widow he bequeathed the vast inheritance of his fortune and estates ; and it is recorded in the scandalous chronicles of Valencia, that five years afterwards, the fair Carolina was moved to share them with—Don Juanito d'Albufera.

PIERRE L'ECREVISSIER.



PIERRE L'ECREVISSIER.

"Instances are not wanting of constancy, fidelity, gratitude, compassion, integrity, which escape the notice of the public, and are only observed of God, and good angels ; being seldom transacted in high life, or under splendid roofs and palaces."

Bishop Fortin.

It is pleasant to stand among the vineyards on a glowing September day, enjoying that intensity of green, that crisp, glossy freshness of foliage, which the already fading verdure of the woods, and the searching sunshine of an unclouded sky, render so refreshing. The bright mottled clusters of grapes, reddening hourly under their leaves, combine with the rich entanglement of gadding tendrils to destroy, at that late period, the formal air peculiar to vineyards at less luxuriant seasons of the year. The corn-fields have rendered up their treasures ; of the green crops nothing remains but unsightly stubble, or rude fallows ; while the vineyards are still bright, still beautiful with vegetation, still rich with promise for mankind.

On such a day, Etiolles is a cheerful spot. The sinuosities of a site commanding the silver wind-

ings of the Seine, and tufted with vineyards and plantations, impart an air of picturesque rurality to the village, scattered here and there along the vine-skirted causeways. The cottages look out upon orchards, over the outermost trees of which the intrusive vines, having set at nought the low stone boundaries, spread in defiance their wild luxuriance ; and scarcely one of these rustic mansions but boasts its well-trained Chasselas, whose golden fruit ripens like bunches of ducats on the dilapidated frontage. Deep in the little dell whose shelving sides are thus freshly and harmoniously clothed, stands the church, scarcely visible amid surrounding shrubberies ; and, hard by, the *cure's* humble habitation, more cheerful, perhaps, but not less tranquil, than the adjoining grass-covered homes, whose sanctuaries of rest have been consecrated by his pious offices.

Plodding along those green lanes, in spring-time so fragrant with violets, in summer so gay with the azure blossoms of the wild endive and the spiral bloom of the wild reseda, may be observed at early morning and early evening, when the first dew or the last is glistening on the gray thistle leaves, a strange figure of a man, half-soldier, half-pauper, whom it would be impossible to pass unnoticed, even if a gay snatch of some stirring lay of Béranger's, or the burthen of some revolutionary chorus, did not strike the attention for some minutes previous to his approach.

Victoire au peuple ! — pris la Bastille !
Un beau soleil ! — grand jour !

serves as a symphony of warning ; and, in a moment, measuring his still sturdy footsteps by the rhythm of his song, his fish-basket strapped upon his shoulders, his burly staff in hand, comes Peter the cray-fisherman—*Pierre l'Ecrevissier* of Etiolles !

There are great names in that part of the country ;—peers, ministers, ambassadors, have their summer-dwellings amid the hills ; Le Normant d'Etiolles, the dishonored husband of Madame de Pompadour, has bequeathed the gorgeous mansion of a *fermier-général* to its precincts ; and, from the summit of the *côte* the eye plunges into the princely woods which adorn the opposite banks, surrounding the Château de Petit Bourg, once a palace of the Bourbons, and now the property of that most munificent of *parvenus* Aguado ! But among them all, from the proudest *Chevalier de l'ordre*, down to that industrious diffuser of useful knowledge, Galignani, not a name so rife in the mouths of the Etiollians as that of Pierre l'Ecrevissier ! Pierre is the walking lexicon, the living calendar of the village.—the St. Simon—the Bourrienne—was a courtier of the time of Versailles, a hero of the days of Napoleon—has been a wanderer from one end of Europe to another, a practical geographer, deriving even his lessons of history from personal observation. Skilled in herbs too, he medicates successfully for man and beast ; and although his profession, proper and peculiar, is that of conveying crayfish to the inhabitants of Etiolles, Sully, &c., and Champrosay,

Pierre finds leisure to gather simples for the druggists of Corbeil and the herborists of Paris, juniper-berries for burning in the hospitals, and weeds without end to form that endless variety of *tisanes*, which constitute the harmless quackery of the French hypochondriac.

No one knows so well as Pierre in what nook of the meadows the snowy mushroom may be looked for after shower ; no one knows so well as Pierre in what thickets of the forest of Sénart the wild quince hides its diminutive but highly-flavored fruit. The first wood-strawberries that grace the market-place of Corbeil, are dispatched thither by Pierre ; and whenever some spoiled child of the neighboring Château is in want of a ring-dove or a squirrel to kill with kindness, it is to *him* that the commission is confided. But Pierre is a lover of the free commoners of nature. Very seldom is he to be moved to the capture of these predestined martyrs—*never* unless the aspirant be known to him as a humane and well-conditioned child.

From such and similar pursuits and propensities, it may, perhaps, be inferred, that like *Wordsworth's* Peter,

A savage wildness o'er him hangs,
As of a dweller out of doors !

By no means !—Not a loungee of the Tuileries is more courtly than Pierre l'Ecrevissier ! Manage that he shall encounter a ~~fair~~ lady, some fine day, in one of the briar-grown paths of the forest, and you

shall see a bow, a smile, a courtesy of deference such as might have done honor to Louis XIV!—for, in the forest, Pierre is at home, and feels it incumbent on himself to do the honors of its shades; and there is a grace, a conciliation, about his movements, so characteristic of the *vieille cour*, that you are tempted to exclaim, “For once behold a Marquis who is not a *petit maître*!”—But it is no Marquis;—it is only Pierre l’Ecrevissier!

Yet, Heaven knows, it is to no extrinsic advantages the cray-fisherman is indebted for his air of distinction!—Threadbare crimson pantaloons of an old hussar uniform, a fustian jacket patched at the elbows, a shabby watering-cap shading those dishevelled white hairs which were once so closely plaited into the *cadenettes* of a soldier of the guard, a pair of *sabots* surmounted by goat’s skin gaiters of his own manufacture, and, under all, a coarse, striped shirt, open at the neck, and displaying a muscular sun-coppered chest, and the throat in remarkable contrast with the well-furred grizzly beard that forms a frame work to his fine, open, weather-stained, but comely face—touched here and there with the furrows of time, but free from a single plait, a single line, a single contraction arising from the cares of worldliness. Such is the costume, such the characteristic countenance of Pierre!

Accost him, and something in the gladsomeness of his voice cheers you like the tones of a mellow hunting-horn; nevertheless, if once admitted to his

confidence, if once invited to occupy his wicker chair of state beside the hearth of his hovel, you shall discover inflexions of sadness in that joyous voice which go direct to the heart ; the gasp of struggling emotion, the cry of uncontrollable passion ! But his confidence is not easily to be won. You may buy his crayfish from June to March ; you may waste your substance on bushels of juniperberries, and sheaves of dried hyssop or hore-hound ; nay, you may shower down chopines of wine upon him, enough to turn the twelve mills of Corbeil—but all this is nothing to Pierre. It may make him toss up his *bonnet de police* in honor of *la patrie*, or yield you in return a few tough histories touching the fields of Lutzen or Bautzen, the capitulation of Ulm, the retreat of Görlitz. But these are in the mouths of every old soldier, of *le petit Caporal*. You may pick them up in the first wine-house, or under any shady lime-tree in the neighborhood of l'Hôtel des Invalides.

There is more of intensity, of originality, of tenderness, of truth, in the reminiscences of l'Ecrevissier :—and when you have wandered for a day by his side in the green recesses of Sénart or Rougeot—when he sees that, like himself and King Solomon, you can call the herbs and stars by their names—that you love the dumb creatures of the earth, and can make yourself loved by them in return—he will perhaps invite you, by a courteous wave of the hand, to sit beside him on the moss—and call your dog between his legs, and (dog permitting) roll its long vel-

vet ears caressingly between his fingers—while he wanders back, as if unwittingly, into the past. Or if it be winter, and you have borne him company during the morning in his web-footed vocation along the stony shore, and among the creeklets of the Seine, with your gun on your shoulder, on pretext of looking for wild-fowl among the reeds, he will perhaps, invite you, on your way home, to step into his cottage, and forestal the perils of wet feet by a glass of *cassis*—the home-made *goutte* of black-currant juice manufactured by his “old woman.”

In either case despise not the offer ! The *cassis* is a distilment well worth tasting ; and Pierre a monologian well worth listening to. Lounge beside him on the velvet moss, when the wild honeysuckles are in blossom and the linnets in tune—or follow him to that curious hovel where hang the baskets, and nets, and implements of his own manufacture—and where, sole but sufficient decoration of the polytechnical chamber, stands under a glass-shade upon the polished walnut-wood press, the bunch of artificial orange-blossom—the *bouquet de nocés* worn by his “old woman” on her wedding-day—just five-and-forty years ago,—hung round with strings of bird’s eggs, his gifts to his pretty Madelaine during their courtship, pilfered by himself in those same oaken shades of that same forest of Sénart, ere Pierre became so mild-hearted a naturalist,—ere he had suffered persecution and learned mercy ! What a study for the misanthropic—that loving couple—the superannuated

Romeo and Juliet of Etiolles !—Pierre decrepit in body, Madelaine in mind—approaching second childhood—childless,—poor—but cheerful, laborious, grateful—rich in charity, and hope, and faith—throughout all changes of government, of ministers, of dynasties, full of trust in the unchanging Lord of all—the mercies of a protecting Providence !

All this, perhaps, is not in English nature—this union of sensibility and *in*-sensibility—of knowledge and ignorance—of energy and self-resignation. It is natural with the French. Their vivacity, which is of a purely animal nature, subsides with time—their spirit of enterprise owes everything to physical impulse ; and, unlike the strong, progressive passion of our own countrymen, sobers down when the head grows gray, when the arm hangs nerveless, and the sparkling of the eye is tamed by time and trouble.

It is only by touching a responsive chord in the breast of l'Ecrevissier, that you can wake him up into something of his former self. He has toiled for his country—bled for his country—raved, maddened, for the destinies of France. But all is over now. He knows the course of the gallant vessel among the breakers to be still perilous, still vibrating betwixt rock and whirlpool. But *his* cares for her safety are over. He has resigned the steerage into younger hands.

Pierre, then, as his back bowed by the long pressure of his crayfish-hod and the withered skin clothing

his bony hands, sufficiently attest, was born under the *ancien régime*;—the day of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, the *gabelle*, and the *corvées*—the day when the street-bred Dubarri sent the court-bred Choiseul an exile to Chanteloup, after the court-bred Choiseul had incarcerated some hundreds of unoffending plebeians in the dungeons of the Bastille! Yet the Peter of those early days entertained no feelings of indignation against the oppressors of the people, the oppressed of the King; for though the cities of France were already boiling with discontent, marvellous was the subordination and submission of the rural population.

Peter was an hereditary adherent of the house of St. Aignan. His father and grandfather had farmed for half a century the lands attached to the fine Château de Luzières, the property of Count St. Aignan head of a junior branch of that illustrious family, whom Gabriel Hardouin, the grandsire of the crayfish catcher, never named without raising his cap, or the father without the utmost deference of vassalship.

Pierre, therefore, when at ten years old, he ran errands for the *maître d'hôtel* of the *Château*, felt himself sufficiently honored by the occasion of rendering service to one, without whose aid and counsel, according to old Gabriel's account, the King on his throne would have found it difficult to control the destinies of France; and whenever it chanced that, in the course of his vagabond expeditions fern-

cutting or berry-gathering into the woods, he encountered the young Count Alphonse on his Arabian, or the ladies of the family in their calèche, Peter would cuff aside his honest donkey into the brambles, and stand waiting their passing with a beating heart, as though the King of France, or the Sovereign Pontiff himself, were in presence ! The very saucepan cover, launched at his head by the despotic *chef de cuisine*, or the oaths showered upon him by some consequential *marmiton*, when it was his fate to bring up from the farm less than the usual quantity of eggs, or a cann of cream less opaque than ordinary, conferred a sort of dignity on the young villain. There was a tone of courtliness, an odor of Versailles, in the very execrations of the very cook of the great Comte de St. Aignan.

Meanwhile, sworn at, all summer, and swearing at all winter, when the august family returned to their magnificent hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, Pierre the donkey-cuffer of ten years old, grew into a fine young man of seventeen ; and his expeditions into the woods of Luzières now began to produce, in addition to the usual trusses of fern for lighting the ovens of the farm, a delicate bunch of early violets, or a dainty basket of wild *hauboes* for a certain pretty Madelaine daughter of a *vigneron*, whose cottage stood on the outskirts of the village of Etiolles. Even his grand-father Gabriel, blind as he was, knew the history of Peter's attachment ; for his little grand-daughter Suzette whispered to him in his chim-

ney-corner, how Peter, after a hard day's work, would trudge as far as Ris to accompany home Madelaine from the vineyards, when she was assisting her father in his work ; and how at all the fêtes of the neighborhood, in the avenue at Soisy, or beneath the fine elms of St. Germain, Pierre and Madelaine were constant company-keepers and partners. Many a sly laugh arose at the farm at his expense, but neither father, mother, grand-father, nor sister, were averse to his tender passion ; for Madelaine, though the daughter of a poor vine-dresser, was laborious and modest ; and it was settled, that when young Peter should be old enough to maintain a wife, Madelaine should become helpmate of the future farmer of Luzières.

The fates were jealous of so much prosperity, and of such uninterrupted family union. The annual drawing of the conscription came ;—what is called a bad number fell to the lot of Pierre ; and a fine vigorous recruit of six feet high was not so easily replaced as to be within compass of redemption by the common purse of the family. There was but one thing to be done :—Suzette's dowry must not be encroached on ; old Gabriel's winter comforts must not be diminished :—so “ *En avant !—Marche !*” and Pierre became a soldier !—

The protection of the St. Aignan family was so far advantageous to the *conscrip*t, that a letter of recommendation to the Minister of War secured the admission of the young soldier into one of the finest

cavalry regiments of the service, quartered at Versailles; and within a few months of quitting the solitude of Etiolles, Pierre, moulded by the cares of the adjutant into a smart and well-drilled hussar, formed one of the animal appendages of the royal parade. His good looks and assiduity soon rendered him a favorite with the officers of the regiment, while his natural love of distinction was sharpened in that hot bed of ambition, Versailles;—so that, instead of troubling himself about the purchase of his discharge, the glowing soul of Pierre already aspired to the glory of a corporal's twice-barred sleeve. After beholding, from his post at the gate of royalty, the beautiful queen, then in the full exuberance of pride and loveliness, escorted by her chamberlains, ushers, and pages, on her way to Chapel, Pierre swore within himself that he too would achieve greatness, and that it should go hard but he would revisit Etiolles as a non-commissioned officer.

Promotion, however, is not quite so attainable during the piping times of peace as during the trumpeting time of war: and after passing three years of his allotted period of service in galloping, day after day, through clouds of dust after his Majesty's coach, or her Majesty's coach, or the coaches of his and her Majesty's august progeny, the Dauphin and Princess Royal—after standing to be grilled by the sun, or frozen by the nipping blast, hour after hour, at the gate of the royal courtyard, apparently for the important business of saluting the entrance of Princes,

secular and ecclesiastical—Cardinals, Chancellors, Field-M Marshals, and Ministers of State—Pierre applied for a furlough for the purpose of revisiting his village ;—partly moved by the *maladie du pays*, and partly by the earnest desire latterly expressed in the letters of his sister, that he would once more eat the bread of his father's home, under a roof sheltering three generations of the family.

During his absence, his mother had been laid in the grave ; and soon after her decease, the letters of his lively little Suzette acquired a tone of melancholy so foreign to her nature, that Pierre felt it his duty to go and aid her with his counsels, or console her with his tenderness. Of any anxiety he might experience to be once again by the side of his own Madelaine—his dear Madelaine—his betrothed Madelaine—he said nothing to himself, even in the strictest confidence.

But his task of brotherly consolation proved a harder one than he was prepared for. It was no easy matter, in the first place, for Pierre to extort from his sister the secret cause of all the tears she must have been shedding, to have made her blooming cheeks so pale, her bright eyes so hollow. It was not love that caused her grief, for Suzette's love was prosperous. She was betrothed to the son of a wealthy relative, who was serving his apprenticeship in one of the factories of St. Etienne, at the end of which period they were to marry, and be established. It was not hate, for her heart was soft

with feminine virtues. It was no vain repining, for she was fondly cherished by her surviving parent, and beloved by her village companions. What cause, then, moral or physical, had lodged the worm i'the bud? Alas! the mischief was only too easily explained: the young girl's reserve was solely occasioned by apprehensions that an explanation might tend to involve in danger her father or her brother.

The young Count St. Aignan was pursuing her with the importunities of an illicit passion; the young Count, who, having recently paid the tribute to society exacted by his rank in life, of marrying sorely against his inclination the ugly heiress provided as a fitting wife for him in his very cradle, considered himself doubly entitled to profit by his privileges of *caste*, by insulting and molesting every woman tolerably attractive, within the boundaries of his father's estates. But lately married, he seemed to seek the charms he had a right to look for in his bride, in every other female form within reach of his insolent libertinism.

For a moment the young soldier's heart waxed hot within him, as he listened to his sister's complaints; and fiercely twisting his mustachios, he talked of vengeance. But the next, Suzette's gentle voice contrived to meet his ear, reminding him of the religious regard in which the house of St. Aignan was held by their parents, and of the misfortunes which the resentment of the Count might bring

down on the gray heads they were bound to cherish.

"You are right," said Pierre, striving to subdue the ferocious instigations of his rage. "It is scarcely yet a case for vengeance; let me first see how far remonstrance may avail."

Having accordingly followed the young Count the next time he went on a shooting expedition into the forest, Pierre watched for a favorable moment, when the impetuous Alphonse had outstripped the *gardes de chasse* in attendance; and stepping forth from the underwood, suddenly stood before him.

"*Not' ancien!*"—said he, with a military salute, and the abruptness of soldier's diction, "there is some mistake in all that has been going on at Luzières during my absence. You have been cheated by ill-advisers into regarding the daughter of your father's ancient servitor and the sister of his Majesty's soldier, as you would some *grisette* of the Boulevards of Paris. But think better of us, and think better of yourself, M. le Comte, than to be thus easily misled; or *nom d'une bombe!* the next time we meet in the greenwood there will be no parting till the grass smokes with the blood of one or both of us!"

Great as was Alphonse de St. Aignan's astonishment at this unparalleled effrontery, amazement was not the feeling that predominated in his countenance while he parried the fierce glances lavished on him

by the young soldier. Irony and bitter scorn were in the courtier's smile,—the scorn of a low mind—the irony of an irritated temper. With an obeisance of mock humility, he owned himself fitly admonished ; professed penitence ; and even affected to offer thanks to Peter the Hussar, for having edified him with so valuable a lesson of morality. There was a significance in his mode of uttering a parting promise to Pierre that never would he again attempt to exchange a syllable with Suzette, which filled the young man with consternation ; and before rejoining his regiment, he succeeded in persuading his own family, and the family of his sister's lover, to accelerate her marriage with Vincent, in order to secure the bride from all further molestation from so rampant a Tarquin as Alphonse, Comte de St. Aignan.

Once again among his comrades, Peter strove to forget what had passed, and to remember only the happy moments he had enjoyed at Etiolles in the presence of his bright and beautiful Madelaine. Suzette, now Madame Vincent, was safe at Lyons ; Bertin, the father of his betrothed, was no retainer of the St. Aignans, to be intimidated by the insolence of Count Alphonse ; and Pierre was satisfied that nothing *now* could go wrong, "*au pays.*"

At head-quarters, meanwhile, some *guignon* seemed to pursue him. Whatever he did was done amiss : whatever he left undone, was heavily visited. There was a new colonel—a colonel of two-

and-twenty, who had been a captain in his leading strings, and a field-officer when at fourteen he was the co-mate of Alphonse de St. Aignan at the *Collège des cadets nobles*; and to this young man the gallant *conscriit* of Etiolles appeared to be peculiarly obnoxious. Pierre was often laughingly accused by his comrades of being a *muscadin*; over-choice in the powdering of his Cadogan and the pomatumming of his side curls, either when a grand review by the Count d'Artois was in preparation at Versailles, or when some *fête* at Ville-d'Avray induced him to scale the walls of the barrack-yard, after hours, to make one in the *Boulangère*. On one of these occasions, Count Miroménil, his colonel, having chanced to encounter him by the way, accosted him with the unholiday terms of "*gredin*," and "*freluquet*," and requited his macaroni-ism by a week's arrest. On his release, Pierre was heard to murmur, and the dose was repeated; again he was rash enough to complain that the measure of his punishment exceeded that of his offence,—and this mutiny of tongue was rewarded by ten days confinement, *au cachot*.

But a critical hour in her day of retribution had already struck for France. The States' General had assembled; the situation of the King and Queen was every moment becoming more critical. The impetuous loyalty of the royal Flanders regiment, in garrison at Versailles, had unfortunately been forced into such rash demonstrations, by the indiscreet con-

cessions of the lovely but misjudging Marie Antoinette, as to cause perpetual altercations between the men and those of the hussar corps of which Peter formed a part. Scarcely a day passed but the revilings and tauntings of the Royal Flanders, imputing disaffection to their less turbulent comrades, produced some disastrous results. An imputation was by this means created against the loyalty of the hussars, and the dissatisfaction of the royal family tacitly but visibly expressed against them: an estrangement of the favor of their Majesties, which naturally begat the very feelings it was intended to chastise. Count Miroménil, unable to conjecture why his men should be heard at the *estaminets* of Versailles bawling the *Carmagnole*, while the Royal Flanders chanted in defiance—

Y eût-il cent Bou 'bons chez nous,
Y a du pain, du laurier p'r tous !

and grievously mortified by his want of influence over the corps, imputed all to his *bête noire*—to Peter of Etiolles, surnamed *Le Gaillard*:—and though Peter was at heart as loyal as the brave Dunois, and as chivalrous in the cause of royalty as Bayard himself—a trifle—a nothing—was laid hold of in proof of his Jacobinical tendencies. He was *degraded*;—the lace torn from his uniform, and himself drummed forth from the regiment. The royal Flanders triumphed; and it happened (the coincidence could be scarcely accidental) that at the very moment the

degraded soldier, bareheaded, tattered, over-heated, still pursued at a distance by the outcries of the rabble, was making his way along the by-road leading from Versailles to Bougival, he was passed by Count Alphonse de St. Aignan, (who occupied a confidential post about the person of the Queen,) mounted on his favorite Arabian, and wearing on his brow that same expression of profound and bitter scorn which had long dwelt in the memory of the brother of Suzette.

And what was now to become of the outcast? To return to his village under such a cloud of shame was impossible: father, grandsire, nay, even Madeline herself, could scarcely have faith enough in *his* good faith, to believe he had been wantonly sacrificed. Blame *must* be imputed to him. No! he would stay at Paris—would seek employment in some calling open to all, where colonels of two-and-twenty had no authority, nor vindictive aristocrats the privilege of mischief. Despite his hereditary principles of passive obedience—despite the demoralising influence of the meretricious pageantry of the Court,—Peter was thus forced into democratic associations. Expelled from the ranks where he would fain have shed the last drop of his self-engendered blood in the service of the king, the trampled worm could not but turn on its oppressors.

He began to frequent the popular meetings at the Faubourg St. Antoine, the place where his scanty bread was toiled for and eaten in solitary bitterness;

to herd with the discontented—to murmur with the disaffected—to threaten with the desperate. The *bonnet rouge* was speedily adopted by the gallant-hussar of Etiolles.

But when the summer came, and even the lime trees of the Palais-Royal became fragrant with flowers, Peter could no longer resist his inclination to take a furtive peep at the village, and learn, if possible, what report of his disgrace and its origin had reached the farm of Luzières. To Madelaine, he trusted, he might in safety discover himself. From *her* he might ascertain in what light his misfortunes were viewed by his father. Taking a cast, accordingly, from the Quai de la Grève, (already the Golgotha of the capital), in a homeward-bound Bourgogne wine-barge, he threw himself on shore near Ris, and, in the dusk of the evening, made his way to Etiolles.

His first impulse was towards Bertin's cottage. It was already dark ; but he knew he should see, even from a distance, the bright light burning on Madelaine's work-table. But no light appeared ! He drew nearer, and, with gigantic strides, overstepped the vineyard clothing the Côte that separated him from the dwelling of his beloved.—Alas ! the shutters were closed.—Nay ! the little pathway leading to the door was so overgrown with weeds and streamers of the Bengal rose trees with which his own hands had adorned it, that there needed no voice to tell him the house had been long deserted !

A boy came whistling by. "Where are they one?" cried Pierre, catching him by the shoulder.

"They?" replied the lad, suspending his tune.

"Bertin and his daughter!"

"Who are Bertin and his daughter!"


"The people who lived in this cottage."

"Hein? I don't know—I am not of the *pays*—am of Ris. Let me go; I am in haste to get home."

Pierre wrung his hands in despair.

"If you are uneasy to know about the place," said the lad, coming back good-naturedly after going a few steps along the road, "ask at the next cottage. Or, stay—you seem to be in trouble—I will inquire for you." And he hurried off to an adjacent house, while Pierre sunk down on a large stone beside the door, his own heart within him as heavy and as cold! He was preparing himself to hear the worst.

"*This* is the man who wants to hear about Bertin and his daughter," said the Ris boy, pointing out Pierre as he sat in the shade of the house, with his face covered with his hands, to an old woman, whom he had half-persuaded, half-dragged, from her household occupations, and whom Pierre recognized at once as a motherly well-wishing neighbor of his dear Madelaine. He had, however, no inclination to molest her; and the new-comer, like most people summoned to impart information, began by exacting it.



"And who are you who want to hear about Madelaine and Bertin?" she demanded.

"Don't plague him—don't you see that he is weeping!" said the lad, in a low voice; and unable to stay out the issue of the colloquy, he went his way, leaving them together.

"And good cause for weeping to those who have any regard for the unlucky family;" ejaculated Marthon, seeing that her companion was unequal to interrogation or reply. "Old Bertin has been in his last bed these seven months, poor soul!—And what sent him thither is best known to those who, high as they are, may find their own day of reckoning in the calendar. Only I know, that if a young lord, like some that I could name, were to come lurking about my premises, nightfall after nightfall, hungering like a wolf after a child of mine——"

Pierre leapt up, and stood listening with clenched hands——

"I would meet his villanies as Père Bertin (rest his soul!) met those of— but *motus*!"

"And the old man is no more?" interrogated Pierre, in a suppressed voice.

"He was carried out feet foremost, just a fortnight and a day after the struggle they had together, no further off than yonder old shed where the Count was lying in wait for pretty Madelaine, on the eve of the Assumption. And most people say," continued Marthon, lowering her tone, "most people who have any skill in bruise-ailments and herb-cures,

(like poor Pierre of Luzières, who is gone—ay ! and may be dead too, for aught we know about the matter,) that a heavy blow, a heavy fall, such as Père Bertin had to bear with, is no easy matter to survive at threescore years and sixteen. And so, you see, his gray hairs were laid under the sod.”

“ And Madelaine ? ”—faltered Pierre.

“ Oh ! Madelaine—there was but one thing for Madelaine to do, if she had listened to my counsel. She might have sheltered with me, poor child, as long as she listed ; or she would have been welcome up yonder at Luzières to bed and board. But was it safe for her, Sir, I ask you, to be maundering on here at Etiolles, a poor, defenceless, fatherless girl of eighteen, betrothed to a lad who may have been with the dead this twelvemonth, while a villain’s eye was fixed upon her, and a villain’s arm strong over her ?—”

Pierre gasped for breath.

“ And so, on the very night of her father’s burial, when I took her to my house to rest among my own young ones——”

(“ God bless you,” ejaculated Pierre.)

“ Says I to her, ‘ Madelaine, child, Etiolles is no safe place for *you*. Take my advice ; and out of the little money you have gathered from the good man’s strong box, pay your way in the *fourgon* that passes yonder through Essonne to Lyons, and go to Madame Vincent, (Suzette of Luzières that was,) who, for Pierre’s sake, will give you bread or em-

ployment. Unless I am much mistaken, you will find she has news to tell you of persecution borne from the same quarter which has killed your father, and sent you an orphan into the wide world.' ”

Marthon paused a moment—for she heard the stranger grinding his teeth beside her. “ But Madelaine would not listen.’ ”

“ She chose to stay *here* ? ” exclaimed Pierre—
“ She *did* ? ”

“ Not she ; she chose, foolish girl, to go off to Paris, where she has an aunt, poor enough I am afraid, and little able to protect her. But it was no love for her aunt, nor any idle hankering after Paris that took her yonder down the river. It was, that she had a mind to get nearer to Versailles to make inquiries after that unhappy Pierre of her's ; for though the old folks at Luzières had contrived to learn all that was to be learned of him, (and bad enough it was for a father to learn,) Madelaine fancied *she* should make out more and better of the lad, and perhaps discover his place of hiding ; for Madelaine could never be taught to believe him turned to wickedness——”

“ Blessings on her ! ”

“ And so, to make a long story short, to Paris, Sir, *she* went ; and not a word more have I ever heard of Madelaine, which is a wrong thing of the girl, considering that——”

“ Is Count Alphonse at Luzières, now ? ” inquired Pierre, in a stern voice.

"Count Alphonse—who said any thing of Count Alphonse?"—cried Marthon.—"No! he is not here, he is at court, as such knaves should be! But who are *you*, that know so much, yet would fain appear to know so little of the family?"

"I am Pierre, *mère Marthon*," said he, timidly offering his hand.

"Pierre!" she reiterated, bestowing a sonorous salute on either cheek. "And talking to me out here in the dew, when there is a good chair and a good chopine of wine yonder within."

"I have no time to drink, I have no time to rest!" cried he. "Tell me, however, before I go:—my father—my grandfather—do they believe in the slanders to which I have been sacrificed?"

"Not at heart, not at heart; and yet the doubt troubles them, as you will see when you arrive at Luzières."

"I am not going to Luzières," answered the young man. "I will never return there till I have made way in the world, and can present myself with as good a face as when I left the farm. But see them for me to-morrow, my dear good Marthon; and give my duty and obedience to my father; and tell him I am alive, strong, industrious, working hard to prove myself worthier of his family."

"But you must not away, without a word, face to face, with them," cried Marthon, throwing her strong muscular arms about him to detain him. But after hastily wringing her hand in token of farewell, Pierre

bounded off along the côte; and ere Marthon recovered her surprise, the sound of his footsteps was lost in the distance. Before Pierre was himself again, two leagues of the road towards Paris had disappeared under his impetuous footsteps; and awful were the projects of vengeance that passed that night through the mind of the wanderer.

It was just eleven months after that eventful visit to Etiolles, that a stout young man, coarsely but creditably habited, and a young girl, neatly attired, and wearing a symbolic bridal *bouquet*, stood at the *Ma-irrie* of the twelfth *arrondissement* of Paris, to inscribe a vow of mutual fidelity between the *citoyen Jean Paul Pierre* Hardouin, born of Etiolles, and the *citoyenne Marie Madelaine Bertin*, of the same. The mayor, in his tri-colored sash, as he delivered to the young couple the certificate of their civic union, little imagined by what a series of griefs and dangers that compact had been secured. He saw that the fair features of the bride were attenuated to unnatural delicacy, without dreaming by what bitter privations of food and rest, the young *ouvrière*, in her garret, had fenced herself round against the temptations of vice and the pursuit of an abandoned courtier, until Pierre with unremitting perseverance, discovered her retreat; and came to make her his—and came to make her happy! Nor was the consent of parents wanting to the marriage contract. Immediately after their long delayed reunion, Pierre, by Madelaine's advice, had gone down to Etiolles,

to throw himself at his father's feet ; and the progress of public events luckily coincided with his own representations, to prove that he had been the victim of villany.

Nor was this his sole obligation to fortune. The rod of vengeance had been taken out of his hands by the interposition of that jealous GOD, who has assumed to himself the right of repaying the injuries of the injured. When Pierre, burning with the desire of retribution, had presented himself, after quitting Marthon, at the hotel St. Aignan in the Faubourg St. Germain, Count Alphonse was already arrested, already in the prison of l'Abbaye, on accusation of incivism.

"I trust I was not unchristianly in my rejoicing on his downfall," said Pierre, when he recounted to me the history under an oak tree of the forest of Sénart. "But when my good star at last guided me where Madelaine and I were fated to meet again ; and, when in her dismantled garret, with her hand fast clasped in mine, she told me the story of her wrongs, and with what calumnies the villain of fine clothes and fine words had assailed me during my absence, and with what insults and cruelties had molested her, God forgive me if I did, in the hour of my intemperance, call upon his mighty name that the utmost measure of his wrath might fall upon the offender.

"And my prayer was accomplished ! Figure to yourself, *not' bourgeois*, that one fine morning, just

three days after Madelaine and I were one, and we were still dressed out in our wedding best,—we had been over to the Rue du Bac, to get together a few household things at a shop kept by an Etiollian, *un ami du pays*, previous to setting off to Luzières to settle for the remainder of our days. Well, Sir,—we were to pass the place they now call *Place de la Concorde*.—It was called *Place de la Révolution* then, for *there* stood the guillotine under the knife of which the head of the King had already fallen, and hundreds of heads of aristocrats were weekly falling.”

“Don’t let us go this way,” said Madelaine, “perhaps we may meet the *charrette*.”

“And if you do,” said I, “it is but turning your head aside, not to see the grim faces of those who have been looking with greedy eyes, year after year, upon *our* sufferings,—sufferings too of their own causing.”

“Don’t talk so, Pierre,” said the soft-hearted soul ; ‘there is many an innocent suffering among the guilty. Besides, reflect how many years you and your’s ate the bread of the St. Aignans.”

“I wish the poor wench had left that name unspoken, Sir, for it called up tumults into my heart which had long been tranquilized. ‘Ay,’ said I, ‘and drank our life-blood in return. But there is a God above all ; and their’s will pay for it.’

“And so, being obstinate, I *would* pass the *Place*, for it was a fine, bright, sunshiny day ;—and the old

groves in the adjoining gardens of the Tuilleries were gay with their chestnut blossoms and the air sweet with lilacs. But just as we reached opposite the street leading to the Boulevards, there came a sight that made the very gardens themselves look gloomy ; however, no sooner was its coming perceived, than the people gathered forward in all directions, so that, for my life, I could not have dragged off Madelaine through the crowd. Believe me or no, Sir, but from the moment I heard the charioteer flogging on his horses at a distance, and saw the commissaries with their staves bound with tri-colored ribbons, making way among the people, I felt as sure as of a judgment day, that Alphonse St. Aignan was in the cart !— And there, indeed, he sat,—with an old gray-headed priest on one side, and a fair-faced woman on the other, his face white as ashes, and his eyes hollow and dim, as though half dead already. His lips quivered too, but whether from fear, or that he were muttering an *Ave Maria* to keep himself in heart, I cannot say. But just as they came where Madelaine and I were standing in our holiday gear, with the gay sunshine streaming upon us, the care I was taking to support and cheer the poor girl whose head was dropping on my shoulder, attracted his notice, and I saw him cast a glance downwards on us ; and there was a bitterness of remorse in the look, which dwelt in my mind for years. Black must be the pang, *not' bourgeois*, that can *add* to the bitterness of such a death as his !

"Well, well,—there is justice for all men, here or above. And so, Sir, Madelaine and I were soon among the fields again; and cheerful as you may think the glades of Etiolles to-day, I warrant you they looked brighter and happier to *us*, who had tasted so much affliction since we left the village. Old Gabriel was gone; but father still sat in his chimney corner, and right glad was he to have us with him again. Still, there was an uneasy thought in his mind."

"Pierre, my lad," said he one day soon after my return, "thou know'st that the old Marquis is dead and gone, and the young Count dead and gone; and if they were unlawfully removed, Heaven forgive those that removed them. But thou art to learn that the Countess Alphonse, who is Marchioness now—that is *Citoyenne*, (Mercy me! that I can never bring myself to remember all these changes!) the *Citoyenne* St. Aignan has a young child—a son born since his father was condemned;—and instead of quitting Luzières, as any reasonable soul would do, and making the best of her way to her relations in England and Germany, (for *here*, as she well knows, they are under the *surveillance* of the revolutionary tribunal, whose severities are getting fast from bad to worse, and may soon reach from worse to worst,) nothing will serve her but to talk of the young heir of the house of Luzières, and the allegiance of the tenants, in a touch-me-who-dare sort of style, for which the day is past.—Twice

—thrice—I cannot count the times—have I been up to the Château, and ventured to tell her truths she little liked to hear. Only two days ago I presumed to say that since she would not quit the country, she might at least conceal herself here at the farm till the dark days of the times were dast. My son, I did not know with whom I had to deal.—You should have heard the clamor of indignation with which she accused me of insulting her, by inviting her to rest under such a roof as mine!—*She*, a widow, whose husband's headless trunk is lying yonder under the quick-lime of the Madelaine!—*she*, a mother, who might preserve her child by so small a concession!"

"Don't trouble yourself further about her, father," said I, for I was stung to the quick by his account of the woman's gracelessness. "Her life is not worth preserving."

"Nay," replied the good old man, "but *her* father and mine fought together at Fontenoy; and I have eaten these people's bread; and for all that is come and gone, I will yet do my best for the family."

"Alas! the time of trial was quickly coming. The period which the bookmen call The Reign of Terror, was at its worst at Paris; and every now and then, bands of ravagers, who were little other than thieves and banditti, burst out into the provinces on pretences of domiciliary visits and what not; but in reality, to lay hands on all and everything within their reach;—burning, murdering, destroying,

—and without hazard of punishment. One evening, Sir, we were all sitting quietly at the farm, (it was in autumn, and the vintage was just over.) There was my father with his pipe between his lips, and Madelaine with her knitting needles, and I busy in a corner with my osiers, weaving a basket for my wife—when, all of a sudden, old Castor, the house-dog that lay before the fire, started up and began to yelp like a thing in purgatory ; and as soon as we could still the beast, which was no easy matter, a trampling of many feet was audible, and for a moment we thought it was the vintagers coming home from eating their *soupe de vendanges*. But looking out, I saw a troop of some ten or twelve ill-looking dogs, armed with scythes, and bearing torches ; and, in a moment, the thought struck me they were going up to the Château !

“ Father,” cried I, “ your gun ! Madelaine, up to the granary and lock yourself in without light.” And taking what weapons I could collect, I made off to the village, and, in twenty minutes, gathered together a troop of hardy young fellows, my fellow-laborers, who, for the honor of the *pays*, would do much to defend the Château de Luzières. But by the time we reached the avenue, the old mansion was sending up in two places a dense smoke, which soon burst out into flames ; and all that now remained was to save the lives of those who might be within. The villains were ransacking the house in all directions. But our heart was good. We had a

dreadful struggle—a *deadly* struggle. I can scarce talk of it now, Sir ; for, at the close, my poor old father lay dead at the entrance of the Marchioness's apartments ; and though the Jacobins were driven off the field, it was not till there was nothing left to save. The flames had gained the mastery ; and as to the woman—the woman whose obstinacy had caused my father's death,—don't ask me, Sir, to tell you all that befel her, or what manner of death she died. Her fate was fearful,—*fearful* !—May it procure her the mercy and pardon of the Almighty !

“ It was the dead of the night, Sir, before I got back to the farm ; and I had to press through a crowd of the villagers collected to look upon the fire.

“ There's Pierre,” said the women, as I passed ; ‘ don't speak to him—don't question him—he has lost his father ! But, thank God, our men have pursued the murderers down into the river, and it will go hard if any one of them escape.’ ‘ But why was not Pierre with them, why did he remain behind up at the *Château* ?’ said one woman. ‘ Hush, *imbécille*,’ cried another, ‘ can't you guess that he was removing his father's body ?’

“ But they guessed only half the truth. As soon as I crossed the threshold of the farm, I drew bolt and bar ; and instead of replying to Madelaine's embraces and inquiries after my father—‘ Into bed with you,’ I exclaimed ; ‘ take this poor orphan into your bosom ; and should the troop return and force the doors, swear that it is your own.’ Then giving

into her arms, still covered with his mother's blood and stunned with the blow that finished her, the babe, the last of the St. Aignans, whom I had withdrawn, poor helpless innocent, from its mother's side at the close of the massacre—I again secured the house, and darted off after the assassins.

“ Well, Sir, to cut short the history, for to *you*, who are not of the *pays*, it may appear tedious, we adopted the orphan boy for our own. At that time, to be the child of a *ci-devant*, was a bad certificate ; and, though it went to my soul to call the babe ours—for we had been but four months married, and my wife's good name was dear to me—to all who were bold enough to say, ‘ Pierre, is the child thine ? ’ I answered, ‘ the child is mine. ’ And so,” continued the crayfish-catcher, passing his hand across his eyes, “ my father's old chair was removed from beside the hearth, and I wove a wicker-cradle for the orphan to supply its place. To be sure, many in the village must have known that the babe was none of ours ; but it was given out that all had perished in the flames at Luzières, and I doubt whether any at Etiolles guessed *whence* we had the infant ; more especially when, year after year, as little Albert grew up among us, they saw us working for him as our own, and loving him as our own ; for we *did* love him. Parents could not have loved him better ! ”

“ Were you ever a father, Pierre, that you venture to say *that* ? ” inquired I.

“ No ! and I sometimes thank God for it ; ay !

even now that we are left alone in our old age ; for with children of my own, I should have no right to do all I did for Albert. You should have seen him, Sir ; what a noble young creature it grew under Madelaine's rearing !—At six years old, not a lad in the village could hold head against Albert !—When I saw the ruins of the Château de Luzières sold as national property, and the fine avenues cut down, and the gardens made grazing ground, and the fish-pond dried up, and the woods destroyed, I own I could not help sometimes grieving that the little fellow should be deprived of what, after all, was his birthright. And many's the time I have had him kneel down and pray beside me, on a green nook among the plantain trees, where I had taken up my pick, a day or two after the fire, and laid all that I could make out as the remains of my father and the poor foolish Marchioness. I dug but one grave for them, Sir ! Think what would have been her rage, had any one whispered to her, during her living days, that her last resting-place would be beside that of old Pierre Hardouin of Luzières.

“ Well !—better times are coming ! The mad and the bad were slain in their turn ; the blood-thirsty became at length satiated ; and at last every man's thoughts seemed to turn upon repairing the mischief that had been done. Ere the waters of the deluge subsided, a mighty name was floating upon their troubled surface. It was that of a great hero ; and we became a martial nation ; had

it been that of a great statesman, we might perhaps have become a commercial one. For, in truth, we were inclined to follow any one who was inclined to lead, with promises of guiding us to happier times. We had wars and battles, ay! and victories, faster than I could count them. But I had other work on hand. We quitted the farm of Luzières when it became a stranger's property, (and, in sooth, the very walls bore with them a host of painful recollections!) and with the amount of my father's saving and my own, purchased the cot that had once been tenanted by Bertin, wherein Madelaine was born, and wherein I still abide; a poor place, you will say, but my own,—a home for me, and a home for Madelaine when I shall be no more. And there it was that Albert grew up upon our knees.

“It was not till he was about ten years old, Sir, that I began to regret I had not the means of giving him as much book-learning as became the blood that was in his veins. By that time, the hero of the nation had grown tired of being a hero, and got himself anointed Emperor; and many emigrants had leave to return; and, among the rest, one who called himself heir to the last Marquis de St. Aignan. To hear this, made Madelaine and me jealous in our minds. We had taught the boy all we knew—it was not much—crayfish-catching and basket-weaving were not for the like of him; and we had even gone poorly clad and poorly fed, that *Monsieur le*

Curé (the very *curés* were back again!) might add to the amount of his knowledge. Even *that*, I fancy, was not much; and one day when we went to fetch Albert home as usual, the *curé*, who, from his office in the Confessional, knew what was the real parentage of the child, told us we had no right to trifle with Albert's claims, and that we must take him to Paris and reveal all to his family. It was a sore day for us to make up our mind! Madelaine cried and sobbed, as I had not seen her cry since my father's death; for we loved the boy so dearly that we fancied every one else must love him as we did, and be mad-eager to take him from us.

“Not a bit!—For all we could do, or all we could swear, the great lord to whom we addressed ourselves persisted that it was proved by the *procès verbal* of the burning of the Château de Luzières, the Marchioness and her infant had perished in the conflagration; and instead of providing for Albert's education as we expected, ordered us all three to be thrust out of his hotel into the street, as impostors! It was the happiest evening I ever spent, that on which we got back to Etiolles after this fruitless attempt!—We had done our duty to the lad, and the repulse we met with seemed to render him our own for ever. After rejecting his cousin in the face of his whole establishment, the head of the family could not claim him from us; and never did I see Madelaine caress his curly head so fondly, or call him her own so tenderly as then.

“ ‘ We must content ourselves with less for him,’ said she. ‘ If Albert do not grow up so learned as the clerk of the peace at Corbeil, he will know more than we knew before him ; yet we are better respected in the village than even was his father the Marquis !—’

“ With this reasoning, I was forced to content myself ; and one must have been difficult indeed not to have been contented with Albert ! He was so handsome, so frank, so humane, so laborious, so gay. And what I loved best in him was, that though he was well acquainted with his origin (for how could Madeline keep such a secret from our nursling ?) he never seemed to desire that the mystery should be cleared up.”

“ ‘ My family have cast me off,’ he would say, ‘ I have henceforth none—no family, no friends, no benefactors but you. Love me still, and Albert will be happy ; but strive to cause my recognition by the proud man who is willing to take the livery and wages of one whom he holds to be an usurper, and I shall fancy you are tired of your burthen, and grudge me my prospect of tending you, and laboring for you in your old age, as you have tended and labored for me in my childhood !’

“ There was no answering him !—I loved him too dearly to attempt it !—

“ I would fain linger in my story now, Sir ; for those were the happiest years of my life ! There was sunshine under our roof, there was joy, there

was promise. But though I grudge not the time in the telling, your patience must be wasting. On, therefore, on to the end !

“ You may be sure that, loving Albert as we did, something was laid by after the half yearly payment of our contributions to the State, to make up a redemption-fee for our boy, when he too, should be claimed for its service. This sum did we, for security-sake, lodge in the hands of a great notary at Corbeil. Security !—Ere the day arrived when Albert underwent the fate I had borne before him; of falling to the conscription, the guardian of our deposit had made a fraudulent bankruptcy ; and because he saw fit to take himself off in his carriage to Havre and embark for America, the lad was fain to march off for the army of Germany !—Poor Madelaine was like to break her heart ;—so young as he was to leave us, and for such a service !—For all this chanced not till victory had grown weary of hovering over the eagles of France.

“ Albert, in spite of his struggle to disguise his joy for fear of giving us pain, was full of glee at his opening prospects of distinction ; for still there lived the saying among the people, that every French conscript, on quitting his village, bore in his knapsack the truncheon of a fieldmarshal !—And so, by way of cheering up Madelaine’s heart on the eve of his departure, I sang our old canteen songs, and told our old bivouac stories of Versailles ; and related all I had learned of the glories of Marengo and Auster-

litz—and how the dying grenadier's last moments on the field of battle had been cheered by receiving the cloak of *le petit Caporal* to form his shroud. My blood was warm with wine, and wild with the sort of desperateness that wrings one's breast into noise at parting with something loved ; and when Albert whispered to me—as I waved my old *bonnet de police* to the cry of '*Vive l'Empereur !*'—'The rich manufacturer of Essonne has offered three hundred Napoleons for a substitute for his son—the money would make a rare legacy for our dear Madelaine !' I could not help replying—'*Nom d'une bombe !* I should like to shew the Corsican's men how the *vieux moustaches of Louis XVI* were put through the movements—Albert ! my boy, I will bear thee company in thy first campaign.'

"You will think that my project met with opposition from my wife ?—Not a whit ! 'It will be but the further embittering of my tears !' was all she said. 'The time of the boy's absence must be a time of agony ; and I can better bear to be without thee, Pierre, than to think that he, so young, so rash, so tenderly reared by my weak fondness, will be alone, unguided in the hour of danger.' And so, Sir, two fittings out were needed in lieu of one ; and bequeathing Madelaine to the protection of God and the counsel of the good *curé* who took charge of her little fortune, away we went for the army.

"You may guess that the spirit of the lad blazed forth when we reached head quarters !—Wounded in the very first action, the sight of his own blood,

spilt by the white coats, seemed to put the very devil into his young heart. He got the name of the *Lutin* in the regiment, from the pranks he was ever playing, even when the cannon boomed over our heads. But his pranks did not prevent him from being a good soldier ; and they loved a lightsome-hearted lad in those days ; the great generals thought, somehow, that their folly put heart into the men.

“ But, alas ! the lucky hour of soldiership was over for France !—Had Albert been born in time to follow the eagle over the Alps, or along the Danube, or across the sea to the Pyramids, there would soon have been a ribbon at his button-hole, and an epaulet on his shoulder ;—for the soul of his great grand-sire, the old Marquis who fought under Turenne, seemed to be within him. But the second year of our recruitment carried our gallant brigades into the bitter north, which was not made for our Heaven-favored countrymen to abide in. Even I, a seasoned man, shrunk under the frosts of Moscow ; and what were they to a delicate lad (he was scarce sixteen !) like Albert ?—Nevertheless, for a time, his high courage bore him up ! The heavier our privations, the louder grew his laugh beside the bivouac fire, where the carcass of some half-starved horse was roasting for our supper. But that laugh grew hollow as well as loud ; and there was a clear brightness in his eyes which was more deadly to me to look upon, than the fire of the enemy. And then there came defeat—and after defeat, retreat—and

who does not know the calamities of a defeated and retreating army? The lad was growing discouraged; and I used to talk of home to him in our long, wearying, hungering marches, as the trumpets are blown on the field of battle to inspire man and horse. And sometimes he tried to listen when I talked of the green alleys of the forest of Sénart, and the wild roses entangling its paths, and the green vineyards of Etioilles, and the soft—soft silver current of the Seine. But those soothing words did not prevent that there were wildernesses of snow around us, and the very atmosphere congealing over our heads!

“‘*Mon père,*’ whispered the lad, one night, as the blood burst from his ears and nostrils—‘had I been a few years older, I might have borne it;—but ’tis only a veteran such as thou who can survive this trying time, to die upon the field of battle. *Mon père! mon bienfaiteur!* forgive me for my weakness!’

For some minutes Pierre could not utter a syllable. To aid him in his story, I ventured to observe—

“And the time came, I fear, when he could drag his legs no further; and you were forced to leave poor Albert in the rear?”

“To abandon him?”—cried Pierre, “No! I do not deserve that you should think it of me! Abandon him?—no, no, no!—When his strength utterly failed him, and still there was no chance but to march on or fall into the hands of the enemy, I threw aside bag and baggage, and strapped the fainting child to

my shoulders ; (his weight was but as a feather) ; and, after the first few hours, I did not dare speak to him to ask how he fared, lest, peradventure, there should be no reply. And again, after a time, I thought his limbs grew more listless—and then stiff—and then I murmured to myself—*Madelaine—Madelaine*—how shall I tell thee of this?—And my murmurs were drowned by hoarse cries of ‘march!’ at every pause of the battalion, and by the grumblings of the men, with whom all hope was over!—

“At last one of them, an old comrade, hallooed to me, ‘Pierre ! fling aside thy burthen—thy labor is in vain—the boy is dead!’ And I cursed him for the word, and would not listen ! And another came and said, ‘the corpse is heavy for thee—cast it down!’—Oh ! God had they known what heaviness was in my heart !

“Even when I knew that he was surely, surely gone, (for the locks of his hair grew frozen where his blessed head lay, stonelike, on my shoulder,) I bore him on and on ;—for I chose not to leave him for a prey to the wolves of the Borysthenes ; and I knew that my hopes were gone, by the bursting forth of my words ; for *now* I talked to him—*now*, again and again, I called upon him by name, as I tottered onwards through the snow.—I had nothing more to learn from his silence !

“That night, Sir, I scooped away the snow, and dug my boy a grave on the outskirts of the village where we bivouacked for the night. ’Twas a rude place ;—but still ’twas within reach of a Christian

bell. I knew it was!—for all night I lay upon the grave ; the striking of the church clock warning me, from hour to hour, that the precious minutes were passing I might remain with him !—

“The word of command, when daylight came, sounded hoarse as the cry of a raven in my ears ; and yet I dared not disobey the call, for it reminded me that Madelaine was waiting beside her hearth-stone for tidings of those she loved.”

There are some mysteries of sorrow which it appears almost sacrilegious to unveil ; and I will therefore dwell no longer upon the sufferings of Pierre, or describe the scorching tears that poured from the old man's eyes. On his return to Etiolles, it appeared the curé's abode had been sacked by the Prussians, and Pierre's old age made destitute as well as childless.—Suzette, too, was dead.—The old people were alone.

“ Yet you see we have borne it all !” he ejaculated, in conclusion ; “ and our days do not pass in tribulation, for we feel that the lapse of each brings us nearer to the lad. Yes !—we shall soon be with Albert ; and, even now, I often fancy he is beside me, and commune with him by the river-side where we used to labor together, or in the woods of Luzières, or in the forest of Sénart. You see, Sir, God is merciful. He gave it to us to atone, by our own expiation, the feeling of exultation with which I had beheld the execution of the Marquis ; and still vouchsafes His protection and consolations, even to so humble a child of the dust, as PIERRE L'ECREVISSIER.”

THE LIT DE VEILLE.



THE LIT DE VEILLE.

"Then let the trial come! and witness then
If terror be upon me; if I shrink
To meet the storm, or falter in my strength
When hardest it besets me."

Akenside.

THE vivid ripeness of the hips and hawthorn berries already proclaimed the approach of autumn to the inhabitants of the village of St. Médard, which lies cosily sheltered in one of the green valleys sloping towards the beautiful bay of Moulin Huet, on the southern coast of the island of Guernsey; and, as the evenings closed in, the shrill blasts of the equinoctial made themselves heard, even through the solid masonry of the venerable farm house—the most considerable of the hamlet—which acknowledged the widow Le Tellier as its liege lady.

Human dignities, be it remembered, are dependent on the scale of a local standard; and it must be admitted that the "*farm*" of St. Médard, with its patch of garden-ground, its walled orchard, its four-acre pasture, and single field of lucerne, would have been properly termed a "cottage" in some

thriving village of the midland counties of England ; nor could the widow Le Tellier, with her humble island costume, and addiction to neighborly gossip, have aspired to the high agronomic presidency secured her in the environs of Moulin Huet, by the undisputed purity of her breed of Alderneys, and the high price commanded in the market of St. Peter's Port, by her matchless broods of white turkeys, elsewhere than in her native village. There, however, she reigned paramount. The influence created by her good humor was fortified by the ascendancy of her good sense ; for, although a plain-thinking, plain-speaking woman, without education, and unenlightened by extensive intercourse with the ways of the world, all that she saw, she saw clearly—all that she felt, she felt honestly. Her popularity, moreover, was by no means decreased by the state of paralysis which had latterly reduced her to comparative helplessness ; compelling her to adopt into her household a brother's child,—pretty little Manon of Icart,—who now lightened the labors of her elderly relative, by assuming the care of the dairy and the poultry yard, and her heart, by the constant spectacle of her laughing eyes and cheerful demeanor.

The new-comer soon became as universal a favorite in the valley as the old resident ; and St. Médard was a very happy spot, and Maman Le Tellier's farm the happiest of its boasts. The blue hydrangea tree, gracing one side of its old stone portal, and rising even to the thatch, was the largest and finest in the

district ; the verberna bushes, overtopping its garden fence, exhibited their spiral blossoms more richly than elsewhere ; and the standard fig-tree, the luxuriance of whose dark verdure was sheltered by the gable-end of the house, afforded an abundance of ripe fruit, while the produce of the Château of St. Médard, situated at a quarter of a mile's distance along the *côte*, was still green, hard, and flavorless.

The peculiar charms, however, endearing both the farm, its mistress, and its mistress's niece, to the hearts of their poorer neighbors, was a sort of tenacious conformity with the ancient usages and habits of their birth-place. Some years before Manon's arrival, the neighboring Château of St. Médard had been adopted as a temporary residence by a distinguished French family, of Norman extraction compelled by the political vicissitudes consequent on the downfall of Napoleon, to retire for a season from their native country.

With these strangers, Maman Le Tellier had been a first favorite. Her kind-heartedness, her serviceability, and *naïveté* of mind, rendered her at all times a welcome guest at the Château ; and, on the decease of Madame de St. Sauveur, it was the good widow who prepared her remains for the grave, and wiped the tears of her three broken hearted daughters ; even as she had previously assuaged the sufferings of the dying woman, by many a night of watchful attendance. And when the changes of a government caused by the expulsion of the elder branch of

the Bourbon dynasty, admitted of the recall of M. de St. Sauveur to France, it was their parting from the kind cordial widow which augmented the floods of tears shed by Sophie, Claire, and Antoinette, upon the grave of their unfortunate mother.


From the period of their re-establishment in the enjoyment of their noble hereditary estate, the Demoiselles de St. Sauveur had annually addressed to their venerable friend substantial tokens of their regard,—consisting of improved implements of husbandry, handsome specimens of household furniture, as well as rich but simple articles of female attire. Yet,—to the credit of female discretion be it spoken !—even these snares of Satan had the Widow Le Tellier strength of mind to resist ! After summoning a village synod, and submitting to the judgment of its elders, the new spades and hoes supplied by her Norman friends,—she was careful to deposite in the store chamber of the farm, the mahogany arm-chair or portable buffet of gilt china, selected for her use by Antoinette and Claire ; and to commit to the safe keeping of a huge walnut wood press, the mantua of rich black silk, or the *cornette* enriched with folds of Valenciennes lace, affording an evidence of the grateful attachment of Mademoiselle Claire.

“ They will form part of Manon’s trousseau,”—the old lady would murmur to herself with a smile, as she scattered bunches of dried orange flowers over her hoards of finery. “ God forbid that I, in my old age, should desert the homely fashions of those

who have gone before me,—of those who have bequeathed me the means of comfort, and of bestowing comfort on my fellow creatures !”

And if ever the humble widow could be pronounced amenable to the charge of personal vanity, it was when she cast a momentary glance upon her high crowned Guernsey bonnet, her black stuff petticoat, flowered chintz gown and boddice, stockings of grey worsted, black velvet shoes, and heavy silver buckles ; after thus laying aside, for conscience’ sake, the rich but not unsuitable costume provided for her use by her friends in Normandy.


First, however, among the evidence of her rigid adherence to Guernsey fashions and prejudices, which tended to conciliate the regard of the younger neighbors of Madame Le Tellier, was her sanction of the village custom of “*La Veillée* !” In the *salle*, or chamber, “which served for kitchen, and parlor, and hall,” in the farm of St. Médard, there stood, in the very corner it had occupied for time immemorial, the “*Lit de Veille*” consecrated to the recreation of the youth of the neighborhood ; a huge bed frame of rude construction, covered with fresh hay or dried fern, so as to afford a rustic ottoman or divan, whereupon, during the winter evenings, the young people of the hamlet were accustomed to assemble, ranged in a circle, to the number of a dozen or more ;—the maidens occupied with sewing or knitting, the young men entertaining them with songs, while a few droppers-in of maturer ages, oc-



casionally enlivened the "Veillée" with some wise saw and modern instance, some tale of the olden or the passing time, of their own beloved island, or of remoter and less favored countries.

It was a moment of delight to little Manon, and of gratification to her graver kinswoman, to prepare for the simple ceremonial, by lighting the lamp overhanging the *Lit de Veille*, and adorning the shelves, dressers, and clock case, with fresh branches of ver-bena, or festoons of laurel, myrtle, roses, and china-asters; nor were vast platters of baked charmon-telle pears forgotten, to refresh the young visitors between the pauses of their innocent gossiping. The widow, indeed, who since her afflicting attack of palsy, had been deprived of her former summer enjoyments, and made prisoner in her wicker chair, now began to look forward to the pleasures of *La Veillée*, even before the island harvest song had re-sounded in the fields, or the grapes mellowed on her southern wall; and the arrival of autumn, with its long evenings and stirring airs, was any thing but unwelcome at St. Médard.

It was on a fine breezy evening in October, and the tall plants of Michaelmas daisy gracing the less favored garden plots of the hamlet, were afford-ing one of the last feasts of the year to the busy ramblers of Madame Le Tellier's hives, when an open boat was seen traversing the picturesque bay of Moulin Huet, manned by a couple of Serkmen, who appeared to ply their oars with more than usual



activity, under the directions of a young gentleman, whose fanciful costume, of a most amphibious cut, and whose dialect of most amphibious phraseology, might have sufficed to announce to a seamanlike eye and ear one of the modern "marine monsters" of the R. Y. C. !

In spite, however, of the effeminate texture of complexion—discernible whenever the breeze, blowing from the shore, wafted away the light brown curls clustering round his somewhat boyish face, it soon appeared that "the Captain was a bold man," as well as a man wise in his own conceit ; for he not only persisted in piloting the course, and pointing out the best landing place to his companions, Jean-Marie and Gros-Pierre, to whom every pebble on the shingly beach was a familiar thing ; but, in spite of their assurances that no house of public entertainment was attainable within a league's distance from the bay, obstinately commanded them to draw up their little craft upon the beach and await his return, while he proceeded inland, with the view of obtaining shelter for the night.

"Monsieur may probably obtain a supper and bed at the Widow Le Tellier's, at St. Médard," said Gros-Pierre, lifting his blue cotton cap, and rubbing, rather than scratching the huge head and stock of hair that discovered themselves on removal of the covering. "And I will step on with Monsieur, and show him the way," added Jean-Marie, drawing up the loose canvass trowsers overhanging his wide

topped fisherman's boots. "I have a message to Mademoiselle Manon from her cousin, the harbor master at St. Helier's."

But the hero of the R. Y. C. was apparently as pragmatically bent upon proving his exploratory instincts on shore, as his instinctive seamanship; for, after presuming to navigate the Channel Sea without chart or experience, he persisted in knowing the shortest cut to the unseen and unknown village of St. Médard.

Having admitted to his gallant oarsmen, as they approached the shore, that he now visited Huet Moulin for the first time, he nevertheless adhered to his pretensions of knowing every oar's length, and every step of his terraqueous way; and even Jean-Marie's allusions to Madame Le Tellier's pretty niece, and obliging tenders of assistance, produced no other result than a somewhat surly request that he would attend to the orders of his employer, instead of intruding upon his society. And while the two jolly mariners stood together on the shore watching, with many a knowing wink, the attempts of the young officer to shorten, by his own ingenuity, the zig-zag ascent of the cliffs they had officiously pointed out to his notice, Captain R—— pursued his way with a most Malvolio like smile irradiating his countenance, as if congratulating himself on having baffled the officiousness of the Arion of the Island of Serk.

As he approached St. Médard, however, clamber-

ing over stone fences, and making a path-way for himself where pathway there was none, as if really guided towards the wished for spot by some magnetic influence, he was startled to meet, at every second step, some "bucolic juvenal," or gentle damsel of the district, and even groups of young persons of both sexes, one and all attired with a degree of rustic coquetry, betraying a more than usual regard to the minutiae of the toilet, and one and all replying to his inquiry of "Am I in the right road towards the Widow Le Tellier's cottage?" with a most desponding assurance, that however straight was the way, he was taking it in vain—for that the "*Veillée*" was postponed.

"What the devil is the *Veillée* to me?" was the rejoinder that rose to the gallant Captain's lips; but after sundry iterations from divers persons of the information thus communicated, his gallantry seemed to take the alarm, and he, at length, replied with a well assumed air of interest, "The *Veillée* postponed!—On what account?—You spoke just now of Madame Le Tellier as having a niece: I trust neither of them is indisposed?"

"No! poor things!" cried one of the elder damsels to whom he addressed his inquiry; "they are well enough in health: they are in trouble."

"In trouble?"—echoed the English marine amateur, still affecting a civil sort of sympathy with the unknown fair ones of St. Médard. "Has anything happened to *la Maman*, or to Manon?"

"You *know* them, then?" exclaimed his new acquaintance, with a look of surprise.

"I am a complete stranger here," was the Captain's equivocal rejoinder.

"Ah! I thought you could not be a friend of the family, or you would have been aware," returned his companion, "that this night is the annual opening of the *Lit de Veille* for the autumn, at Maman Le Tellier's farm. It is only in consequence of the intelligence brought hither this morning of the death of her friend, Monsieur the French gentleman, over yonder in Normandy, that neither aunt nor niece is in spirits to receive us."

"Monsieur de St. Sauveur *dead*!" again inconsiderately ejaculated the self-styled stranger.

"Dead as Marlbrook!" chimed in a joyous looking youth, who appeared to be the brother, or *fiancé*, of his first respondent. "And Maman De Tellier is taking on sadly, and Manon is quite down in the mouth. Nevertheless, if Monsieur be seeking a bed at St. Médard, it will never have to be said that the door of the farm was closed against an English gentleman wanting entertainment."

And thus encouraged, the young Captain proceeded resolutely onwards, resolved to try his luck with the lady mourners, rather than encounter a heavy sea, in an open boat, on a moonless October night. At length the bright blue blossoms of the far famed hydrangea tree of the farm became visible, and the

young stranger's color seemed to rise as he approached the venerable mansion, backed by its fruitful orchard, and facing its diminutive Eden of Guernsey horticulture. In spite of the re-assurances he had received, some doubt and perplexity probably remained in his mind as to the diplomacy to be adopted, in order to secure himself food and shelter from the old lady.

But if the Captain's complexion underwent a change as he passed the threshold, that of little Manon experienced a far more remarkable transition as she caught sight of the new comer. She was hanging over her kinswoman's wicker chair as the young Captain entered the *salle*, listening with unusual gravity of demeanor to the sober strain of reminiscence and exhortation into which the good woman had naturally fallen on learning the demise of her respected friend. But when Captain R——— advanced, cap in hand; towards the widow's throne of state, representing himself, in indifferent French, and with a still more indifferent command of countenance, to be an utter stranger, seeking a night's hospitality at St. Médard, Manon, instead of profiting by the hasty lesson of dissimulation thus imparted, yet blushing the while the color of a Guernsey amaryllis at her own rashness, bent forward yet closer to the ear of her aunt, to explain in a whisper, distinctly audible to their guest, "*Maman*, this is the English Captain who visited St. Peter's Port in his yacht, last summer, when I was waiting on the

young ladies at the Government House, and who was so good as to engage my brother Ancel as his mate. Monsieur Le Capitaine," she continued, turning towards the indignant R——, and growing firmer in the proud consciousness of candor,— "you could scarcely suppose that I had already forgotten the kind patron of my brother, or that he would not be welcome to the home of my father's sister?—But how long have you returned to Guernsey, and why did not our dear Ancel bear you company, to show you the way to the farm?"

"Ancel remains, of necessity, with my boat at St. Peters," replied the young Captain, evidently vexed and embarrassed; "we came into harbor only yesterday, after a cruise of some weeks in the Channel; and I had a mind, previous to setting sail for Cherbourg, to visit the bay of Huet Moulin, of whose beauties my friend (Ancel) has given me such flourishing descriptions. Having deceived myself strangely as to time and tide, I find it impossible to return to town as I had proposed. I have therefore to thank your recognition, Mademoiselle Manon; as I trust it will be the means of inducing Madame Le Tellier to grant me a night's lodging."

"Less was needed, Sir, to secure so small a kindness," observed the widow, bending an inquisitorial eye upon his countenance; and espying perhaps more of incoherence in the history and embarrassment in the face of the English Captain, than she could well account for. "It would of course have

been a great satisfaction here, had it been possible for my nephew to bear you company in your excursion. Nevertheless, if his duties interfered"—

"It may not be impossible for me to afford Ancel a trip to St. Médard before I quit the island," interrupted the guest, resuming his usual tone of superiority and command. "Meanwhile"—

"Meanwhile," continued Madame Le Tellier, "you will accept the expression of mine and my niece's regrets"—

(Manon's countenance fell! for she began to apprehend that her honest frankness might prove the means of depriving her brother's patron of the hospitality he had sought at the farm :) "——that the melancholy tidings we have this day received will render your sojourn at St. Médard less cheerful than we could have wished. Our Veillée," continued the warm hearted old lady, looking round wistfully at the *Lit de Veille* prepared for the evening's entertainment, and glancing at the bouquets of fresh flowers placed by the care of Manon on her well burnished *armoires* of house linen, "is postponed for a week. If Monsieur le Capitaine could be persuaded to give my nephew a day's holiday"—

"Certainly, certainly," interrupted her guest, anticipating her demand.

"And deign to accompany the lad on his visit to his family," continued Madame Le Tellier, proffering an invitation which the Captain certainly did *not* anticipate,—“we should experience the gratification

of showing a stranger, who has befriended him, something of our Guernsey customs. Meanwhile, be pleased to accept such welcome as we are prepared to offer ; and to pardon an old woman, who cannot forget in a moment the loss of a friend, to smile upon a new acquaintance."

The new acquaintance thus cavalierly saluted however showed himself not only fully satisfied with the terms of his welcome, but resolved to improve into friendliness his acquaintanceship with the good matron of St. Médard, by every possible art and concession. He laid aside his self-conceit—he laid aside his dandyism. Rising superior to the superiority he had felt or affected over Gros-Pierre and Jean-Marie, he accepted, without any overstrained expressions of gratitude, the homely fare set before him ; and having at length persuaded the hospitable widow to take her place at the board, and share the matchless bottle of old Médoc brought forward by Manon at her kinswoman's suggestion from the most recondite hoard of her cellar, which on being uncorked, sent forth a musky fragrance as of some choice flower-garden, he eventually succeeded in dispelling from her goodly face every shadow of mistrust, and even in qualifying the gloom of its shades of sorrow.

As evening closed in, Manon saw fit to light the *Veille* lamp in honor of their unexpected visitor ; while Captain R——, with growing familiarity, drew the widow's wicker-chair towards the hearth. The

doors were barred against intrusion ; the farm lad despatched to the beach had already brought back news, that the boatmen, profiting by their employer's permission, had found shelter for themselves for the night at the mill of Huet ; and the trio at the fire-side of St. Médard were consequently free to enjoy the warmth and comfort of the *salle*, without any drawback from the dreariness of the night and the howling winds against the casement.

And they *did* enjoy it ; and already began to interchange familiar words and phrases, as if unconsciously adopting each other as friends. The stranger was no longer a stranger. Whatever motive, whether a love of the picturesque, or a tender reminiscence of the prettiness and liveliness of the waiting maid of the Governor's daughters, had brought him to the Farm, he now sojourned there as one who was not the less welcome for coming unbidden.

"Your friend, Monsieur de St. Sauveur, appears to have been a martyr to political revolutions ?"—he observed, after having listened with great patience to Madame Le Tellier's diffuse and repeated lamentations over the loss of her Norman patron.

"And yet I do not call to mind his name as connected with any particular party, or any great public catastrophe ?"

"How should you ?"—replied the old lady briskly. "St. Sauveur was the name borne by the family during their voluntary exile. It does not follow that

my friends were not recognised under a more illustrious designation in their native country."

"Aha?" cried Manon, instinctively laying down her knitting pins, and tossing back the ringlets from her open forehead, on this hint of a secret to be unfolded. "Yet every one at St. Médard"—

"Every one was scarcely likely to be admitted into their confidence," interrupted the widow pettishly. "The good Marquis chose his confidants as his own clear judgment suggested; nor did he, I trust, find cause to regret its suggestions."

"He was in fact, then, a very great man, and living *incog.* at the Château?" said Captain R——, interrogatively.

"He was living under an assumed name, Sir," replied la Maman; "nor should I admit so much, but that, although no public cause for concealment now exists, I am satisfied it would be impossible for you to obtain a clew to his real title and position in life. For my own part, ignorant as I am of the very nature of what you are pleased to term political revolutions, I cannot presume to decide upon Monsieur de St. Sauveur's personal or public consequence: but this I know, that if, by a 'great man,' you mean a man of mighty purposes, of great and good principles a man, above all, holding control over his own passions, and able to carve out for himself the duty path of his own career,—such a one was the friend whom I have lost! Yes! he *was* a great man!"—

repeated the widow, after some moment's meditation ; " few greater,—few capable of such sacrifices,—such moral heroism. The idols *he* made for himself were not of common dust ; and *who* ever worshipped with half so much piety of affection ?—God bless him,—God rest him !—He is now reaping his great reward, among the elect of the children of God !"—

" You speak with considerable enthusiasm," observed R——, rising from the *Lit de Veille*, on which he had inadvertently seated himself. " Recollect, however, that *I* know nothing of the St. Sauveur family, and am forced to accept their virtues upon trust."

" Listen then !" resumed Madame Le Tellier. " Take the seat again which you have just quitted, and for once, I will play the gossip ; in order that, although our Veillée is impossible, you may not quit the island without imbibing some notion of its fashions. To you, who have no interest in penetrating the secret of my friends, I may venture to confide a mystery, such as I should be loth to breath in the ears of my neighbors here of the hamlet !" —

" A mystery which regards the young ladies, Sophie, Antoinette, and Claire ?" cried Manon, clapping her hands with the excitement of the moment. " Dear aunt ! you will surely allow me to sit up and profit by the Veillée ?—You well know that you can have confidence in my discretion !"

"Not much in your discretion, my poor child," said her kinswoman, kindly tapping the cheek of the girlish face that presented itself, as Manon knelt anxiously yet playfully at her feet; "but not a little in your good will; and still more," she added with a good humored smile, "in the impossibility of your turning to mischievous account the information I am about to impart. The very name of my friends is undreamed of in Guernsey; even that under which it was their pleasure to be known, will be heard here no more. Two of the young ladies are on the eve of honorable marriage; the third, my pretty Antoinette, is already a wife and a mother; and when the grey head of old Victorine Le Tellier shall be laid in the grave, with *her* will rest the secret of their probation!"

"Except such a portion of their history as you have promised to communicate?" cried Captain R——, bent upon enticing his companions into sitting up to bear him company, rather than curious to learn the promised particulars.

"My promise will cost me a pang or two!" was the old lady's reply. "Manon, lay down another log upon the hearth, and bring down the lamp a link. The room looks cheerless, or my eyes are dimmer than usual. And set upon the fire a skillet of Bordeaux, with a stick of cinnamon, and the zest of one of our own citrons,—for the English Captain will want a sleeping draught to make him turn a deaf

ear to the whistling of the north-wester in our chimneys. So!—now be seated and quiet,” continued Madame Le Tellier, evidently prolonging her directions and injunctions, so as to postpone the commencement of her task, and subdue the emotions which a mere recurrence to the name of St. Sauveur sufficed to draw forth.

“It was six years ago, and summer time,” said she, commencing at last abruptly, “when a French family came to settle at the Château of St. Médard; and no sooner did I set eyes upon them, than I felt that they *ought* to come with the summer—with the butterflies—with the roses—with all things that are beautiful in nature; for more beautiful than all these were the three daughters of Monsieur de St. Sauveur! Never shall I forget their appearance as they stood, the very evening after their arrival at the Château, hand in hand at my garden gate, with the sunshine streaming upon their flowing curls; and not all its brightness, nor all the brightness of the flowers which had attracted their notice, one half so gay and lightsome as the smile of their own sweet eyes! The arm of Ma’amselle Sophie, the eldest daughter, rested on Antoinette’s shoulder as she advanced to inquire whether I were the Widow Le Tellier, of whom they had heard so much from the Notary at St. Port, charged with the letting of the Château, and whether I could kindly oblige them, by stepping up to see their mamma, (who was a

great invalid, or she would have visited me herself,) to ask my advice respecting the ordering of her new establishment?

"There was something in the young stranger's voice sweet as the combs of my own hive honey,"—continued the widow; "and little Antoinette, who was not more than twelve years old, having lifted the latch, begged me to put on my bonnet, and accompany them at once, as it would be a great comfort to their poor dear sick mamma.—I had no power of refusing. She took my hand, and walked prattling by my side, as we ascended the côte together; and when we reached the old terrace gardens of the Château, the two elder girls joined in her exclamation of 'This wilderness is disgraceful, Madame Le Tellier, after the beautiful garden plot at the farm. You must teach us to put it into better trim. Papa is not rich enough to keep a gardener, and has too many anxious thoughts to admit of his troubling himself about such trifles. But we will all work in it, in hopes to raise some flowers for mamma, and remind her of dear France.' And already they had tied up into a bouquet, for the poor sick lady, the flowers I had hastily gathered for Ma'amselle Antoinette before we left the farm.


"Well, Sir, we reached the Château, as I have told you; and never before had its grey stone walls, mossed over with tufts of capillaire, appeared so cheerless to my old eyes. The house had stood so

long empty, and, though in good repair, was so dingy with disorderliness, so unhumanized, as one may say, so cobwebbed, so neglected, that it seemed every way unfit for the reception of the young, brilliant, blooming creatures, who now led me by the hand into the hall. I could not help feeling that every thing and fancying that every one connected with so much health and happiness, ought to be as smiling and sunshiny as themselves. But when I entered the saloon, which, by the care of Monsieur, and the arrival of their property from St. Peter's Port, had been already converted into a comfortable habitation, how grievously was I undeceived !—Scarcely had I glanced at the Lady Marchioness, as she reclined on a sofa, drawn towards the open window, when I felt a chill come over me. It was the first time I had ever looked upon a human face stamped with the seal of hopeless misery !—I had seen the poor, the sick, the humbled, the wretched ; vagrants from the coast had stopped to beg at my gate, hungry, helpless, and more than hungry or helpless, for they were struggling with the hunger and helplessness of the children who clung to their backs, or tugged at their ragged garments.

“ But these were not hopeless.—Not one among them had that God-abandoned look which had withered the beautiful face of Monsieur de St. Sauveur's wife : it was as if her crown of thorns had pricked too deeply for the endurance of mere human flesh

and blood. Her children seemed involuntarily to curb in their playful steps and subdue their young voices, as they approached her presence. Yet, Heaven knows, it was at no instigation of hers ; for she was milder than mildness can be—patient, meek, and self-neglecting. It was that they had been early accustomed to the spectacle of sorrow, and nurtured in habits of deference towards afflictions they could not understand, and infirmities they could not assuage. Poor girls!—poor, precious, miserable mother!—God be with her in her rest!—God be with her!”—and, unconsciously, the kind widow crossed herself in humble piety, as she recurred to the sufferings of the departed.

“Monsieur de St. Sauveur showed also the look of a man who had found troubles to wrestle with,” she resumed, after a short pause. “But *his* cause of grief was evidently of a very different nature from that of Madame. Poor ignorant woman as I am, I could see in a moment that his were vexations he could meet face to face, with an uplifted eye, without shame, before God or man. And I was right. *His* misfortunes had arisen to him in his adherence to the cause of his master—in his fidelity to what he believed to be the true interests of his country. He had nothing to repent or to regret but the failure of his endeavors. He had striven to serve his fellow creatures ; he had buffeted with the waves



for their sake. What fault of *his*, if Providence had left him a wreck upon the shore ?

“ The fine, stern, independent countenance of this noble gentleman won upon my heart still more, if possible, than the courtesy and graces of his family. I was glad, and, luckily, I was *able* to serve them. The infirmity of the Marchioness’s health rendered it impossible for her to interfere with the establishment of the family in their new abode ; the young ladies were too young to be useful in such matters ; and Monsieur, though full of good-will to adapt his habits to his change of fortunes, was too high-minded a man, too accustomed to liberal house-keeping and the thriftlessness of opulence, to do himself justice in his dealings with strangers. It pleases me to think that I spared them all both trouble and vexation, and even *money*, of which they understood not the value. For *my* part, I was amply repaid by the pleasure superadded to my life in the spectacle of their fair faces, and the cheeriness of their young voices, when the three girls visited me every morning with some message or commission from the Château ; for I had nothing of my own about me *then* to love,” said Madame Le Tellier, glancing at Manon. “ My husband was in his grave ; and my only brother was at that period prospering in the world, and would not spare me one of his children to make a friend and fondling. Things were well then at the farm of Icart.”

Little Manon rose from her knees at this allusion to the reverses of her parents, and began to busy herself in arranging the skillet upon the fire, so as to conceal her face from the inquisition of the English Captain.

“And yet,” resumed the aunt, too much absorbed in her own reminiscences to notice the change of countenance of the mortified girl, “dearly as I loved them all, I seldom visited the Château. There was something in the sight of the Marchioness’s despondency—an ailment that I could not cure, a grief that I dared not even notice—which went straight to my heart, and made it ache for the remainder of the day, whenever I was compelled to have speech of her. So deeply, *deeply* humble was her look,—so submissive the tone of her voice,—that one felt a thousand times humiliated by the sight and sound. One longed to kneel down in the dust, to be meeker, and of a more Christian-like lowliness than herself. The poor lady seemed to be in a perpetual state of penance; ever shrinking away from her fellow-creatures, lest peradventure they should place their finger on some sore spot—some hidden source of torment. So, at least, it seemed to *me*; and strangers often see most of a sufferer’s feelings surrounded only by those whose views are magnified by excess of tenderness.

“Monsieur de St. Sauveur attributed all the melancholy of his wife to her sympathy in his mis-

fortunes—all her struggles to a desire to overcome the influence of adversity ; while the children, looking upon their gentle mother as a miracle of earthly excellence, believed her a predestined saint, chastened with physical suffering by the hand of God in proportion to His divine love of her virtues.—None, alas ! dreamed of a worm concealed within the decaying fruit, but poor old Victorine Le Tellier !

“ The troubled in mind are usually quickest of discernment : the poor dear lady soon discovered that I saw farther into her condition than those who were nearest to her ; and instead of mistrusting my scrutiny as the evil-hearted might have done, sought my company the more when she saw that I attributed her languor and emancipation, and, above all, her exertions to overcome her occasional attacks of nervous excitement, to something more than indisposition. She did not, it is true, trust me with greater confidence ; but seemed to like to have me near her, and have me near her children, and to feel it a relief when, during Monsieur’s occasional excursions in the country, or to the neighboring islands, I took his place beside her, to bathe her hollow temples, or lend her my arm as she sauntered along the terraces of the garden.

“ ‘ Do not let the girls accompany us,’—she would say, when I had trudged up to the Château to offer her my services ; as if I had more authority than herself with the young ladies, and as if the

sight of their happy faces was too much for her enfeebled eyes. And then she would creep on and on, with feeble steps, as if she wanted to be alone with nature and the skies, and knew that I should watch over her safety without intruding upon her meditations. And once or twice, in the twilight, when I had guided her the utmost length she could venture from home, and there was nothing but the evening star over our heads, and the calm hush of the garden-thickets around us, I have seen her clasp her poor thin hands, and lift her eyes to the throne of the Almighty, with such a bitter, *bitter* look of supplication!—May I never live to see such a look again upon any human face!—At such times, when perhaps she had kept silence for an hour or more in my presence, if the voice of one of the young ladies was heard at a distance, the poor mother would start and tremble, and whisper to me, ‘*Not now*; do not let them approach me *now*. I must—*must* be alone!’ But if it happened to be the Marquis who came to meet us, although she clung to my arm for support and trembled with the same secret emotion, she never attempted to interdict *his* company. He would have flown leagues at her bidding, and in no single instance did I ever see him attempt to controvert her will;—and yet she did not presume to express to *him* her desire to be alone. The sense of conjugal duty with her was all in all.

“’Twas a strange thing, too, that, dearly as her

children loved her, the sight of the Marchioness's settled melancholy never seemed to affect their spirits, unless when her presence warned them to moderate their joyous tones within hearing of the sufferer. They had grown up with the sight of her sorrow ever before their eyes. They could not figure their mother to themselves otherwise than as a suffering saint. It was in *that* guise they understood and loved her ; while they loved each other with all the buoyant earnestness of youth. Those three fair creatures, Sir, were never apart. One place of rest sufficed them ; they knelt side by side for their evening prayers ; and when the morning sun beamed upon them again, it was to each other that their first exclamations of joy and love were fervently addressed. Sophie would have dedicated the whole worship of her heart to Claire, but that there was an Antoinette in the world ; and Antoinette would have conceived it impossible to love any thing but Sophie, had not the soft blue eyes of Claire recalled her to the remembrance of an object equally beloved. There was but one heart, one soul, one hope, one consciousness, among the three. They had no need to consult each other—to confide—to argue :—they were one !—one doating child to their poor mother—one duteous and pious daughter to the father they revered. To live apart would have been impossible to either of the three ; for as yet no pulse of womanhood was stirring in their innocent hearts,

to suggest the existence of other ties, or the future duties of the wife and mother.

“But all this was drawing to a close,” continued old Victorine, wiping her eyes; “and *I* was the only person who foresaw that a catastrophe was at hand!—Every day, when I visited the Château, I perceived that the sick lady was feebler and feebler than the day preceding. She no longer quitted the house; she could scarcely turn upon her bed of misery without assistance; the only food she tasted was *tisane* of capillaire and other simple febrifuges, prepared by my hand. Yet she never murmured! Her answer was always ‘Better’ in reply to the anxious inquiries of her children. And they believed her! Affection is so sanguine in its hopes and confidence.

“Nevertheless, as winter approached, the Marquis began to discern symptoms of an alarming change; and much against the desire of the invalid, a physician was fetched from St. Peter’s Port to issue his mandate upon her case. But mandate there was none to issue. The gentleman was compelled to avow that, although her broken constitution proclaimed his patient’s condition to be hopeless, he could guess nothing of the sources of her disorder.

He knew that she must die—that was all!—and if every learned man were as honest, it is, perhaps, the utmost Doctors have to unfold. But guess, Sir, only guess the change which those few words

wrought in the family at the Château!—The first time I beheld the Marquis after the departure of the physician, he looked as if he had been turned into a statue of stone. There was something in the long-enduring sickness of his lady which he had seemed to reverence, as though it were the probation of a martyr, and unamenable to any mortal remedy; but now that the sentence was gone forth,—that he knew the dust he loved was with the dust about to mingle,—he began to reproach himself that he had not earlier applied to human aid in her behalf. It was not till she was on the eve of entering into the joy of her Lord, and putting on immortality, that her husband seemed to recollect she was born of woman—a mere child of clay, like others of the earth!

“I will pass over that season of affliction!” faltered Madame Le Tellier. “During the gradual decay of the sufferer, it appeared to me a strange but evident thing, that the poor, meek, humble invalid, so long prepared for the worst, and so *well* prepared by the exercise of every Christian virtue, shrank from the final consummation!—At times, indeed, a heavenly fervor was in her uplifted eyes, as if Hope still existed for her on high. But, immediately afterwards, a shudder would come over her wasted frame, as though her glance had suddenly fallen upon some dark abyss, still intervening between herself and eternal life. Deep, deep sighs would burst from her

laboring breast when she found, or fancied herself alone; and often when I greeted her, of mornings, with gratulation that she had rested well, she would answer, in a broken voice, 'God is too good to me!—He is leading me with a tender hand towards the darkest of all my trials.—Pray for me, good Victorine;—dear Victorine, pray for me,—that his upholding strength may not be withdrawn when my need is the sorest.'—Alas, alas! Sir, that was a heavy, *heavy* winter to me!"

"Do not, distress yourself by concluding your narrative to night," said Captain R——, perceiving that not only the cheeks of his venerable hostess were wet with tears, but that even Manon had drawn aside, and was sobbing violently.

"Nay!" said Maman Letellier, "my tale is well nigh ended, and I would willingly recur to it no more."

"It is truly a melancholy night," replied the guest approaching nearer to the hearth, so that his arm could reach the back of the chair, on which little Manon had concealed her face. "The wind howls dolefully among the trees. There will be a hurricane before morning."

"And yet," resumed Madame Le Tellier, "the weather is not half so portentous to-night as on the desolate Christmas Eve when I was roused from my bed by one of the servants of the Château, to attend upon the dying moments of Madame de St. Sauveur.

Throughout that day she had been better ; had occupied herself in overlooking her papers, and communing with her daughters, respecting their preparations for the religious duties of the season. But towards night she became suddenly worse, and at midnight, the Marquis, foreseeing the necessity of my presence, forbade the servants to retire to bed. Having instantly obeyed his summons, I wrapt my cloak closely round me, as I stemmed the violence of the wind in following old Gabriel up the ascent of the côte. The gusts soon extinguished the lanterns with which we were provided ; but we could not miss our way, for in the chamber of the dying woman high in the Château above the path, there burned a melancholy watch-light, shining out through the darkness of the storm with a fearful and unnatural radiance.

“ I was soon by the bed-side. By the light of that ill omened lamp I looked upon the pale, pale face of Madame,—scarcely distinguishable from the white pillow on which it rested ; and noticed the slender hands devoutly crossed upon the breast of the sufferer, as though it had been too great an indulgence for a dying sinner to suffer them to be clasped in the endearing grasp of the loved ones who knelt around her couch.—Mademoiselle Sophie’s head was buried in the coverlid ;—Claire and Antoinette were entwined in each other’s arms ;—but on the face of the poor father was utter despair.

“‘Take courage!’ said I, after having bent over her, and examined her countenance. ‘Heaven is giving her renewed strength. Her breath is free—her pulse beats stronger. Speak, dear lady! Set their hearts at ease!—You are better—are you not?’”

“‘*Almost well!*’ replied Madame de St. Sauveur, in a voice whose hollowness startled her hearers with horror. ‘Raise me up, Victorine, and give me my last measure of earthly sustenance, that my soul may bless you before I die.’”

“Although nearly motionless, Sir, with awe, I obeyed her injunctions. I raised her in my arms—I lifted to her lips a cordial potion; and, as she stooped her head to drink, I heard a murmur between her parched lips.—And trembling as I listened, I wiped away the heavy dew from her dying brow, and supported her emaciated frame in my arms, when, on a sudden, she called wildly on the Marquis to draw near, and cried aloud in a hoarse voice that she must not die till all should be accomplished.

“‘I cannot go hence,’ said she, ‘till justice has been done. A secret lies heavy on my soul—to weigh me down to destruction. My husband will curse me in my last moments—my children will loathe me in the grave—yet, behold, my task must be fulfilled.’”

“‘No, no, no!’ ejaculated Monsieur de St. Sau-

veur, breathless with consternation, and willing to impute the incoherent words of his wife to delirious excitement. 'You are destroying yourself by this violence. Tranquelize your nerves by a night's rest. The Curé of Icart has been sent for, and in the morning, the spiritual consolations of the Church will restore you to a happier frame of mind.'

" 'He shall seek me in the morning and he shall not find me,' answered the Marchioness, in a wild but solemn voice. 'But tell him that if I died unblessed by the sacraments of grace, it was that I held myself unworthy to approach them in my struggle with death; although, if earthly penance may avail in the sight of the most high, for years and years I have neither stirred nor rested, save with the remembrance of my sin before my eyes.'

" 'If not in mercy to yourself,—in pity to *me*,—desist!' cried the poor Marquis, covering his face with his hands.

" 'Nay!' replied the dying penitent, in a tone hoarse with the near approach of death; 'I have deferred my confessions too long already.—Husband, my eyes are dim, and I behold your face no longer.—Children, my hands are cold as the clod of the valley, and your embraces must be mine no more.—Grant me only a word of pity,—a word of pardon!'

" 'Mighty heaven!'—cried Ma'mselle Sophie, almost distracted, 'restore her to herself!—She raves!'

" 'Oh! no, no,—I am *not* raving,' faltered the

Marchioness. ‘With the full and perfect possession of my faculties, I avow that *one of the daughters now weeping beside me is not the offspring of my husband!*’—

“A thunderbolt falling into the chamber of death could not have produced a more startling sensation. The horror of the announcement burst at once upon the minds of the girls.—*One* of them, then, was an alien.—*One* of them was about to be cast forth!—*One* of them on the verge of orphanhood!—Involuntarily the three sisters precipitated themselves at the feet of him whom each still trusted might be her father. The words resounded in their ears,—*One* of them is not the offspring of my husband!

“‘Oh! do not say it is *I!*—Mother, mother! say not, say not, that it is *I!*’—cried Sophie, writhing with agony.

“‘We have been so happy together!’ ejaculated Claire, embracing both her sisters; ‘and must we part at last!’—while Antoinette, pale as her dying mother, was unable to utter a syllable; but kept convulsively kissing the hand of the Marquis, as if a sentence of illegitimacy would prove to her young heart a sentence of death.

“‘And since I must die with the brand of guilt upon my brow,’ added the dying woman, ‘let me at least atone the injury I have inflicted by a final act of justice.’

“‘Not another word!’—cried Monsieur de St.

Sauveur, advancing solemnly towards the bedside ; ‘*such* atonement were a deeper injury. I *have* loved—I *love* these three children as my own.—I cannot spare the one of which you would deprive me.—I have heard too much—I wish to hear no more !—You have robbed me of my tenderness towards the wife of my youth ; bereave me not of one of my beloved girls !’

“The sisters sprang at once into his arms !—They bathed him with their tears,—they clung to the heart, the generous heart of that best of men ; and lo ! a flush of indescribable joy lighted up the countenance of the guilty mother, whom for a moment they had forgotten.

“‘I die content !’—she faltered, laying her poor head upon my shoulders. ‘The innocent one will not be driven forth to perish. Blessings on *him*—blessings on them—I die content.’

“Loudly, at that moment, did I call upon the Marquis, to extend his hand to her in token of forgiveness, for I saw that her spirit was passing away. And after a moment’s pause, he did so ; but the concession came too late. She was gone ! she was at rest !—Yet I would have given much that her dying ears had caught the parting adjuration of her husband :—‘Thy sins be forgiven thee above, as I have truly and freely forgiven them !—*Vade in pace.*’—

* * * * *

“ A few hours afterwards, as the morning sun broke into the chamber, and shone upon the corpse, a smile dawned on the dead face of the Marchioness, as though her triumph over her misery was accomplished ;—as though she had surmounted the ordeal —as though the Supreme Creator, who had fostered her repentance and perfected her expiation, had received her into the number of his elect.”

“ And think you that the Marquis had strength of mind to inquire no further ?” —said Captain R—— mistrustfully.

“ He was a man of honor, Sir,” said the widow reproachfully ; “ and he was a Christian ; and before the remains of his wife were cold, he proceeded in my presence to consign to the flames every paper and memorandum she had left ; peradventure lest, in a moment of human frailty, he might be tempted to do that which years of repentance could not avail to efface. He mourned for her as for a wife whom he had loved ;—he was the best of fathers to her children ;—and if the blow which had thus cruelly and unexpectedly fallen upon him tended to shorten his days, he had the consolation of having fulfilled a heavy duty.”

“ And did you never discover,” resumed Madame Le Tellier’s guest, “ which of the three daughters was the one to whom the generosity of the Marquis was in truth available ?”

"Far be it from me to have made the attempt!" said the good widow. "Yet methinks no one who witnessed, or hath heard speak of the conduct of the Marchioness, need entertain a doubt upon the subject. Think you that a woman of such depth of feeling would have born a child unto her husband, after having once stooped to shame?"

"It was Antoinette, then!" said Captain R—musingly,—“the youngest”—

"The youngest and best beloved, the especial favorite of the house,—she who, thanks to the glorious goodness of Monsieur de St. Sauveur, is about to share the fortunes of her sisters; having already become the wife of an honorable man; whose haughty family would assuredly have rejected the alliance of a nameless alien."

"You are right, Madame Tellier," cried the English gentleman, as if reluctantly convinced.

"Your departed friend was indeed a great man;—for *who* so mighty as he who accomplishes the subjugation of a powerful human passion? I fully sympathize in your respect towards such a man!" continued he, tossing off the cup of spiced Bordeaux, which Manon had placed, meanwhile, on the table by his side; "I rejoice with you, that your friend, your Marquis, your whoever or whatever he might be, was restored to his native country, and died in the enjoyment of his estates."

“ And blessed in the happy prospects of his grateful children !” added the widow, motioning her niece to withdraw her chair from the hearth, and aid her in retiring to rest. “ And now, young gentleman, good night, and happier dreams to you than my narrative, I fear, is likely to excite. Visit us again with my nephew in a week or two, and Ancel’s arrival at St. Médard shall be the signal for a new Veillée. We will *then* make a merry night of it. It is not often that so mournful a history consecrates the annual dedication of our LIT DE VEILLE.”

END OF VOL. I.

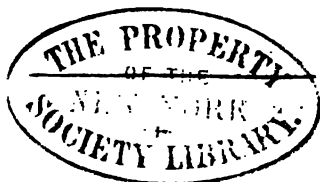
THE ABBEY,
AND OTHER TALES.

BY MRS. GORE.

**AUTHORESS OF PREPERMENT, MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS,
MARY RAYMOND, ETC. ETC.**

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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THE CHAMPION.

1*



THE CHAMPION.

" Since he has got the jewel that I loved,
I'll not deny him any thing I have."

Merchant of Venice.

There was not a fairer face than that of Lady Mildred Stanley to be seen beneath the jewelled coifs and embroidered veils gracing the high festivals of the court of Westminster, in those days of tranquillity, which, on the accession of the seventh Henry, marked the extinction of the feuds of the two roses.

A close family connexion with the newly created Earl Derby, husband to the Lady Margaret Beaufort and step-father to the reigning sovereign, had procured for the beautiful Mildred a place in the household of her majesty : and although the impoverished condition of the British nobles bore testimony to the fatal prolongation of the wars of York and Lancaster, and forbade those luxurious indulgences and regal splendors which enlivened the succeeding reign, still, even in the dullest of courts, revels must arise to welcome the ambassadors of

foreign potentates ; the royal banqueting-hall must occasionally be paced with fairy-footed measures, and the royal tilt-yard derive animation from the smiles of the noble, the fair, and the gay.

Unfortunately for the Lady Mildred, she chanced to possess, in addition to these three qualifications so precious in the estimation of womankind, a fourth endowment which, if in some degree valuable even in the eyes of her own sex, is often doubly and trebly important in those of the more calculating gender ;—she was *rich* !—an orphan—an heiress—and consequently a ward to her sovereign lord the king ; her fair hand and broad lands lying at his absolute disposal,—and her heart—but what availed it to *have* a heart under such circumstances ? The air of the court was any thing but propitious to the cultivation and expansion of its better impulses ; and it was fortunate indeed that they should be nipped and withered in the bud, for the despotic will of the House of Tudor, which now exercised unlimited power over her destinies, would have experienced little scruple in lopping their most luxuriant growth, and condemning all their sweet sensibilities to the cold formalities of mere courtiership.

Her kinswoman, Margaret the saintly and erudite Countess of Richmond, apparently conscious of the dangers which might arise to the lovely Mildred from any indulgence in the softer emotions of her sex, had at an early age devoted her vigilance to repress the impulses of the heart of Mildred by a diligent

cultivation of the powers of her mind. Having endowed the youthful heiress with the accomplishments rare in those days, of reading and writing, the prudent mother of the crafty Henry now took especial care that the former attainment should ensure a familiar acquaintance with legends of the saints, instead of the erotic elegies of Alain Chartier; while the latter was exclusively devoted to the transcription of missals and canticles, to be tendered by herself as offerings from the beautiful Mildred to the sanctuaries of the college she had recently endowed in the university of Cambridge.

Often and often did Lady Mildred cast a longing eye from the vellum scroll which taxed her diligence under the watchful superintendence of the venerable countess, towards the embroidering frames and webs of tapestry, around which her fair companions of the royal household were gathered in cheerful groups; beguiling their light labors with the still lighter *virelais* and *romans* of the provençal minstrels;—or the recitation of such poetical fictions as Chaucer had already bestowed on the rude language of their own country, and Ariosto was beginning to weave into immortal garlands with the golden thread of a softer lyre and the exquisite flowers of a more genial clime. She longed to listen to their gay ditties; she longed to join in their wild speculations touching the gorgeous and polished festivities gracing the court of the youthful King of France;—she had no vocation for Christian martyrdoms,—

no ear for the metrical barbarisms of monkish canticles.

Her feelings were allured to more touching measures and more humanē sympathies ; and although perhaps the instructions of the learned Lady Margaret availed in some degree to strengthen her mind and develope her character, they had not the smallest tendency to harden her heart. She had learned indeed to despise the over-weening anxiety which distracted her young associates touching the fashioning of a new kirtle, or the adjustment of a new wimple ; but there was a fund of natural tenderness within the depths of Lady Mildred Stanley's bosom, which frustrated all hope of rendering her either a prude or a devotee.

Meanwhile the worthy countess, who, with all her wisdom and erudition was as blind as a mole in the sublunary affairs of life, felt convinced that the learning and sensibility of her beautiful neophyte bore a most miraculous testimony to her own powers of perception ; and nothing could exceed her amazement when—having selected that fair summer morning which marked the completion of Lady Mildred's seventeenth year, and the awful stillness of her own Oriel chamber, to communicate to the royal ward that a contract had been signed and sealed by his majesty, bestowing her person and estates in marriage on Sir Lionel Sudeley of Deerehurst, in reward for good and faithful service by him done and achieved upon the auspicious field of Bosworth—the intel-

ligence was received with a burst of tears, such as had never yet been bestowed by her pupil upon the most doleful mischance of the most suffering saint of the calendar.

But although this sudden vehemence of lamentation might appear unaccountable to the lofty and severe apprehensions of the rigid countess, the world in general may be led to sympathize in Lady Mildred's despair, by an acknowledgment that the said serviceable statesman and warrior was in fact a grey-beard adherent of the Lancastrian cause ; and as ill-qualified to become the bride-groom of a blooming heiress, as if the orisons of her devout kinswoman had resuscitated St. Lawrence himself from his gridiron to undertake that honorable office.

Vain were the representations of Lady Mildred, that she would willingly devote herself to the cloister and her fortunes to the royal treasury, in preference to such a sacrifice. Her learned patroness affected to regard, in this instance, the will of her son and sovereign as superior even to the interest of the state or the claims of the church, and passive obedience as the first of Christian virtues. Nor did the eager appeal of the reluctant bride to the interference of the queen-consort prosper better. Elizabeth, who had found her personal abhorrence utterly unavailing against the early apportionment of her own hand in marriage to her uncle Richard—the crookback—the contemned of nature—the murderer of her infant brothers ; and who, in her subsequent

state alliance, had learned nothing from the arbitrary schooling of her royal partner but lessons of female subjection and humility, was astonished to discover the mere possibility of resistance to his will.

But after admonishing her weeping maid of honor of the necessity of patience and resignation, and advising implicit obedience to King Henry's mandate, she managed to breathe a consolatory whisper in raising the suppliant from her knees, which at once sufficed to dry the bitter tears on the cheek of Lady Mildred Stanley.

By what feminine instinct the queen had contrived to discover the excellent qualities concealed beneath the repellent exterior of Sir Lionel it is unnecessary to inquire. Suffice it, that her commendations of his noble nature, his enlightened mind and generous character, were fully confirmed by the future experience of his wife; and that from the hour in which she stood by his side at the high altar of Westminster, in the presence of the assembled court (the gloomy Henry himself deigning to bestow the hand of his ward upon his decrepit favorite, while his daughters, the future queens of France and Scotland, supported her train of cloth gold during the ceremony) to that which beheld her bending in unaffected grief over his death bed, Mildred found no occasion to regret the selection of the king, the predilection of the queen, or her own submission to the royal decree.

Sometimes, indeed, in one of those idle caprices of woman's fancy which intervene in a life of luxury, and arise from the cloying gratification of every frivolous desire, she was tempted to repine at the preference evinced by Sir Lionel for his fair park and green woodlands on the Severn side ; marvelling that he should so seldom wish to exchange the goodly pastures of his hunting seat at Deerehurste for the splendid pageantries of the court and the gloomy towers of the abbey of Tewkesbury for the light pinnacles and fretted aisles of the aulic church of Westminster.

Nay more than once, when the wintry fogs of the Severn hung drearily over the battlements of Deerehurste Court and the Malvern hills were tipped with snow, the lovely bride became sufficiently infected by these splenetic omens to fancy that her veteran lord was only averse to her participation in the pleasures of the court, inasmuch as he was apprehensive her roving eye might be attracted by the graces of some younger knight, moving in the stately measures of the Pavon, or reining in his charger amid the trumpet stirred excitement of the tournament. But these fits of feminine contrariety were of rare occurrence. Mildred, amid the even current of her uneventful days, sailed calmly along the stream of time ; —pure in heart, contented in mind,—absorbed in the pursuits of womanly benevolence and womanly industry,—and experiencing her first real affliction in the loss of her aged lord, her considerate and

cheerful companion, her forbearing and unfailing friend.

Early in the days of her widowhood—those weary days which she passed in tears of self-recrimination, wandering beneath the shade of the long avenues of hoary elms connecting the park of Deerehurst with the shelving banks of the Severn—Lady Mildred had occasion to recognize the injustice of her former suspicions touching her husband's motive for alienating himself from a life of courtiership. The necessary perusal of his secret papers revealed to her in its true light the character of that sovereign from whose service he had gradually striven to estrange himself; and to expose the selfish rapacity of Henry, and that singular ingratitude and recklessness of heart, which shortly afterwards exhibited itself to the whole world in the condemnation of his faithful and valuable servant,—her own beloved kinsman, Sir William Stanley. But other thoughts and other feelings were mingled with the sorrowful self-accusations of the youthful widow. Sir Lionel had not only bequeathed to her sole inheritance his own family estates in addition to those of her ancestral house; his gorgeous plate and goodly hanging; his armory and weaponing for the levy of one thousand horse; his caskets of ruby, diamond, and other carcanets and jewels of woman's gear; but had bestowed upon her, in his dying hour, certain parting counsels of very singular import.

“My Mildred,” said he, as with closed eyes, and

a brow already moistened with the dews of death, he pressed her trembling hand tenderly between his own," thou hast been to me the truest, and gentlest, and most sweetly submissive of wives, and the good saints forbid that I should selfishly seek to debar thee from bestowing on some worthier man the happiness thou hast so lavishly showered on my declining years. Many will seek thee, Mildred—many will aspire to thy hand: some for thy beauty, some for thy wealth's sake. But in thy second nuptials, my beloved, mate thee according to thine own age, thine own degree, and thine own inclining; for albeit thou hast scarcely yet overpassed the first blush of girlhood, thy heart is too pure and thy spirit too sage to lead thee to any choice which would dishonor my ashes in the grave."

And the perfect sincerity of the good Sir Lionel in these admonitions was fully confirmed by the tenor of his testamentary dispositions. Lady Mildred was not only left in absolute control over her splendid dowry and its reversions, but was addressed in this document with the same tender counsels and commendation which had been bestowed on her by her expiring lord in presence of his assembled vassals and nearest kinsmen. The latter indeed were few in number,—including only a Shropshire esquire of the same name, shrewdly suspected of having turned a covetous eye towards the fair park of Deerehurst; his cousin, Mathias Sudely the gray headed lay prior of the monastery of Tewkesbury;

and his distant kinsman, the young Lord Storford of the Holms.

Of these worthies the second was selected, as much by the preference of the survivor as by the ancient friendship of the testator, to be the bosom-councillor of the youthful widow, who already declared her intention of taking up her rest for the remainder of her days in those secluded halls which had witnessed the happiness of her wedded life,—whose green pastures bordered upon those of the abbey park,—and whence she could hourly behold the towers of that holy shrine where masses would be offered throughout all succeeding ages for the blameless soul of her beloved Sir Lionel.

Nor did time effect any visible change in the intentions and demeanor of the lovely widow. The good Brother Mathias—who made it his daily duty month after month succeeding his kinsman's dissolution, to turn the head of his pacing mule towards the avenue of Deerehurst, in order to render an account to the Lady Mildred of the progress effected in the stately tomb house she had commanded to be erected over the entrance of the Sudely vault—could discover no alteration in the rigid folds of her wimple of widowhood, or the pale immobility of the fair brow it overshadowed.

The dreary winter days returned in due progress and wrought no recurrence of her accustomed desire for a more cheerful and social abode; and the spring tide came at length, gilding the spreading

water-meadows on the Severn side with the varnished flowers of the celandine, and still she sat at work in the midst of her maidens in the hall—scarcely deigning to lift her eyes from the vast tapestry frame in which she was weaving a foot cloth for the high altar of the abbey, to be used in the more solemn festivals of the church.

But this could not last. The lively impulses of twenty-two were still too vivid in the heart of the graceful and gracious Mildred to admit of the prolongation of her unnatural estrangement from the blameless pleasures of her common course of life ; and scarcely did the berries of the mountain ash wax red in the coppice, and the hazel-nut drop unshaken from its withered husk, when the pricklers of Deerehurste-Chase were seen once more in the woodlands, heralding the palfreys of their lady and her female train ; sometimes, with hawk on hand and greyhound in leash, following the sylvan sports common in that rude century to the enjoyment of either sex ; sometimes wending their way towards the castle of the Mythe—where the good old Lord De Tracy and his ancient lady rejoiced to welcome the fair widow of their departed contemporary, to regale her with legends of the Lancastrian wars, and scandalous tales of the wanton court of Edward of York. In the stillness of the autumnal evenings, her gilded galley was seen floating along the silent tides of the Severn, or ascending the current towards its confluence with the silver Avon ; while the deer of the abbey park, startled amid the fern by the soft music of

sackbuts and dulcimers breathing from the stern of the barge where sat the merry men of Sudely, looked down, amazed by the unwonted pageant, from the acclivitous shore—whence many a gnarled oak stretched its rough arms towards the river.

It was rumored, indeed, in the bower-chamber of the Mythe Castle, as well as in many a bay-windowed retreat of feminine gossipry in the market-place of the adjacent borough of Tewkesbury when the evening mead-cup and Safron cakes assembled, the hooded house-dames of the wealthier burgesses after the celebration of vespers, that more than once the young Lord of Storford of the Holms had been seen loitering on his gray charger in the avenues of Deerehurst—that he had frequently joined the hunting-train of the Lady Mildred—and that on one occasion, when the awkwardness of the bargemen of the Bishop of Gloucester, combined with the force of the current had brought the galley of Deerehurst into some sort of strait and peril, the young baron rushing from a thicket overhanging the stream, had plunged into the water, maugre his embroidered doublet and cloak; and reaching the barge and seizing the helm, steered it with unexampled skill and intrepidity into a place of safety. There was not much, to be sure, to regale the palates of the censorious in these and similar narrations; more especially as it invariably appeared that the worthy lay prior Brother Mathias, had been in every instance numbered among the party.

Nevertheless it soon came to be a matter of vulgar report that the young baron of Holms was a suitor, and a favored suitor, to the recluse of Deerehurst Court: nor was this interesting fact a subject of scandal to any. The tomb-house was fully completed, and Sir Lionel Sudely had slumbered in peace beneath its groined arches for two long years and two short days before the rumor so much as obtained circulation; while my Lord Storford had already approved himself too staunch a knight, too honorable a gentleman, and too graceful a courtier, for much surprise to await the Lady Mildred's second choice, either in the prattling gossiphood of the shire of Gloucester, or the more solemn discussions of the antechambers of Westminster. But in their assertions that the nuptial day was fixed and the bridal bower-chamber garnished, the tattling dames both of the court and the abbey-borough were wide of the mark.

It was true that the ear of Mildred had been wondrously fascinated by the tender protestations of the young lord of the Holms; and her eye partially inclined to dwell upon the fair proportions of one whom she had originally tendered as akin to him whose memory was dearest to her heart, but whom she now esteemed for virtues and endowments and accomplishments all his own.

It *was* true that they had sat together (accompanied at a ceremonious distance by her maiden-train) to listen to the June nightingales in the loneliness

of the abbey woods ; that they had glided together, under the same prudential scrutiny, over the waters of the Severn illuminated by the full-orbed splendor of the harvest-moon. It *was* true that the young and impetuous baron had breathed the ardor of his passion both in prose and verse, to the accompaniment of a tinkling gittern, assisted by the silent eloquence of a pair of large gray sentimental eyes, which had a gift of pleading potent beyond all the orations of Demosthenes.

But it was also true that Mildred maintained a cruel reserve in her acknowledgment of a correspondent tenderness. Her dying husband's inference—"Many will seek thee, love ! some for thy beauty, *some for thy wealth's sake*"—oftentimes appeared re-echoed in her ears ; and although she was incapable of attributing such base motives to the noble Ranulph of the Holms, still the malicious whispers of the ancient baroness of the Mythe Castle who had a red-headed clod-pole of a De Tracy nephew to commend to the favor of the beautiful widow of Deerehurst, inclined her to pause and pause ere she avowed the full measure of her regard for the youthful kinsman of her deceased lord.

It must be confessed that the Lady Mildred was by nature sufficiently tenacious of the rights and privileges of her sex ; that she was born of the number of those

Who would be woo'd, and not unsought be won ;

and that the literary capabilities bestowed upon her by her original duenna, the Lady Margaret, had been chiefly devoted since her marriage to the furtherance of her acquaintance with such bewildering romances of chivalry as tend to elevate her own sex above the fitting level, and to degrade mankind into its lowly and idolatrous servitors. And now the fantastic notions acquired by the lovely recluse from these poisoned sources of knowledge were only hastened into further mischief by the crafty intervention of the designing Lady De Tracy ; who could devise no surer method of getting rid of Lord Ranulph and his pretensions, than by persuading the fair mistress of Deerehurst that it was her bounden duty to send forth her aspiring knight on some perilous enterprise—that he might bear her colors triumphantly in the lists of foreign chivalry, and prove himself worthy of her hand by splintering a lance or pouring forth his best blood in her honor.

With some natural shuddering of reluctance, Mildred was persuaded to express a similar opinion ; —and no sooner had she breathed it in the hearing of the fiery baron of the Holms than he claimed as a right her commands to that effect,—and swore that he would never again present himself at the portal of Deerehurst Court, till he could lay at her feet some honorable trophy achieved in the assertion of her supremacy.

In justice to the Lady Mildred and her apparent egotism, it should be remembered that the infatua-

tions of Chivalry were still predominant in Europe. Bayard, the "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," imparted at that epoch a species of false value to the rash quixotism of mere adventurers; while his sovereign, Charles VIII., already on the eve of his Italian expedition, calculated so largely on the influence of tourneys and armed shows on the mercurial spirit of his people, that he wisely preceded his declaration of war against Naples by the proclamation of a splendid tournament to be held in the city of Lyons, whither all the nobles of France and Brittany were now flocking to be spectators of, or participators in the encounter.

Of these, among other especial bands or companies associated for the maintenance of knightly virtues, was the celebrated order of "*La Dame Blanche à l'escu vert*,"—instituted at the commencement of the fifteenth century by the Maréchal de Boucicaut and twelve other chevaliers, for the protection of the fair sex—whose injuries they affected to redress, either singly or with the united force of the order, by the combat *à toute outrance*; and as a preliminary to the royal passage of arms at Lyons, the knights of *La Dame Blanche* had already announced a *pas d'armes* in honor of their order, to be held in the *Forêt Desvoyable*, near the town of Pontoise. Thither in obedience to the wayward fancies of his liege lady, the young Lord Storford immediately resolved to repair; and the differences recently existing between King Henry and the French court on

occasion of the support yielded by Charles to the pretensions of the Flemish impostor, Perkin Warbeck, having fortunately terminated in pacific negotiations between the two countries,—within four days from the decisive interview between Ranulph and the lovely Mildred, the noble aspirant to her hand took sail from the port of Southampton for the coast of Normandy, while the gossips of the borough consoled themselves by pronouncing a severe sentence of reprobation on the arrogance and hardness of heart of the fair widow of Deerehurst.

It was even whispered among them that the prudish Lady Sudely, contrary to all chivalrous usage, had refused to her devoted knight a bracelet of rubies which she commonly wore round her left arm, and which on bended knee he had humbly besought of her as a love-token, or *emprise d'amour*, to affix to his hereditary crest.

Perhaps it might be with a view of escaping the uncourteous glances of these indignant dames whenever she pursued her ordinary devotions at the abbey, or perhaps that the misgivings of her bosom imparted an unnatural restlessness to her frame; but certain it is that on the very day of the baron's departure from the valley of the Severn, the widow of Sir Lionel, who for six long years had adventured no journey beyond the morning's pacing of her favorite palfrey, set off in a litter from Deerehurst Court; attended by sumpter mules, and mounted men at arms to the number of three hundred—bill-

men, and bowmen and esquires of the household. To the still further surprise of the good burgesses and their housedames, and the cunning Lady of the Mythe Castle, Brother Mathias himself obtained a dispensation from his superior to ride forth in her company ; while the direction taken by the cortége towards the city of Oxenforde led to a surmise that their ultimate destination, for some unexplained purpose, was nothing less than the august court of King Henry !

It was in the merry month of May, just as the hawthorn bushes of the abbey park were beginning to hang out their milk-white ensigns, and the mavis and merle to pour their gushing melodies from amid the tender green of its beechen woods, that the Lady Mildred and her train issued in goodly array from the portal of Deerehurste Court :—but the pale rose was budding in the hedgerows, and the tall fox-glove starting up with its purple bells among the red cliffs of the Mythe, when, after an absence of many weeks, the merry men of Sudely in their doublets of tawney and silver were once more seen heralding her homeward return by way of the little village of Chilternham.

It was observed that there was haste in their movements, and the dust of much travel on their accoutrements : but their faces wore a smile of merriment rather than the heaviness of lassitude ; and even Brother Mathias, as he ambled onwards beside the closed litter without so much as pausing at the gate of

the monastery, seemed touched by some inward sentiment of joyful triumph, which ever and anon expanded into a comely grin on his full-orbed visage.

Far different was the plight, and very opposite the expression of countenance, of a toil-worn knight who, towards eventide on the same day, was seen pricking furiously along the avenues of Deerehurst; attended only by two esquires armed with little show of splendor; and wearing their visors half closed, rather to disguise the sinister expression of their countenances than from any apprehension of violence in so peaceable a district.—But for a rich carcanet of golden filigree, and the owch of tourmaline and pearls which habitually fastened the eagle's feathers into his velvet bonnet, not even the gossips of Tewkesbury would have recognised in this travel-stained knight the gay and gallant Baron Storford of the Holms.

Notwithstanding her hurried journey and recent arrival, Lady Mildred was seated demurely and in her usual guise beside her tapestry frame, when Lord Storford strode across the vast hall and stood beside her; forbearing, either in defiance or from profound pre-occupation of mind, to uncover his head in her presence. It was in that very chamber, with all its warlike garniture of hauberk and spear and shield, she had bidden him farewell; and, strange to tell although in their parting hour the brow of Mildred had worn its utmost pride of womanly dignity, and that of the young baron the tender humil-

ity of a lover, *his* was now the air of scornful self-assumption, and *hers* the tremulous anxiety bespeaking a devoted heart. And yet there was something of female archness combined with the tenderness of her smile ; for at intervals she passed her lily-white hand over her brows, as if to conceal some irrepressible demonstration of mirth ; or it might be that the evening sunbeams, which quivered importunately on an opposite wall, dazzled her eyes as she strove to fix them upon her work.

“Thou art welcome home, Sir Ranulph,” said she at length, finding that he refrained from his usual courteous greeting. “I fear me the colors of Mildred of Deerehurste have brought little credit to thy lance, since I discover no token of victory appended to thy crest or shield ?”

It was more than a minute before Lord Storford could recover his breath to reply to this bold challenge ; and he seemed to grind his teeth for very rage when at last he answered, “It matters little, proud lady, what honor or what dishonor I may have won in the lists of Pontoise. I seek thy dwelling but for a brief space—for a harsh and hateful purpose ; I come to cast at thy feet *one* worthless trophy I have earned—to bend *one* parting look on thy false smile,—and then—and then—depart forever from thy presence !” And as he spoke he snatched from the bosom of his vest the fatal bracelet of rubies, and threw it into the lap of the Lady Mildred !

"My own lost jewel!" she exclaimed, affecting to examine it carelessly before she clasped it on her arm; "truly I had scarcely missed the bauble: and yet it must have wandered wide, that thou shouldst find it worn in triumph in a listed tourney of France?"

"In no knightly tournament did I win yonder loathsome evidence of thy shame," persisted the indignant baron. "Worthless as my heart's blood may appear in thine eyes, I would not peril its meanest drop in so vile a cause. It was to uphold the spotless name of the fairest lady of England that I sought the encounter of the knights of the green shield,—not to advocate the wantonness of a castaway."

"By our good Lady of Tewkesbury, these opprobrious terms must be answered for!" exclaimed the fair widow, rising from her broidery-frame, in real or assumed displeasure. "A lone woman am I, it is true,—and now, alas! championless; yet shall not my fair fame be aspersed at the captious prompting of thy petulance."

"Then let thy beardless minion look to it!" cried Lord Storford in a concentrated voice; "*thy minion*, Lady,—who, meeting me in the mere errantry of an accustomed journey ere I had ridden a day through the pastures of Normandy, challenged me in thy name with bold defiance; boasted of thy tender weakness; exhibited, like a vain braggart, yonder token of thy frailty; and laughed me to scorn that

—but God forgive me that the mere recital should move me thus !” interrupted the young baron, stamping with his foot till the rowel of his golden spur rang on the pavement of the hall. “ Despite his gallant train and vaunting demeanor, I tore the trophy from his crest ; ay !—and left him low in the dust on the hillside of Montivilliers.”

“ Alas ! poor youth !” faltered Mildred, affecting to cover her brow with her hand.”

“ And now, lady, fare thee well,” resumed the indignant baron. “ Farewell, Mildred !—thou, whom I would have gladly died to preserve from the merest scathe of limb, or taint of fame !—thou, over whose future life I would have watched with the patient friendship of a brother, the impassioned tenderness of a husband ;—thou, for whom I would have bled on the field, or drudged in all the sordid privations of domestic want ;—thou, for whose welfare I would have supplicated Heaven with the importunity of a bigot, even while I loved thee with— but wherefore do I speak of this ?” he exclaimed, passing the sleeve of his velvet doublet over his forehead. “ The time is past when such feelings availed either to thee or me ; and henceforward, I swear by the shrine of——

“ Breathe no rash oaths !” hastily interposed the lady. “ Shall the boasting of a nameless stripling prevail against my own disculpation ?—Wilt thou not believe me, Ranulph ?—wilt thou not—wilt thou not—wilt thou not ?” she persisted, laying one

fair hand at intervals, half sportively, half imploringly, on his shoulder ; and with the other attempting to seize his own, which involuntarily withdrew itself from her grasp. "Nay, then, since thou art so harsh a sceptic, behold in the rash Lady of Deerehurst the braggart youth who, in tenderness to thy life which vain ambition had incited into danger, did intercept thee in the fields of Normandy ;—behold the scarf of cramoisy which in thy compassion thou didst bind around my wounded arm as I lay eoward-like and writhing on the greensward ;—and even if this should fail in evidence of my wayward stratagem, behold, dear Ranulph ! behold the cicatrice of a certain wound pricked by a certain dagger in that fierce struggle, wherein my closely-visored helm was despoiled by thy prowess of its bracelet of rubies."

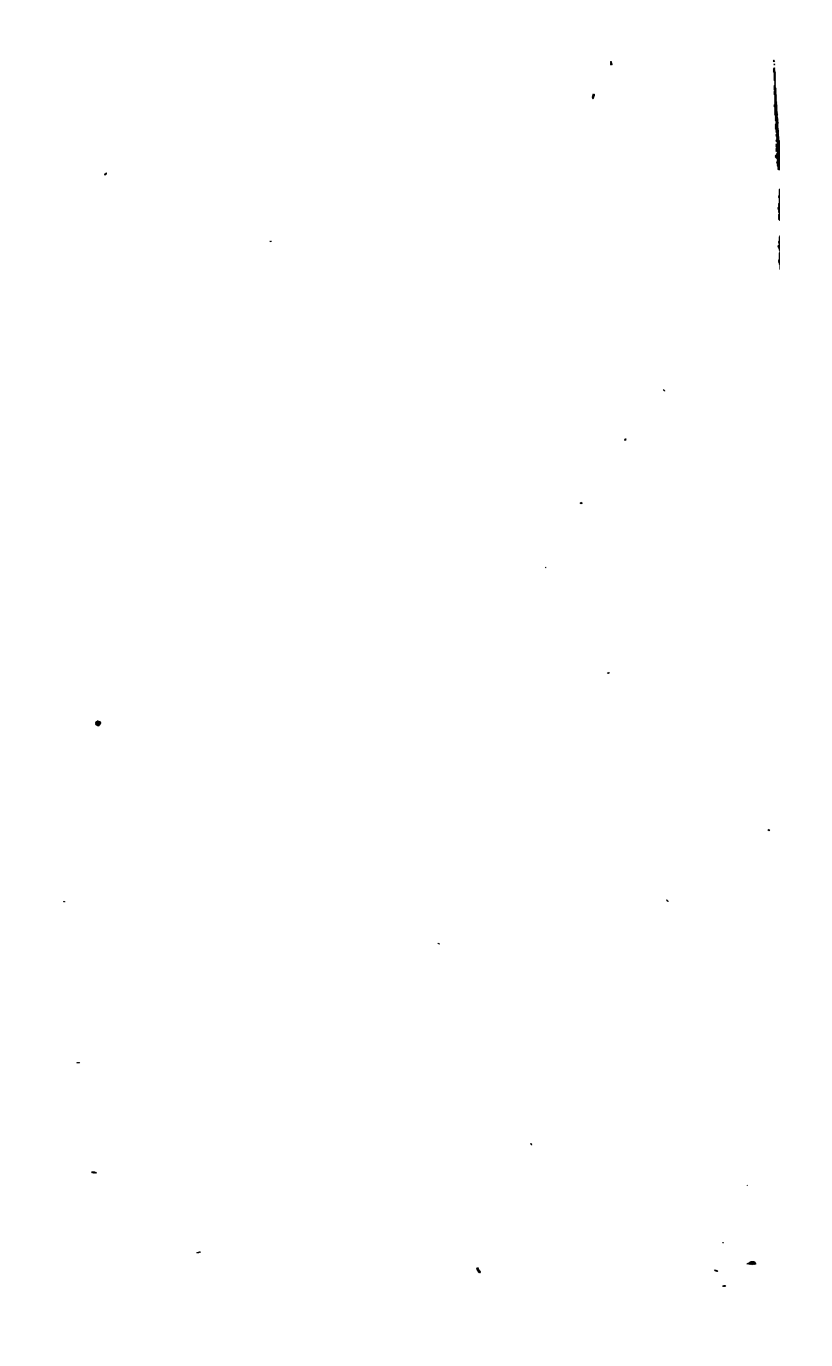
And as she faltered these last words in tearful emotion, the Lady Mildred vouchsafed to bare to the elbow an arm of ivory whiteness, on which appeared the disfigurement of a recent scar. "I had not thought," she whispered, as her lover sank low on his knees at her feet, "that I should ever experience such deadly injury at the hands of so true—so dearly loved a friend !"

How many times Lord Ranulph was permitted to press his lips to that unexampled seal of mutual affection, it might be difficult to determine. But neither the malicious lady of the Mythe, nor even the prying gossips of Tewkesbury, had a word to urge against the beautiful Mildred's condescension ; for

Brother Mathias, in guerdon for the perils and vexations he had encountered in the recent voyage undertaken at the suggestion of her feminine caprices, insisted on uniting his brave kinsman and the fair widow of Deerehurst within four and twenty hours of their arrival at the Court.

At break of day, the bells of the abbey rang merrily for the celebration of the Lady Mildred's second nuptials; and it was observed that while the dainty attire with which she graced the auspicious ceremony was marred in its effect by the addition of a torn and faded scarf of cramoisie and gold, a bracelet of rubies replaced the aigrette of tourmaline which previously adorned the velvet bonnet of the bridegroom.

THE BURGHER OF ST. GALL.



THE BURGHER OF ST. GALL.

"I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children."

Exodus.

THE Wallensee has enjoyed the privilege of being the least quoted and the least be-rhymed, of all the lakes of Switzerland. From the pages of Rousseau the sublime, to those of d'Arlincourt the ridiculous, Lemman, Uri, and Zurich have undergone their sentence of picturesquification ; but the Lake of Wallenstadt is at present tolerably unpolluted by the dabbling of the Muses. We know not of a single stanza in which it figures. Sans glaciers, sans avalanches, sans ravines, sans pine forests, sans every thing that tends to arouse poetical associations, Childe Harold himself might have pursued his Pilgrimage along its shores without experiencing a single paroxysm of inspiration.

Yet is not the Wallensee destitute of sylvan graces and attractions. In many portions of the shore, scarp'd rocks rise majestically above the waters, crowned by fertile meadows, where herds of goats and cattle are seen disporting ; while, sheltered in

the nooks and valleys of the inferior bank, lie thriving farms and substantial country houses, cozily surrounded by their gardens, groves, and orchards. The very surface of the lake presents, at all seasons, an animated picture. Affording a ready thoroughfare for the commerce between Zurich and the Italian States, the glassy level is freely dotted over with passage and trading boats, in addition to the little fishing skiffs which supply the town of Wesen and the adjoining Cantons, with the trout, whose excellence has imparted gastronomic fame to the waters of the Wallensee.

At no great distance from the village of Quinten, the site of which may be distinguished as the noblest and most picturesque spot of the environs of Wesen, the notice of the traveler is attracted by a quaint-looking commodious mansion—something between the *maison de campagne* of a wealthy burgher and the farm of a flourishing cultivator,—hedged in with extensive orchards of cherry and pear trees ; but sheltered immediately round the house and offices by a dense grove of sycamores and chestnuts, while here and there a feathery poplar affords a landmark for the navigators of the lake.

A small pleasure garden shelves by a regular descent of terraces, from the brick façade of Engafeld to the lake below ; if garden, a spot can be called, where detached statues of ancient Helvetian worthies, in *terra cotta*, stand thicker than the box trees and rhododendron bushes, transplanted thither from the mountain-passes of the Grisons—a

goodly, but fantastic company, which, viewed from the lake on a dazzling summer day, might be mistaken for a band of antics playing off their mummeries for the diversion of the inhabitants of the villa.

But at the period of which we are about to treat, the people of Engafeld, like Brutus in the play, were not of a "gamesome" temperament. Abel Morier, the wealthy proprietor of the place, was a man of grave demeanor and sober habits, some fifty years of age, "or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore;" and assuming, in costume and aspect, the square-cut shape and pastime-shunning principles of a Züricher. His features, nevertheless, retained lineaments of considerable beauty. His person was strikingly commanding; and when sometimes met sauntering alone among the pastures of Engafeld, with the autumn breezes blowing back the grey hair from his uncovered forehead, it was difficult to see a finer figure.

In his association with his neighbors, however, the benevolent expression of his countenance was too apt to be overclouded; and Abel was one whom all men respected, but few men loved. Yet there was not a single fault to lay to his charge. He was a liberal master,—exact in all his dealings—charitable to the poor—equitable with the rich. But he was a precisian;—a being above the pleasant frailties of human nature;—not to be surprised into conviviality, not to be tickled into mirth. His virtues were as an armor about his person; and the very shadow of the man might have borne witness to his impeccable infallibility.

All this rigidity of principle suited well, meanwhile, with his position in the world. Abel, though a summer visiter to the green pastures of Engafeld, was, in fact, a burgher of St. Gall; the chief partner in the most considerable muslin factory of that most industrious town. To *his* looms the fair damsels of Berne were indebted for their filmy veils. The northern provinces of Italy despatched their traders annually to the warehouses of "Morier and Brenzel," for the provision of the year; while Basle afforded an entrepôt for a similar distribution to the belles of Fribourg and the two Brisachs. Not a more flourishing manufacturing town in all Switzerland than St. Gall; not a more flourishing manufacturer in St. Gall than Abel Morier of Engafeld. His workmen so comfortably conditioned; his factory—so airy—so commodious—and aspiring to even a few British novelties of machinery. Nay, travelers have been heard to revert to the dingy glories of Paisley and Glasgow while surveying the place, without much disparagement to the more simple processes still pursued by the patient Helvetian of St. Gall.

The only unaccountable peculiarity, meanwhile, of the worthy Abel's character, consisted in the fact that, being a widower, and having but an only son to inherit his ample belongings and succeed him in the manufactory, he took so little pleasure in young Gottfried's company, as to have kept him for many years at a distance from home;—first, for the completion of his education at the University of Basle; and latterly, as clerk or secretary in the counting-house of

one of his father's commercial correspondents at Berne.

It was not, however, that the old man was an *indifferent* parent. Gottfried Morier was more liberally endowed, and had received higher accomplishments than most young men of his condition. Once or twice every year, Abel made a journey to visit him; and was gratified to be interrogated by his neighbors on his return, and bear witness to the wondrous progress of the boy, and subsequently to the high character acquired by the young accountant. There were, in fact, many things to be proud of in a son like Gottfried;—beauty and activity of person, goodness, temper, gentleness, grace; and although no positive prodigy of wit or learning, his studies raised him far beyond the common level of enlightenment among the simple St. Gallois. In the gay circles of the more aristocratic city of Berne, he passed for an accomplished cavalier,—*too* accomplished, it might be, to content himself hereafter with the dull sobriety of Engafeld, or the puritanism of his native province.

Many of those who found occasion to blame Abel Morier's unparental coolness in estranging Gottfried from his domestic fireside, scrupled not at the same time, to predict that he would live to repent having afforded to his son a training so inconsistent with his future course of life. But it was fit that a man so free from backsliding should have something to repent; nor was an error of judgment much to lay to his charge, as the solitary blot upon a blameless life!

Some said, indeed, some enviers—(for what individual so pure and prosperous ever yet escaped envy?)—that Abel cherished a secret arrogance of nature, and was pursuing his career of industry and frugality with the intention of elevating his heir to a condition of life far higher than his own ; that he was secretly apprehensive lest, in settling at St. Gall among the friends and companions of his childhood, Gottfried might be tempted to form connexions with those of his own degree, and perhaps even bestow his hand upon the obscure daughter of some manufacturer, the mere equal of his father. But this opinion was chiefly circulated by certain mothers blest with a thriving family of daughters, to whom a home at Engafeld afforded an enticing but hopeless perspective ; for never were seen two individuals less presumptuous in their bearing towards their countrymen and neighbors, than both the elder and the younger Morier.

Neighbors, however, was a term hardly to be used by Gottfried, for during the last five years, he had not five times visited St. Gall ; having been but once permitted to spend a few weeks among the verdant solitudes of Engafeld, when despatched home to his native air by his Bernese employers, in the view of accelerating his convalescence after a severe sickness.

That once, however, was enough !—That once, against which old Abel had taken so many precautions, decided the destinies of Gottfried. He came unannounced, and arrived unwelcomed at his father's country-seat ; for notwithstanding the mani-

fest ravages which disease had made upon the person of the young man, Abel persisted in asserting that he would have done better to remain at Berne ; that if he needs must travel, goat's whey and southern air would have afforded him better aid to recovery ; and that since he had been actually counselled by the physicians to try the bracing atmosphere of the Wallensee, it was at least his duty to have apprized his father of his intention, and ascertained whether his presence were desired. Poor Gottfried was profoundly mortified. All his father's liberalities and benefactions could not repay so cruel a manifestation of parental estrangement ; and, enfeebled by indisposition, he turned away his head and wept, that he should find himself thus repulsed at the threshold of the home of his childhood.

It unluckily happened, indeed, that, at that moment, *other* visitors were favored guests at Engasfeld. Dietrich Brenzel, the partner of Abel's commercial establishment, chanced to be sojourning, with his fair daughter Elzbeth, at the villa of the Wallensee. But there were rooms enough in the rumbling old mansion-house to have afforded hospitality to half the burghers of the town council of St. Gall ; and, as Barbely, the old Grison housekeeper of Engasfeld, was heard to mutter, on observing the ungracious mode of her master's reception of his son, "*How* could Master Gottfried's visit be better timed, than when the fatted calf was already slain to do honor to the Brenzel family ; when the youths of the canton were about to assemble at Wallenstadt for their annual

prize-shooting ; and when Ma'mselle Elzbeth was so sadly in want of a companion to row her upon the lake, wander with her among the rocks of Quinten, and help her to gather plants among the hills for her favorite herbal ?”

To be sure (as even Barbely herself, sand-blind, as she was, was discerning enough to perceive,) *these* were tasks which old Abel himself seemed well inclined to monopolize ; and had it not been for the persevering rigidity of his demeanor and sobriety of his discourse, in all things strictly becoming the reverend elder, the housekeeper might have been tempted to apprehend that her own office would one day be rendered superfluous, by the intervention of a young and active mistress in the household at Engafeld.

On many accounts, however, such a suggestion could not be supposed to regard young Elzbeth Brenzel. Gay as a bird,—light-hearted, light-headed, light-footed,—not even the gravity of Abel's presence could repress the liveliness of her sallies, or control the vivacity of her movements. Enchanted to escape from the close confinement of St. Gall, where her father assumed the personal superintendence of the manufactory, the young girl seemed as if she could not sufficiently luxuriate in the rural liberty of Engafeld. Her father, in early life unfortunate, and who was still, although raised from indigence by the friendly interposition of his partner, far from emulating the opulence of Abel, had no residence of his own to initiate her into the pleasures of

a country life ; and it went near to raise a smile upon the saturnine visage of Morier, to observe how Elzbeth, on her first arrival at Engafeld, flew like a child from terrace to terrace, from flower to flower,—how her eyes glistened with delight as their boat glided over the surface of the lake, amid the triumphal glories of a crimson sunset,—how the flocks and herds, and broods of domestic creatures, afforded to her unpractised eye objects of wonder and inquiry,—how every patch of moss upon the ancient trunks of the cherry-orchard attracted her attention,—how she carolled with the birds at day dawn, and returned gently homewards in the dews of the evening, with words of greeting for the shepherd as he folded his flock, or the farm-wench as she chased back the guinea-fowls from roosting in the hedge-rows.

“Elzbeth ought never to quit Engafeld,—she is so merry and so happy here,” observed Abel, with a grim smile, as she sat down to preside over his abounding supper-table, after a day spent in these simple enjoyments ; while her father, patting her fair shoulder, or stroking her neatly-plaited tresses, would answer, “And *where* is not my Liesly merry and happy?—Greensward or city flagstone—her step is always light ! Liesly has her father’s heart,—never clouded, unless when the shadow of trouble is over those she loves. Eh ! girl—say I not truly?—Hast not thy father’s heart?”

And as Elzbeth threw her arms tenderly around the neck of Brenzel in reply, a stranger might have

inferred from the heavy sighs with which Abel sat regarding them, that he was angry with himself for finding so much loveliness in the young maiden's beauty, and so much attraction in her tenderness of nature.

But all this cheerful domestic intercourse was interrupted by the arrival of Gottfried. Abel Morier's whole nature seemed changed by this accidental thwarting of his authority. He grew peevish and morose, even with his favorite Elzbeth; and was evidently jealous of every gentle word, and every courteous look she deigned to bestow upon his son. Young Gottfried had been, during his mother's lifetime, the companion of Liesly's childhood; and she had so many reminiscences to compare with his, and so many inquiries to make of the traveled scholar, touching the customs of Basle, and the fashions of the capital, that their conversation was never likely to be exhausted.

They had parted when too young to quarrel—they met again when too old to indulge in so dangerous a familiarity. They had never offended each other—were never likely to offend; and so well matched and handsome a couple might have been expected to excite a sympathy in all beholders, but that from the moment Elzbeth's blue eyes beamed kindly upon Gottfried on his arrival, old Abel turned away from her with indignation; and that from the moment Gottfried began to reply with spirit to her lively sallies, his father silenced him with words of severe and unprovoked reproof.

Dietrich Brenzel was, unluckily, the last man on earth to have been desired as a fourth party in a quartette of this unharmonious description. He was a wag—

The best natured man with the worst natured muse ;

and all he said or did with a view to conciliate matters, tended to increase the family dissension. He was always cutting ill-timed jests, and launching significant looks—always bursting into fits of inopportune laughter, and pointing out to notice things which it would have been discreet to pass over without remark. Although not wealthy after the measure of Morier's wealth, yet as Elzbeth was an only child, and his sole inheritress, there was no such vast disparity between the young people as to render their growing attachment a necessary matter of interdiction ; for the superiority which the proprietor of Engasfeld maintained on the score of worldly gear, was decidedly on Brenzel's side in the question of descent. The Moriers were the first of their name known in the canton ; while the Brenzels, direct descendants from the great Winkelried, were connected with several of the leading families of Argonia.

Attributing, therefore, the old gentleman's peevishness solely to a sneaking partiality for his daughter, Dietrich gave no quarter to his partner—but laughed till his own unmeaning grey eyes overflowed with tears, at the mere notion of the stern, saturnine Abel, indulging in a hope of rendering him-

self acceptable to the sportive, sunny-hearted, gay-voiced child of his affections!—Abel Morier and Elzbeth Brenzel!—No wonder the mere surmise of such a courtship moved the facetious Dietrich to the utmost extravagance of merriment!

Now—the sober burgher of St. Gall was, by temperament and habit, a hater of jokes and jokers. Unless when pretty Liesly uttered a merry conceit in his presence, (previous to Gottfried's arrival,) he was never known to relax into a smile at such attempts. Yet, with Brenzel's provoking pleasantries, he had unlimited patience. In whatever absurdities of word or deed Brenzel chose to indulge in his presence, all seemed sacred in his sight. He bore with nods and becks, and winkings, and all the punchings in the side or slaps upon the shoulder, which his waggish partner chose to inflict upon him, as resignedly as he would have submitted to a dispensation of Providence.

There was something almost affecting, indeed, in the humility of his forbearance on such occasions;—for it could arise only from the circumstance that Brenzel was deeply his debtor in a worldly point of view; from the generosity which forebore to retaliate upon one whom he had deeply obliged. Abel had taken Brenzel and his wife under the shelter of his dwelling, when the chances of war rendered them homeless;—had fed them when starvation would else have overtaken the destitute family; and, above all, had placed Dietrich in a career of industry which enabled him to secure his own indepen-

dence. It was impossible, therefore, to deal with him as with other men. Obtuse as were the faculties of Brenzel's mind, even *he* could not but have winced, if bitterly reproved, by so mighty and providential a benefactor.

Elzbeth knew not as yet the full extent of their obligations to her father's partner. She had been told by Brenzel to reverence Abel Morier, as their "best friend ;" but had taken the word "friend," in its common acceptance of fellowship and kindness. She knew not that they had been indebted to him for bread ; she knew not that he had clothed them and cherished them when they were abandoned by all the world. Had she, indeed, been aware of this afflicting weight of obligation, poor Liesly might, perhaps, have evinced more deference towards his prejudices, or more gratitude for his passion, and been less frank in her display of preference for her offending Gottfried.

But, encouraged by her father's jocularity, she saw nothing but what was ludicrous in the fondness of the doating Abel ; nothing but what was gratifying in the half-concealed tenderness of his son. Nor could she conceal her delight in Gottfried's society ; for, cherishing no blameable sentiments, and for long years the idol of her father's and Abel's fire-side, she had been accustomed to conceal nothing ; and scarcely had the young man passed a week at Engsfeld, when he became so universal a favorite, so much an object of admiration to his father's

people and of regard to his father's friends, that her enthusiasm in his favor seemed fully justified.

The summer was in its prime, and the young men of the canton were used, by immemorial custom, to assemble, on the eve of St. John, for the national pastime of prize-shooting. The target was set up, on these occasions, in a green meadow, adjoining the farm of Engafeld, commanding, through a wild thicket of maple and hazel bushes, delicious glimpses of the glittering waters of the Wallensee; and no sooner did Gottfried ascertain from old Brenzel his intention of being present with his daughter at the distribution of the prizes, than he hastened to enrol his own name in the list of competitors.

A skilful marksman, he felt satisfied that the excitement of Elzbeth's presence would secure to him a distinction highly prized among Switzers of every degree; and when the eventful evening came,—the mild, balmy-breathing summer evening appointed for the competition,—and he discerned from the terraces of Engafeld a hundred boats with gay awnings and gaudy streamers, making their way over the limpid waters towards the landing-place, from Wessen, from Wallenstadt, from Quinten, from all the numerous villages nestling amid the coppiced shores of the Wallensee, and heard the simple strains of rustic music mingling at intervals with the shouts and laughter of the assembling peasantry, (interrupted only by old Dietrich's merry jests upon his approaching defeat, and the absurdity of a convalescent, with a feeble arm like his, presuming to take share in the

sport,)—Gottfried's heart began to beat with anticipation, and his cheeks became flushed, and his eyes sparkled with eagerness. For Liesly was to be present at the public trial of his skill: Liesly, whose glossy tresses were already braided with more than their usual neatness for the occasion, her trimly feet prepared for the dance upon the greensward, destined to terminate the festival; her smiles brighter than ever, and her voice more sweet and encouraging.

It was provoking enough to Gottfried that he could not offer his services as her escort to the meadow, where the *Tirage* was about to take place. But so public a display of gallantry was at variance with the customs and prejudices of the canton; where even dancing is a thing of annual toleration, interdicted at all festive meetings, with the single exception of the national prize-shooting; and Dietrich, impatient to be among the revelers, and greet his friends and gossips from Wallenstadt and Wesen, soon set off with his merry daughter hanging upon his arm; pausing every now and then, at her bidding, that she might seek a fresher branch of periwinkle to bind round her straw hat, or, perhaps, that she might peep slyly back through the bushes, and ascertain whether Gottfried were still watching her progress. Abel, meanwhile, had from the first steadfastly declined being of their company. He was no lover of such scenes; and his friends conscious, perhaps that his harsh, reproving brow, would only impose a restraint upon their pleasures, used no effort to induce him to alter his determination.

But *who* could have uttered a harsh word, or looked with a reproofing eye, upon the innocent hilarity presented by that joyous scene?—All the families of the village environs collected in happy groups; from the gray-haired patriarch in his antiquated suit of hoddens grey, to the young child, clinging in sportive bashfulness to the starched muslin apron of its mother's holiday attire;—costumes of every canton, visitors of every age, of every degree, with the good old pastor of Quinten, progressing from group to group, from household to household, cheering the aged with gratulations that they were in health to come forth and witness another anniversary of the *Tirage* of the Wallensee, and encouraging the young with many a harmless jest, too measured in its mirth to weaken their habitual reverence towards his sanctity of office! The summer grass crushed by hundreds and hundreds of feet, sent forth a precious fragrance; the hedges, with their garlands of wild roses, seemed expressly decorated for the *fête*; and the hum of happy greetings and quiet mirth, imparted a sweet and auspicious influence, such as a simple summer festival, with the green turf below, and the blue heavens above, rarely fails to produce upon the feelings.

But all was on a sudden hushed!—The solemnity was about to begin, as national solemnities are apt to begin in those simple valleys,—with a devotional exercise. As a prelude to the sports of the evening, the musicians struck up the strains of Luther's Hymn;—and, in a moment, every head was uncov-

ered, and every voice silenced ; till, as the concluding cadence poured its mellow notes upon the air, the venerable pastor stretched forth his arms towards the multitude, as if bestowing a silent benediction upon the happy flock committed to his charge.

A short pause, and the discharge of a small field-piece stationed on the platform overlooking the lake, gave the signal that the sports were about to commence ; when the syndic of Wesen, advancing towards the space marked off by ropes around the target to secure the marksmen from interruption, held forth to the young competitors the bag of numbers from which lots were to be drawn, to decide their order of precedence in the contest.

“ But where is Gottfried ? ”—cried Elzbeth, receding from the company of a gay party of friends from Wallenstadt, among whom she had been standing, looking out anxiously among the crowd for young Morier’s arrival. “ Gottfried promised to follow us,—he should be already here. Father—dear father !—step to the gate leading from the Engafeld meadows. Call aloud ! Tell him he will be too late—loiterer that he is,—what, *what* can have detained him ! ”

And Elzbeth had no longer an ear for her prattling companions ; no longer an eye for the beauty of the green meadow, and its flaunting multitude ;—she even took no heed of the cheerful raillery of the good pastor, who stood noting and wondering at her agitation.

But the ceremony proceeded ;—the lots were

drawn ; and the single number left in the bag fell necessarily to the share of the absent one. It assigned him a fourth place among the competitors.

“ Who claims the stake for Gottfried Morier of Engafeld ? ”—inquired the syndic, in a loud voice ; while the eager marksmen began to station themselves at their post. And no one answered ; for to no one had the young man assigned the commission. “ Is there no friend of Gottfried Morier’s here ? ”—again demanded the President, in an audible voice. “ Is he not coming, or has he deputed none to represent him ? ”—But still no one answered ; for old Brenzel was away, watching beside the Engafeld pathway ; and the young maid, his daughter trembled to come forth and speak before so numerous an assemblage. But when, for the third and last time, (while the first pretendant on the list stood chafing with his rifle in his hand, impatiently waiting the signal to fire) the syndic inquired, “ Does no person claim the number of Gottfried Morier ? ” Liesly overmastered her timidity, and making her way through the throng, replied in a firm accent, “ I do ! Gottfried will be here anon ! ”—Then shrinking from the notice her movement and the loveliness it gave to view had attracted, and, covered with blushes at the notion of the inferences likely to be deduced from her interference, she shrank back through the crowd towards the furthest hedge-row ; and again looked forth anxiously for the coming of the truant.

But no Gottfried was in sight ! the eager specta-

tors now formed a dense mass around the ropes marking off the lists of the *Tirage*, breathless with expectation ; and suddenly a smart detonation smote the air, followed by a boisterous and deafening shout of applause. It was Gabriel Melmann's shot, a marksman of eminent skill. Yet Liesly cared not to inquire or examine how near the white his bullet had pierced the target ; her bright eyes were strained towards the pathway, in hopes to gain a distant glimpse of Gottfried.

"He will be too late—he will lose his turn !" she cried, when she beheld her father trudging onwards towards Engafeld ; and, lo ! a second report, and again a loud, loud shout of triumph served only to augment her uneasiness.

"Some mischief must have befallen him ; what, what can have detained him ?" exclaimed poor Liesly, as her father, at length renouncing his hopeless pursuit, turned anew towards the prize meadow and rejoined her.

"Some whim of my good friend Abel !"—answered Dietrich, in a tone of vexation. "But 'tis useless thinking on't, so let us not longer lose the sight of the *Tirage*." And he would have hurried his daughter through the crowd towards the place reserved for her on the bench appropriated to the family of the syndic and the leading ladies of the canton.

"No, no, father. Let us return to the farm. I have no further interest here !"—said poor Elzbeth, despondingly, when she heard the third shot fired, and knew that Gottfried, by his non-appearance had

now forfeited his chance,—Gottfried, who had been so sanguine of success, and who, as victor of the evening, had already be-spoken her hand to be his partner in the dance. “Let us go back to Engafeld, father: I care not to witness the prize-shooting!”

“Is the girl crazed?” cried Dietrich. “*Not* stay to see the sport?—*not* stay to join the dancers?—*not* stay to drink a glass with good Master Melmann of Wesen, and worthy Master Zimmerman of Wal-lenstadt, and——”

“No, dear, dear father, no!—I must, I *must* go home!” cried Liesly, clinging to his arm, and guiding his resisting steps towards the pathway. “The evening sun has dazzled my eyes, and I am sick at heart!”

“The sun has dazzled them with a vengeance, my poor child!” replied the old man; having ascertained by a glance at his Liesly’s face, that her eyes were red with tears, and her pretty lips quivering with emotion. “On, then, to Engafeld, since it must needs be so; and let us hear what the good-for-nothing has to say in his defence.”

Field after field they crossed, but no Gottfried met them by the way; and Elzbeth, with a woman’s tact, inferred that he had never even followed them—for *there* lay the branches of periwinkle she had scattered on the path, every leaf of which she knew would have been carefully gathered up and treasured by her young adorer. They reached the garden gate; still no Gottfried was there! They ascended the stone steps of the portal, and entered the vast

stuccoed dining-chamber in which the family were accustomed to pass the afternoon ; but still, still no Gottfried !

“ Where is that graceless, loitering, truant boy of yours ? ”—cried Dietrich, addressing himself to old Morier, who occupied his usual patriarchal chair of carved oak, beside the table. But Abel, thus interrogated, removed not his hands from before his face, nor his elbows from their resting-place.

“ He has forfeited his chance at the prize-shooting,—a blockhead ! ” pursued Brenzel.—“ Whither can he have betaken himself, and what can he be about ? ”

“ Obeying the commands of his father ! ”—replied Abel Morier, in a hoarse voice. “ My son is already on the road, returning to his duties at Berne. Since he is so re-established in health as to have strength to waste on wanton and idle exercises, Gottfried is surely well enough to fulfil his engagements to his employers.”

“ And you have actually sent off the poor lad at a minute’s warning, while the music was sounding in his ears, and my Liesly waiting for his hand to lead her to the dance ? ” cried Dietrich, with indignation. “ Fie upon you,—fie upon you, for a churl ! —There is not another father in the canton who would have found it in his heart to deal so ungraciously with an only son,—and such a son as Gottfried ! ”

“ I am master of my own actions, master of my own son, master of my own dwelling ! ” answered Abel, gravely ; having noted, by a furtive glance

that Elzbeth, pale as death, had thrown herself upon the nearest seat, and was panting almost to suffocation at the announcement of Gottfried's departure. "Say no more, therefore on the subject, friend Brenzel. What is writ, is writ; what is done, is done. Reasons have I for my proceedings, which need not be at every man's disposal."

"Reasons!"—reiterated Dietrich, buttoning and unbuttoning his vest of ceremony, in the tumult of his emotions. "Reason seems to have abandoned you!—Your dealings"——

"Hush! dearest father, hush!" whispered Liesly, rising and throwing her arms around the old man's neck, apprehensive that he was about to widen the breach between Abel and his son, by ill-timed reflections. "Give me your arm, that I may reach my chamber. Give me your arm, father. Think only of your Elzbeth; and disquiet not your mind with fruitless irritation."

But the next day, when the midsummer sunshine streamed upon Engafeld, as if to bake with fiercer calcination its regiment of glowing garden gods, it shone in vain for Elzbeth!—From that time, she took no further pleasure in the freshness of the flowers, the folding of the flocks, or the even-song of the distant herdsmen. Her head drooped—her heart drooped. She had lost her young companion; lost him, too, by the exercise of parental tyranny. The shores of the Wallensee had no further charm in her eyes; and at her earnest desire, her father soon fixed the day for their return to St. Gall.

Abel Morier tried to acquiesce cheerfully in their arrangements. It was his intention to remain at the farm till the close of the harvest ; but he was obliged to concur in the opinion expressed by Dietrich, that although the overseer was trustworthy, and the workmen were diligent, it was indispensable to the interests of the manufactory for one or other of the partners to be on the spot.

“ I perceive that you are offended with me, Liesly,” said the old man to his gentle guest, as he met her wandering at earliest morn under the shade of the sycamore trees, on the day appointed for her departure. “ You resent the exercise of my lawful authority over my son ; you resent the fondness of my more than fatherly affection for yourself.”

“ No !” faltered Elzbeth, in a scarcely audible voice, and turning away her face to conceal her tears. “ What right have I to be resentful ? *My* father is poor : the father of Gottfried, rich ; is he not, therefore, justified in interposing between the friendship of our young hearts ?”

“ And such, then, is Liesly’s judgment of the views and motives of Abel Morier !” cried the old man, in a broken voice ; “ such is the opinion which my tenderness towards her from her youth upwards, has entitled her to form !”

Elzbeth, moved by the pathetic inflexion of his voice, was about to modify the harshness of her former expressions ; when, casting her eyes upon Abel as she prepared herself to speak, the looks of tender and rapturous fondness she detected fixed upon her-

self, so moved her disgust, that involuntarily she exclaimed,—“I ask no tenderness, I prize no predilection, so contrary to the instigations of nature.”

“Child, child!” cried Morier, passionately clasping his hands—(and the vehemence of his emotion afforded a strange contrast to his ordinary immobility of aspect)—“In love like mine, the voice of nature speaks, and nature only. The boy Gottfried, or young Gabriel Melmann, or other suitors for your hand, are moved by comeliness of feature, or their fancy of the passing hour. But I, Liesly, I have hung over your cradle, fostered your childhood, watched your growing intelligence, gloried in your well-doing, your maiden-modesty, your humble piety.”

“Ask me not to be grateful for your praises,” interrupted Elzbeth, hastening her return towards the house, in order to free herself from so embarrassing a companion: “this is not the moment in which I can even thank you for former kindness.”

“You hate me, then!” cried the old man piteously. “What, what must I do to recover my place in your esteem?”

“Be just towards your son,” said Elzbeth Brenzel, with firmness. “Recall him to St. Gall, award him the station he ought to occupy in your household”—

“And were I so weak as to comply with your conditions, Elzbeth,” interrupted Abel, in a subdued tone, “would you give me your promise, in the sight of God, that no word, or look of love, should ever pass between you? Would you swear to me that no protestations, no entreaties should ever induce you to *yield your hand to Gottfried?*”

"I would *not*. No ! you have no right to demand such a concession at my hands !" cried Liesly, after a momentary pause.

"Unhappy girl ! Know that it is my *mercy* which dictates the demand !" said Abel Morier while a thousand passionate emotions contended in his face. "By the eternal Heaven above our heads, I swear to you that sooner than you should become the bride of Gottfried" —

But he spoke in vain. Anticipating the fearful malediction that was to follow, Elzbeth had hastily escaped from his side, and closing her ears against his imprecations, fled towards the house, and rejoined her father ; from whose side she was careful never to be a moment separated till, an hour or two afterwards, they ascended together the *carriole* which was to convey them from Engasfeld.

"God be with you, Liesly ! God be with you !" ejaculated old Abel, as she passed the threshold ; but Liesly had not sufficient command over her feelings to reiterate the benediction.—And in this spirit of estrangement they parted.—

The summer waned slowly and sadly away. The harvest ripened on the plains,—the grapes mellowed in the vineyard,—the leaves sickened and decayed in the woods ; but Abel Morier spoke not in his letters to his partner, of returning to his winter domicile at St. Gall. The business of the manufactory proceeded as usual : but the chief proprietor seemed to take no heed of its prosperity.


And it was well he came not ; for Dietrich and

his daughter would have found it impossible to greet him with their usual welcome, seeing that shortly after their return from Engafeld, Gottfried had found means to open a communication with both,—with Elzbeth, to assure her of his continued and unalterable attachment,—with Dietrich to satisfy him that filial obedience alone prevented him from pursuing his claims to the hand of his daughter.

“Time may remove or soften my father’s prejudices,” wrote the sanguine young lover. “Deign, therefore, to be patient with us; let my precious Liesly but confirm my hopes by a promise of constancy, and I shall proceed with cheerfulness in the path of duty he has traced for me. Perhaps, in another year, we may conquer his acquiescence, by my submission.”

And neither Brenzel nor his daughter had courage to augment the distresses of their young friend, by the manifestation of a contrary opinion. Liesly promised all, and more than all, which Gottfried had ventured to require. She pledged him her heart,—she pledged him her faith; and even vowed, should their marriage eventually prove unaccomplishable, to remain single for his sake. And this effort once made, she emulated the example of her lover; and strove, for her father’s sake, to appear as cheerful and contented as ever.

But it might not be!—the recollection of old Abel’s half-uttered curse still rang in her ears. Whenever she attempted one of her former gay carols, in mimicry of the peasant girls of the Walensee, her voice died away in a piteous murmur;



and even the factory children, when she paid them her daily visit at their work,—calling them by name, rewarding the industrious, exhorting the ill-disposed, but most frequently caressing the young, and encouraging the friendless,—noted to each other on her departure that every hour Ma'mselle Elzbeth (Heaven bless her!) grew paler, and thinner, and sadder to see. But the prayers of many an humble fireside rose to the tribunal of Grace, for her sake; and many a matron whom she had comforted in sickness or in sorrow, interceded with Heaven that she who forgot not the poor, might not in her turn be forgotten. Nay, the very chaffers in Catholic piety, when they passed through St. Gall on their annual pilgrimages to the neighboring shrine of our Lady of Einsiedln, laden with commissions from the Papists of the remoter cantons, were charged with more than one earnest delegation to the holy patroness, from the more bigoted pensioners and *protégés* of the gentle and afflicted Elzbeth Brenzel.

Nor was it alone the poor and lowly who interested themselves in the unpropitious aspect of her affairs. Liesly was a universal favorite; and Dietrich was not the man to conceal within his own bosom the wrongs his child had sustained at the hands of his obdurate partner. Having no longer the heart to indulge in his usual witless jests, he filled up the measure of his daily discourse with murmurs against Morier's pride, and Morier's ambition; and Morier's ridiculous pretensions to the heart of his pretty Elzbeth. He did not want listeners. Old Abel was a

man too prosperous not to have many enemies. Moreover, he was a vehement politician, an advocate of the people, and an ardent defender of the ancient liberties of the republic; and divers mal-contented, who cherished an old-standing grudge against him, among the burghers, suggested that were Gottfried and Elzbeth (according to the usages and laws of the canton) to lay their case before the constituted authorities, representing their competence to maintain a family, and challenging the unreasonable father to oppose any rational obstacle to their union,—the sanction of church and state would be instantly conceded to their wishes.

Certain of the town-councillors, too, who were bitterly jealous of the influence of old Morier among the people, and who suspected his intention of offering himself to their suffrages at the ensuing election as representative of the canton at the Helvejic Diet, went even so far as to volunteer their aid and votes to Dietrich Brenzel. But Liesly would not hear of recourse to measures so violent. Her heart was young and full of hope. "Let us have patience," said she, "and he who was once so warmly our friend will relent, and confirm our happiness." And her letters to this effect insured the forbearance of Gottfried; although they did not suffice to restore the bloom to her own cheek, or the elasticity to her step, or the spirit to her accents. Every one in St. Gall pitied her; and the old man, her father, wrung his hands in utter despondency, while he watched over her failing health.

Meanwhile, a circumstance occurred tending greatly to enhance the sympathy of the St. Gallois. As the epoch of the election drew near, the burgher of Engafeld returned to his usual habitation and usual habits; and the little faction created against him by the advocates of his son, had so ill succeeded in estranging the affection of his numerous workmen, or of the influential party formed in his favor by his long-established character for wisdom, honesty of purpose, and independence of character, that the returning officer at the public ballot declared Abel Morier elected, by an unprecedented majority, deputy of the canton of St. Gall!—

Even Dietrich Brenzel could not but rejoice in this triumph of his partner! Abel's life had been a continued course of industry, frugality, temperance, equity, benevolence, and piety; and setting aside his recent conduct towards his son, Dietrich felt deeply conscious that, as a man, a citizen, and a christian, the father of Gottfried deserved well of his country.

Liesly, too, was well content that the interests of her native province should be consigned to the hand of so trustworthy a senator; more particularly, when it occurred to her that Gottfried, who had now for six months past been settled in a house of business at Geneva, might profit by his father's absence from St. Gall to snatch a glimpse of home, and of those who rendered home so dear; and, finally, with old Brenzel's sanction, it was decided between them that on the day following the departure of the new deputy for Berne, where the Diet^e was about

to assemble, the deputy's son should become their guest.

It was not, however, settled between *them*, but between Dietrich and his friends the Privy Councilors of the Burgh, that, during Gottfried's visit, the long-suggested appeal should be laid before the civil authorities of St. Gall; who, smarting with the mortification of Morier's recent triumph and humiliated by the spectacle of the new Deputy's departure in his new equipage to fulfil his new duties, were predisposed to seize upon an occasion of thwarting his wishes, and wounding his pride. The town-council having maturely deliberated, therefore, upon the joint memorial of Dietrich Brenzel and his intended son-in-law, and decided that no just cause or impediment existed to the proposed marriage, hesitated not to affix the great seal of St. Gall to the wedding contract; whereby, in virtue of the by-laws of the province, the dissent of parents was rendered nugatory.

And now, in spite of the misgivings of poor Elzbeth, whose hesitation formed the only remaining obstacle to the match, the nuptial ceremony was appointed for solemnization in the cathedral of St. Gall, while, as a pretended testimony of respect towards their honored representative, the authorities judged it necessary to acquaint the Sieur Morier with the insulting interference they had exercised, during his absence in the legislation of his family affairs. A long flourishing letter was accordingly concocted in council, and engrossed by the Town-

Clerk, and officially despatched to the address of the Burger of St. Gall, in the city of many bears.

The day appointed for the opening of the Diet was a bright summer-day—the anniversary of Gottfried's luckless arrival at Engafeld. But, for the first time since that untoward event, Abel's mind dwelt neither upon his son nor his vexations. The great event of his life was on the eve of consummation—the great reward of his exertions was conceded to him—he was about to take his place among the elect of the Republic, as the delegated guardian of the liberties of his native country. A mighty duty was in his hand; and as he rose and blessed God at his morning sacrifice of prayer, for preserving him to enjoy the light of another day, he humbly sued for added grace and the inspiration of wisdom from on high, to enable him diligently to fulfil the great charge committed to his watchfulness.

Already the bells were ringing loudly from the various steeples of the city, to announce the coming ceremony; and the drums rolling, and the colors of the Republic fluttering, at the various gates and outposts!

As the Deputy of St. Gall approached the towering platform on which the Cathedral is situated, the gaudy-suited officials of the city, in their mantles of crimson and yellow, stood uncovered as he passed; and the sentinels presented arms, while a roll of drums announced to the congregation within that a senator was at hand. And Morier took his seat at his appointed place, for the divine service destined to

precede the opening of the Diet, with a secret sensation of pride ; more vain-glorious, perhaps, than became a creature of clay, in the sanctified Temple of the Lord.

But no sooner did the anthem of praise echo through the vaulted aisles of the ancient cathedral—no sooner did the peeling notes of the organ send forth their inspiring Hallelujahs, than the old man's soul was touched anew with the spirit of holiness ; and when the solitary voice of the preacher succeeded the hymn—the still, small voice of a faithful minister of Christ, insisting upon the greatest and most admirable of Christian precepts—the common brotherhood of mankind, illustrated in the peremptory claims possessed by the poorest herdsman of Helvetia, upon the consideration and protection of its Senate,—Abel Morier leaned his head upon his hand, giving himself up to contemplation of the vastness of his duties as a maker of the law,—whether as regarded the living multitudes of his countrymen, or their countless posterity to come. His soul became elevated by the glow of patriotism. For the first time, he seemed to stand in the presence of the Most High, as a doubly accountable being.

Again the anthem sounded, as if to perfect his vision of beatification. And when the concluding benediction was given, he walked forth with dignity into the summer sunshine in his appointed place in the procession ; when just as the twenty-two deputies of the cantons were passing under the shade of the huge, venerable trees, by which the cathedral is

surrounded, (on their way to the lower church, in which are held the sittings of the Diets,) that the messenger, respectfully approaching his honored representative, rendered to him the ill-omened despatch of the Town Council of St. Gall.

The effects of the intelligence thus imparted, will be best inferred from the following letter, which was placed in the hands of Gottfried Morier on the following morning, as he issued forth from the bridal chamber of his happiness.—The characters were traced with an unsteady hand, but they proved only too legible in the eyes of the unhappy husband !

“ IT IS DONE, THEN ! The crime is accomplished which it has been the sole object of my latter years to circumvent ; and deeply as I have offended, grievously as I have sinned, my punishment is at length commensurate with my offence ! I have been upbraided with pride ; the voice of my fellow-citizens accuses me of ambition.—Alas ! to what has my elevation tended ?—Only that the grey head, which my efforts have raised above the crowd, may be the more plainly discerned—defiled by the ashes of shame !—Gottfried,—my son—my unhappy son—listen to the last words of a heart-broken and dying man.

“ Yes ! I *was* proud !—Satan has been permitted to place that fatal snare before my faltering footsteps :—*not* pride of lineage,—for my father was a man of the people, a mechanic, the son of mechanics ; and the consciousness of this inferiority of birth, joined with my unhappy propensity of mind, seem-

ed only to stimulate me to a more arduous quest of distinction. And so far Heaven furthered my views. No sooner had I become an orphan, than I resolved to complete my education in a country more advanced in civilization than my native canton. I traveled on foot to England ; bound myself in weary apprenticeship in one of her most prospering manufacturing districts ; perfected myself as a master weaver, and acquired such an insight into the mysteries of loom-machinery, as raised me shortly after my return to St. Gall, to the condition of foreman of its chief manufactory ; and successively to that of overseer, and working partner in the establishment.

“ My career of industry was unobstructed by a single obstacle. Everything prospered with me ; or, perhaps, the force of my ardent desire for advancement, enabled me to surmount those difficulties which form serious obstacles to other men. My worthy partner conceded his love and esteem so warmly to my unexampled diligence in business, that at length his only daughter, your mother, learned to love and esteem me in her turn ; nor was the temptation, afforded by her handsome dowry and high expectations, to be resisted by a man of my calculating and aspiring character.

“ We married, and this was my first great fault—for I did not love Margaret with the degree of love indispensable to cement the happiness of wedded life. I took her as a stepping-stone to preferment ; not as the reward of my past labors, or the companion to whom I purposed to devote the tenderness of

my heart of hearts. Yet she was a good woman, a good wife ; although of somewhat too thrifty a turn for the gentler sympathies and tendencies of her sex. Accustomed from early youth to consider only the prosperity of the factory, she had not an idea distinct from its routine of business ; could talk of nothing but the price of wages, the variations of the cotton-markets, the thriving or adversity of such and such a correspondent, the idleness of such and such a workman ;—she appeared to be as much a piece of machinery as any it contained !

“ Never could I get her to converse with me on general topics, never to go forth for recreation into the fields, never to interest herself in the political destinies of her native country. So long as the manufactory went right, the Republic could not go wrong ! Even your birth, my son, formed rather an additional claim upon her activity, than an augmentation of her domestic happiness ; she was too busy administering to your future fortunes, to have leisure to bestow upon the care of your infancy ! Yet, Heaven knows, there was no cause for this engrossing thrift ; her father having expired shortly after our marriage, leaving Abel Morier and his wife joint proprietors of the factory of St. Gall.

“ It was about this time that the events of the French revolution brought war and the desolation of war, to the manufacturing districts of the Rhine ; and Margaret (Heaven forgive her !) congratulated me that the destruction of the looms of Muhlhausen, would yield increase of custom and profit to our

own. But many Swiss families naturalized in the Rhenish provinces, were driven forth to ruin by these disasters ; and among others who sought a refuge at St. Gall from their unmerited misfortunes, were Brenzel and his family.

“ Dietrich was a man of about my own age, his wife was ten years younger than mine ; and when they knocked at our gate, seeking employment, Madame Brenzel was so spent with fatigue, terror, privation, and sufferings,—so pale, so delicate, and apparently so near her end,—that even Margaret was touched to the heart, and insisted upon affording permanent hospitality to the strangers. For *her* curse and mine they became our inmates ! Dietrich, indeed, though destitute of worldly means, was fully capable of repaying the charity thus bestowed ; for he was an able workman, and rejoiced in an opportunity of requiting my good offices with the disclosure of certain processes peculiar to the far-famed manufactures of Muhlhausen, and hitherto unpractised in St. Gall.

“ But of Liesly, his wife—*his* !—in what terms shall I speak ! Judge not of her beauty, my son, by that of her daughter ; for with half the personal loveliness of our unhappy Elzbeth, she possessed fifty-fold her attractions. Young as she was, Madame Brenzel had already experienced a thousand sad vicissitudes. Her parents, unfortunate in trade, had forced her into an uncongenial marriage ; and the rude, boisterous nature of Brenzel, and the coarseness of his mind, repelled all hope of sympathy be-

tween them. Her health was feeble, her nature timid ; and she had recently witnessed the massacre of her father, the burning of her dwelling-place, and been driven forth a wanderer, with the dread of still more fearful outrages to aggravate her affliction.

“ Judge, therefore, of her contentment in being welcomed to a tranquil home ; judge of her gratitude to Margaret and to me. Her strength gradually returned, in an abode of peace and abundance. The gravity of my disposition, and reserve of my manners, soon inspired her with confidence in her husband’s patron ; while to *you*, my son, you who had hitherto been a neglected child, she devoted all the cares of womanly tenderness.

“ ‘ I shall be but a poor help to you in matters of business or housewifery,’ she would say to her bustling benefactress. ‘ Accept, at least, my services as a nurse to little Gottfried.’ And Margaret would pat her compassionately on the shoulder in reply ; and call her a poor frail, helpless thing ; and bid her not spoil the boy by over-fosterhood. You were, nevertheless, always in her arms ; and so fair and happy did the two appear together, that I took too great a joy in beholding you thus united.

“ Dwelling thus in happy companionship, it was not very long before I discovered the peril by which I was menaced ; and I was only apprehensive lest Liesly should become similarly enlightened. For the first time, alas ! I experienced the intoxicating influence of human passion—for the first time trembled under the overwhelming emotions of love ; and

though I durst not yet inquire of myself whether it were possible for that fair and tender creature to love me in return, it was happiness enough to believe that I was the first person in whom she had found a kind and congenial companion, and that my calm, yet enthusiastic character, was far more closely assimilated with her own than the boisterous buffoonery of Dietrich.

“ Nevertheless, my son, I was still a God-fearing man ; and no sooner did I recognise the temptation before me as too powerful for my means of resistance, than I labored to strengthen my weakness with pious studies, and with added diligence in my vocation. I devoted more time to the manufactory—I compelled myself to listen to Margaret’s tedious details, and to laugh at Dietrich’s paltry jests. But what availed all this?—Still, when the labors of the day were done, I found Liesly seated by my fireside with my boy upon her knee ; her gentle voice, her mild demeanor, her bright intelligence of soul, affording me a delicious recompense for my past self-denial, and new dangers to be surmounted for the future. I *could* not shut her out from my eyes—I *could* not close my ears against her balmy accents. If I fled from home to avoid her, my wife reproached me with neglect. No ! I could only remain, and drink in sights and sounds of love, which excited my senses to distraction—and eventually plunged me into the darkest delusions of sin !

“ But a greater ordeal still remained. Poor Liesly, perceiving how rigorously I avoided her, and how

harshly I frequently replied to her friendly demonstrations, began to fancy that I was weary of my dependent guests. Again the bloom of health forsook her cheek—she could scarcely look at me without tears,—she could scarcely bring herself to address me, for very misery.

“And then it was, my son, that I discovered how fatally precious was my friendship in her sight. She loved me almost as much as I loved *her* : and with mutual sentiments of such a nature, and a mutual position of such painful delicacy, a mutual understanding was inevitable. I scarcely remember how it was that we were first moved to a mutual confession of our attachment—our wretchedness ; but both were alike conscious of the sinfulness of the avowal, and alike resolute to struggle against the weakness of our hearts. That we could ever submit ourselves to a greater crime, entered not into the minds of either. Upheld by mutual esteem, we mistrusted not ourselves, or each other ; and became guilty, my son, miserably and fearfully guilty, while still cheering each other on in the career of virtue.

“From that epoch of desolation, Gottfried, cheerfulness forsook our dwelling.—Liesly reviled herself as the most ungrateful of women ; while the consciousness of outraged hospitality weighed heavily upon the soul of her seducer. The perfect confidence which Brenzel and Margaret maintained towards us, seemed only to brand us with deeper hypocrisy. *We*, who were affecting to fulfil our duties as Christians, as citizens, as husband and as wife, could any one venture

to mistrust us, as defiled with the pollution of adultery? I still took my station at church, among the elders of the people; Liesly still knelt in pious holiness among the unspotted matrons of the city; what evidence, what *hint* did we afford of being united together by the damning ties of illicit love!—

“Meanwhile it was rumored in due time in our household, that Madame Brenzel was likely to become a mother; and from the hour of receiving that fatal intelligence, I never again beheld a smile upon the countenance of Liesly. Her wan face was a sufficient accusation against us both; and when, beside our evening hearth, Dietrich thought fit to rally her with ill-timed jests on her dejection, or Margaret attempted to cheer her spirits with the counsels of a matron’s experience, Liesly replied to their exhortations only by repeated bursts of tears.

“Yet *I* sat by in silence, nor dared approach her with a single word of consolation; and it was remarked that now, for the first time since Brenzel’s arrival at St. Gall, I began seriously to busy myself with the concerns of the manufactory, and the public business of the burgh. Margaret loudly congratulated herself that her husband was at last beginning to take upon himself, as he ought, and exhibit due sensibility to the interests of his wife and son. But, in point of fact, I sought only to avoid the woful spectacle of Liesly’s despondency; who, as her term approached, (with the exception of her daily attendance at the cathedral,) rarely quitted the house.

“Her eyes were often red with weeping; her voice

was ever hoarse with the struggle of inward emotion. She took no heed of her increasing weakness ; and once, when I accidentally overtook her, in the dusk of evening, on her return from vesper service, ‘ Liesly,’ I ventured to whisper, ‘ for the sake of the unborn, be more careful of your health. For the sake of the precious unborn, give not yourself over to despondency !’

“ ‘ For the sake of the unborn,’ she meekly replied,—and the dew rose upon my forehead, as I marked the hollowness of her voice—‘ it were meet—er that I should go down into the grave, ere it beheld the light !’

“ ‘ Not so,’ I exclaimed. ‘ The Lord our God is a God of mercy ; and, for the sake of an innocent child, will be moved to pardon the contrite parents.’

“ ‘ The Lord our God is a jealous God !’ said Liesly solemnly. ‘ It is written that he will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children ; and, should this little one be spared, mark me, if its sufferings be not made an atonement for the crime of one who bare an alien child to a kind and trusting husband. Abel,—it is this thought which is destroying me. Yet a little while, and my probation of penitence will be over, and my weariness at rest. But the child ! promise me—oh ! promise me—that should it survive, you will watch over its welfare with more than a mother’s vigilance ?’—

“ ‘ I will, I will !’ cried I, not even daring to take her hand ; not even daring to fix my eyes upon her

piteous looks. 'Be but merciful to yourself, Liesly; and you have no need to mistrust the mercy of others, or the forgiveness of the Almighty.'

"And, lo! the appointed day of trial came; and I knew at an early hour that the pangs were upon her. Yet I quitted not for an instant the factory, lest, peradventure, my courage might fail, and I should betray all. I did not say to Dietrich Brenzel, 'Go! quit your duties for this day, and comfort the sufferer;' for I could not bear that he should be near her at such a moment; but at length there came a messenger from Margaret, in haste, to bespeak his presence. I had not breath to ask if all were well;—and soon after, behold! there came a second messenger, with heavy steps and downcast face—and *him* there was no need to question; for look and gesture told that all was over—that the sufferer was at rest.

"I know not, Gottfried, what became of me, *then*;—the first thing I recollect was Margaret's voice, bidding me come in, and see how peaceful and how lovely was our departed friend in death. But I could not comply. I went forth, and wandered about the fields till nightfall; and then, on my return, crept up into the silent chamber of Liesly, where no one lingered now but the hireling watchers, with their solitary death-light. And there lay the cold, narrow, sorrow-wasted form, beneath the folded sheet, with the long, fair tresses extended over either arm.—The moan of pain was hushed; the tears of bitterness were wiped away; nothing

was left but the smile on the marble lips—the dew on the tranquil brow—and the holy halo of immortalized humanity. I ventured not even to imprint a parting kiss upon the face I loved. Our last had been a kiss of sin. I would not blight the purity of her resurrection with the stain of remorse.

“Margaret it was who, with gentle persuasions, led me away from the dead; she was eager to place the infant of her friend in my arms, and claim for it a father’s protection. Poor trusting Margaret!—how little did she dream what agony was inflicted by every word she uttered!—But I *did* take the babe to my bosom; I *did* swear to provide for it as my own; and Dietrich sat by, weeping in all the helplessness of grief. While you, Gottfried, you *alone*, my son, unconscious of the calamity which had befallen, kept bestowing unnumbered welcomes on your new companion—‘Your own pretty little Liesly!’

“I had still one awful duty to discharge. The bitter task was mine to support her husband’s faltering steps, when, on the following day, we proceeded to lay her head in the grave; and loved as she was by all, and respected as were those of whom she died the inmate, hundreds of the townspeople of St. Gall joined in the sad procession.

“The white emblems that proclaimed her death in child-birth—so young, so fair, so gentle—appeared to touch the hearts of the very rabble with compassion; and, lo! when the service began, with my eyes fixed upon the coffin that contained her re-

mains, I heard the tender chant of the young choristers proclaim that, 'When the ear heard her, then it blessed her,' and the voice of the preacher declare that, 'Happy were they, who died, like her, in the Lord!'—But I knew that her spirit was standing at the tribunal of God, stained with the plague-spot of sin ; and as the author of this great wickedness, I trembled, rebuked by judgment to come.

" Oh ! Gottfried, Gottfried !—little dreamed I how soon, how heavily, that judgment would overtake me ! Little dreamed I, when day after day I entered your chamber of childhood, and you flew to lead me to the cradle and uncover to my kisses the brow of the babe, and point out to me how fair she was, and how like to the mamma Liesly, who was dead and gone,—that, in *your* person, the curse would be accomplished.

" My poor wife won strangely upon my feelings in those early days of bereavement. Her tears for the departed were so tender and true, and her devotedness to the motherless babe so touching, that I became at last fully conscious of her excellence. To yourself, I had thought her a cold and careless parent,—to little Liesly she was all goodness and consideration. But she survived not longer than to train the poor innocent in the earliest paths of childhood. The spectacle of Madame Brenzel's untimely end had shaken her health. Our house was now cheerless ; nor had I the heart to devote to her those attentions which she so much needed.

" Within a few years of the great event, she died,

leaving me doubly desolate ; and with her last breath, she recommended me ‘ our girl,’ with no less love and fervor than our boy, and entreated as a parting request, that her remains might be laid by those of Liesly. But in this, as no one but myself had heard the petition, I ventured to frustrate her wishes. I felt that compliance would have been a new injury—that I had no right to mingle the tears I shed for the woman I had loved, with those due to the memory of the wife I respected. A space of many tombs separates their places of sepulture ; and when I go hence, my beloved son, lay me not, oh ! lay me not where they lie !—

“ And now, Gottfried, I was left alone with my motherless children ; and dearly did I love ye both, and fervently did I pray that in *your* virtues the errors of your father might be redeemed. You were ever hand in hand—heart in heart ; when, one day, half earnest, half bantering, Dietrich, who remained by necessity my constant companion, was pleased to designate Elzbeth by the name of your little wife.

“ A thousand perils were revealed to me in the word ! Often, unable to bear the weight of my burthen of hypocrisy, when I saw him lavishing his caresses on Liesly, and Liesly bestowing her’s in return, I longed to divulge the truth to him and claim my own. But pride overcame the promptings of my heart. I dreaded lest, in his indignation, he should rush forth into the city and proclaim me an arch imposter, and cry aloud, Such and such is the man whom you honor with your reverence. One only

means, therefore, remained to prevent the possibility of further evil. Liesly was a tender girl—I had pledged myself to my victim to watch over her with more than a mother's reverence; and to estrange *her* from the security of my roof-tree was impossible. It was *your* fate, therefore, to be exiled from home in retribution of your father's offences—and such, Gottfred, was the motive of your alienation from your sister's side.

“But the fatal sentence was recorded! *Both* were to suffer; and all my efforts to keep you asunder have failed to frustrate the vengeance of God. You came to Engafeld; you saw and loved her; and even then, but for the promptings of my pride, I should have pointed out the precipice you were approaching. But the dread of disclosure—of betrayal—of forfeiting the esteem and applause of the world, overcame the better suggestions of nature. Forgive me, my son—forgive me!—I have rendered you more miserable, if less guilty, than myself. I have broken my word to *her*—to those I love. The reflection maddens me! Adultery—incest—a broken vow—a broken heart. Oh, mighty God! for what am I not accountable!—Give me strength to bear with this new trial; or the struggle of my despair must seek refuge in the dark abyss of eternity.

“I rave, Gottfried; but can you marvel at my distraction?—That I could but see you once more before I die! That I could but hear you pronounce my pardon!—Yet, wherefore did you disobey my injunctions? Said I not—*sware* I not—that there

existed an all-powerful obstacle to your marriage ?— And you attributed all to pride, to avarice, to an old man's wanton coveting ! Oh, shame, shame, shame !

“ Farewell, then, my children—my miserable children !—The peace and pardon of God be with you ! ”

Inferring from the incoherence of these last sentences, some new calamity, Gottfried, whom the fatal intelligence conveyed by the earlier pages of his father's letter had stricken to the dust, strove to regain sufficient mastery over his feelings to enable him to reach Berne, and pacify the agony of his guilty parent. But he arrived too late. A livid corse had already been withdrawn from the waters of the Reuss, which the officials of the city recognised as the body of the respected representative of St. Gall.

His disastrous end was, of course, carefully attributed to accident, lest the dignity of the senatorial estate should be infringed by the admission of an act of suicide ; and his remains were interred in the Cathedral with military and civil honors. In due time a handsome monument was erected to his memory, as a member of the Helvetic Senate, a friend of the people, and a defender of the national liberties of the Canton. It was owing perhaps to accident that nothing was added in testimony to his virtues as a husband and a father.

The unhappy Gottfried returned no more to St. Gall ; and Liesly, ignorant to the last of the horrible truth, attributed his estrangement to remorse for having caused by his disobedience the dreadful ca-

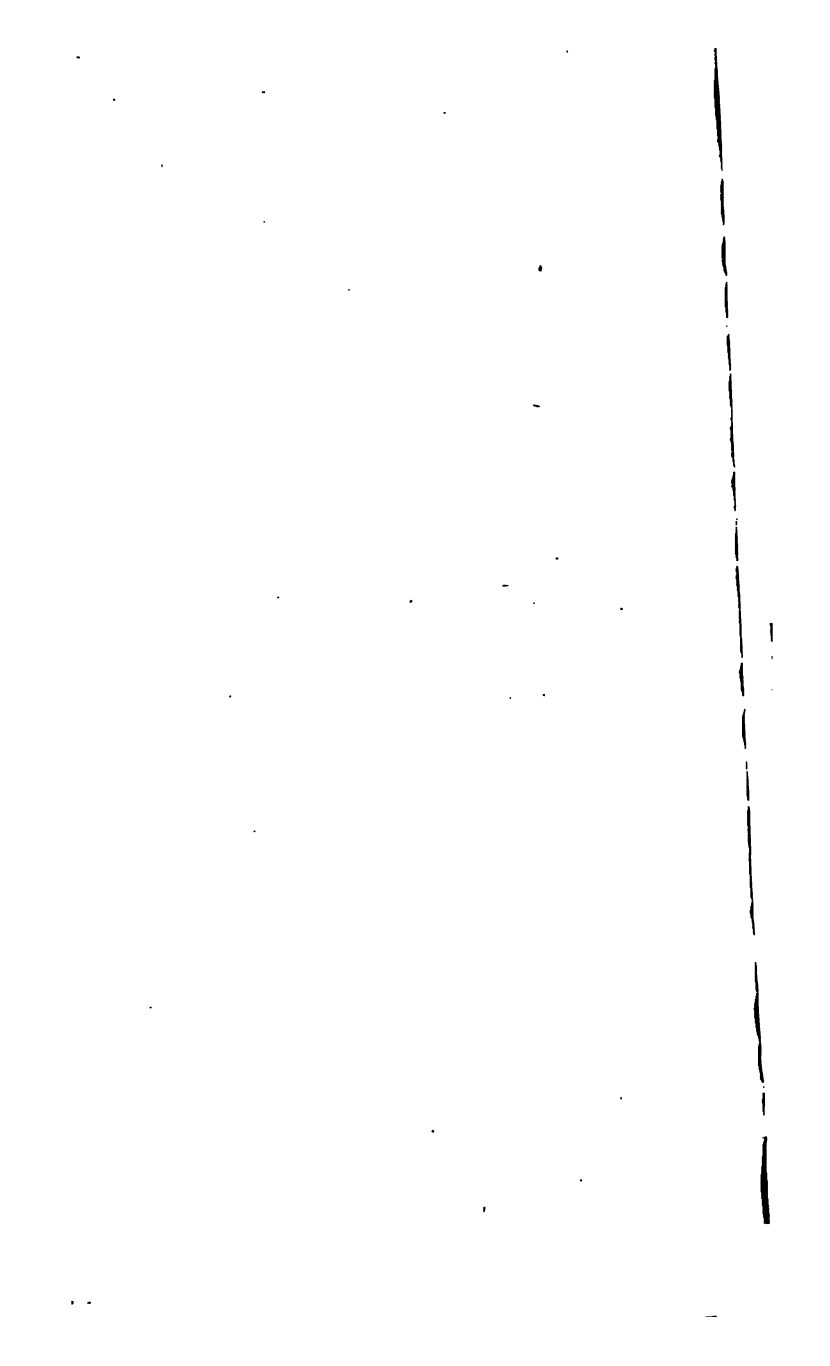
tastrophe of his father's death. Having accepted a commission in the French army, he fell in the attack upon Algiers.

The English traveler, therefore, who pauses at St. Gall to admire the fabric of its delicate organdy, and the creamy tissue of its Swiss muslin, is duly informed by the foreman of the establishment that the factory is the property of the Widow Morier; and should he subsequently become a wanderer on the shores of the Wallensee, there is every chance that he will behold, seated on the granite steps of the landing-place at Engafeld, the slender figure of one who seems to be looking out upon the lake, in expectation of some distant boat.

But it is Gottfried's coming which the bewildered soul of Liesly expects, and will long expect in vain. She has refused to attire herself in mourning; she has refused to give ear to the tidings of his death. But, at five-and-twenty, her hair is white as snow with watchfulness and grief; and no man passes her by, without a suppressed exclamation of pity.

The young marksmen of the canton, in deference to her sorrows, have removed their place of rendezvous for the annual *Tirage* from the adjacent meadow; it having been noticed that the discharge of the rifles, or the sound of distant music, excites her to frenzy. For Liesly is now alone in the world. Father, brother, friend are gone!—and hard indeed must be the heart that entertains not a sensation of sympathy for the terrible destinies of the sister-wife—the blameless victim—the gentle widow of Engafeld.

THE SCRAP-STALL.



THE SCRAP-STALL.

"Oh! wholesale dealers in Waste, Want, and War,
Would that your crimes were written—and they are."

Ebenezer Elliot.

THE spectacle of human misery is, at all times, painful and humiliating ; but local contrasts are not without effect in diminishing or aggravating its influence on the compassionate. A hamlet of hovels, for instance, lying on the outskirts of a sandy heath or Irish bog, looks as if Nature's self were at enmity with the land and its inhabitants ; and a German village, some relic of feudal barbarism, knee-deep in mud, and mud-deep in ignorance, seems as fitly appropriated to its barefooted boors, as the squalid suburb of an English manufacturing town to its worn, sallow, ill-grown, unshorn population. Our hearts are, for a moment, wrung as we pass the cheerless refuge of these Paria tribes of Christendom ; but, right, or wrong, we accustom ourselves to regard such wretchedness as a species of providential condemnation ; persuaded that we can do nothing to alleviate misfortune on so vast a scale—misfor-

tune apparently linked with the moral order or disorder of the universe.

But there are times and places when the sores of Lazarus, though doubly loathsome to the eye, seem to possess a sort of fascination for the soul ; when we stand, and gaze, and shudder, and turn away, and gaze again with our hearts heavy within us, and the tears congealed in our eyes ; such as the cottage in some fertile country, hard by the park where mottled deer are seen basking in the sun, and the lordly hall of freestone looks protectingly over the landscape,—a cottage whence the broken-hearted laborer is ejected whose one poor field has failed in yielding its annual rent-paying crop—his goods seized—his wife and babes driven forth to hunger by the way ; while the minions of the law pounced on his hard pallet—his wicker chair—his broken crockery—his tattered Bible—as greedily as on the emblazoned goblets and silken hangings of some aristocratic defaulter. Or such as the object of our present contemplation,—the *Scrap Stall* of the *Marché St. Honoré*.

Every body knows that there exists in the immediate neighborhood of the palace of the Tuilleries, a quarter called by most people, the Quartier Rivoli, (by many, the *Quartier Anglais*, from being the resort of all wealthy English travelers visiting Paris) the buildings of which are the handsomest, the most lofty, and most regular of the whole city ; and like the majority of its modern improvements, the creation of that very despotic Reformer—Napoleon Bo-

naparte. It is difficult, indeed, to fancy a more charming residence than the Rue de Rivoli. Overlooking the massive chestnut-groves of the gardens of the Tuilleries, with their avenues of orange-trees crowded with gay and gaudy loungers, having, on the basement story, a noble arcade to shelter pedestrians from all changes of weather, lined by brilliant shops and tempting *cafés*—these mansions present a vast *façade* of regular frontage; forming a splendid object from the windows of that palace from which, during the last forty years, such a variety of sovereigns have looked down upon their motley and most ungovernable, because most governable subjects.

From this noble street branch off several equally inviting; such as the Rue Castiglione—another monument of Bonapartian triumph—looking towards the Place Vendôme, and its memorable column; and the Rue du 29 Juillet—a monument to the triumph of the Three Days—looking towards the Marché St. Honoré, *and its Scrap-Stall*. The column and the fame of Napoleon have formed, and form, the theme of poets, preachers, and philosophers; the Marché St. Honoré belongs to ourselves.

That market obtains in the mouths of the people, another designation. It is called the *Marché des Jacobins*—a name fraught with thrilling associations—and occupies the site of the gardens of that very convent, where assembled the Jacobin club, the cradle of the Revolution,—the Areopagus of Mirabeau and Marat, Robespierre and Danton—those moral Fran-

kensteins, who manufactured a monster, while seeking to organise a divinity !

As if to atone for the human blood sprinkled in libation to the infernal gods on its desecrated earth, Napoleon devoted the spot—when “human statutes” had purged once more “the general weal”—to the useful purposes of life and better service of the people, by constructing there an airy and commodious market ; and, although it has been rendered once again the arena of fruitless butchery, by the barricades erected to expel Charles X., the market still remains, to supply the daintiest fish, flesh, and fowl, for the Dives of the *Quartier Rivoli*.

There dwells the *Verdurier du Roi*, with his luscious exhibition of pine-apples and pomegranates ; his musky truffles from Perigueux, during the winter season ;—his emerald-tipped asparagus, and tiny baskets of strawberries, during the early spring : his peaches from Montreuil, and *chasselas* from Fontainebleau, during the summer and autumn. There hangs the fat capon or *poularde* from Le Mans ; the plump ortolan or beccafico, from the south ; the slender *chevreuil* ; the early lamb, with its snowy fur ; the aristocratic pheasant, in his golden plumage ; the homely guinea-fowl ; the red-legged partridge. Hard by, piles of cray-fish—baskets of oysters, from Cancale or Ostend—the spotted trout—the silver smelt—the shapely salmon—the mottled mackarel—the opaque turbot, flat and heavy as a conservative member—the sharp-nosed pike, preserving, even on its leaden tray, the lean and hungry look of a place-hunter. Of

grosser viands, we sing not ; Homer might have described, though we shall *not*, stalls of fat beeves—veal from Pontoise, and mutton from the salt marshes. We shall not even touch upon the heaps of snowy cauliflowers, white and compact as a bishop's wig, amethystine brocoli, green peas, like globules of chrysophrase, melons plenty as pumpkins, pumpkins large enough for Cinderella's coach ; faggots of char- doons ; cart-loads of artichokes ; *pommes d'apis*, Crezanne pears, the counterfeits of reigning royalty, medlars, mushrooms, and other of its appropriate appendages.

For the Market of the Jacobins, be it observed, situate in one of the most thriving and wealthy quarters of the city, surrounded by palaces, hotels, and coffee houses, addresses itself especially to the factitious wants of the rich. There, early in the morning, may be seen the white night-caps ministering to the epicurism of all the opulent upstarts of the Place Vendôme ; the *maîtres d'hôtel* of princes and ministers ; and, above all, of the *restaurateurs* whose vocation it is to tickle the satiated palate of your traveled English lord—the Udes of the Café de Paris—the Carêmes of the Hôtel de Bristol and Meurice. The fattest of poultry, the freshest of fish, the earliest and latest of fruit, are sure to be found there. *There* they are pre-assured of purchasers. *There* jingles the golden Napoleon, or clanks the heavy five-franc piece ! In the *Marché des Innocens*, (commonly called *Les Halles*,) in the markets St. Eustache, St. Joseph, d'Aguesseau, and others, brown

money prevails ; and you hear wrangling for a *liard*, and see fighting for a *gros sol*. But in the *Marché St. Honoré*, every bargain is politely carried on. The knight of the carving-knife bows, while he insinuates to the fishwife that her lobster is pale of complexion, and stinketh in the nostrils ; and not so much as a pennyworth of lentils is measured out with an ungracious hand. There is no trace of Billingsgate or Covent Garden ; the *Marché St. Honoré* is of the court, courtly ;—and yet it contains the *Scrap Stall* !

We do not affect fastidiousness. Others may turn daintily aside, when the dog's-meat man and his barrow approach some obscure alley. But we, professing with the philosopher Wordsworth, that the great Master of all—

Maintains a deep and reverential care,
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves,

rejoice to behold the confidence testified by the domestic animals committed to the charge of mankind, in the tenderness of their keepers ;—the prick-eared excitement of the capering cur—the purring joy of grimalkin, on scenting her approaching dinner. We can look at the barrow without disgust—for it contains dog's-meat prepared for dogs ;—but we cannot look without loathing at the Scrap Stall—for it contains dog's-meat prepared for christians !

The Market of the Jacobins has been described as situated in the midst of fashionable coffee-houses and opulent abodes ; and it is from these that the broken meat is collected which furnishes the booth in

question. Fragments of the whitest bread—a hotch-potch of morsels of truffled turkies—rich ragoûts—salmis which twelve pheasants have been pounded to compose,—united with half-picked bones—strings and rags of gravy meats—game half-descomposed—drum-sticks of ganders,—or the rank and fishy remnants of a wild duck, or teal—the scum of the greasy pot—the crumbling crust of the mouldy *pâté*—the refuse leaf of rank bacon, which once screened the tender breast of a roasted quail—the mould of sour paste, which formerly covered the fat of a saddle of *Pré salé* mutton !—

“Take physic, Pomp!”—Hold not thy nose as thou readeſt !—*These* constitute but the finer elements of the feast. *These* have again a refuse of their own. *These*, set forth on a wooden platter, with a knife and fork of *métal d’Alger*, are for the Sestons and Warrenders of the poor. *Their* leavings are again made up to furnish forth the Scrap Stall, and feed the ragged mendicant who crawls there, farthing in hand, in the dusk of the evening ;—for the infirm—the aged—the friendless—the orphan—the widow—and, worst of all, for the needy of better birth, who cannot dig and to beg are ashamed.

There was a time—and the custom, we suspect, was one of the few regrettable observances of the feudal era—when the poor had a sort of prescriptive right to the crumbs that fell from the rich man’s table : pilgrims and wayfarers, the feeble and the old, were fed, by daily custom, at the gates of religious and noble houses, with the fragments of the feast de-

voured within. If the *très hauts et très puissants Seigneurs*, of seigneurial times, looked upon the poor as upon the beasts that perish, at least they threw them a bone or two in compensation ; instead of saying, as now : “ My cook is one of the greatest rogues and first artists in Europe ; God forbid that I should interfere with the fellow’s perquisites.” For how should such a man, rolling in his blazoned chariot, from his hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, to pay his court in the throne room of the Tuilleries—supported on air cushions or balancing himself with caoutchouc suspenders—become cognizant, as his gay equipage traverses the market, of the very existence of a Scrap-Stall ?—Were it, indeed, to arrest his eye, he would probably ejaculate, after a purifying pinch of Bolongaró, “ The police should suppress the thing as a nuisance ! What right have they to carry on so filthy a commerce, under the very nose of the most civilised portion of the community ? I shall speak to Thiers, to get the Scrap-Stall suppressed.”—

He knows not—he would not believe, were it asserted to him—that hundreds seek there their daily bread ; that it is a land of Cocaigne to them that perish for lack of food ; that hungry mouths water when they do but think of that olio of gastronomic abominations ; that many a mother, gazing upon her lean and craving children, lets fall a bitter tear that her young ravens must still lack meat—that she has no longer wherewithal to visit the Scrap-Stall !—No, no, *Monsieur le Duc*, be not too curious in your

legislations! Leave to the beggar his luxuries—leave to the poor their consolation. They hunger, they thirst, they toil :—the sweat of their brows is derided by a crown of thistles, where yours is graced with vine leaves or with roses. The sweets of life are not for the helots of your land. Labor and care are their portion, between the swaddling clothes and the shroud. Grudge them not your broken victuals, which they purchase by the miserable coin of their own earning. Banish them not forth—oh ! banish them not from the Scrap-Stall ! They have “ a lean and hungry look,” and the eye of God is upon them. See that He judge not between ye ;—see that He demand not a scathing account of the good things which the man clothed in purple and fine linen hath received at his hands !

But we must generalize no longer. We have a story—and our story a hero—that must not be overlooked.

It was on a glowing midsummer evening of last year, that the idleness which is our life’s sweet business, directed our wandering course towards the gay gardens of the Tuilleries—the murmur of whose cheerful voices might be heard from afar across the Jacobin Market Place ; and, on reaching the stone fountain forming its centre, we paused to contemplate the glowing pyramids of strawberries, pines, and hautboys ; of raspberries red as the rudy fruits of Aladdin’s subterranean garden ; of green figs—of transparent currants—of early apricots ; enticing as the feast spread forth by Eve, in her innocence, for

her husband and his angel. On a sudden, we were struck by an unsavory odor—by the sound of harsh disputation ; and, glancing between the thronged fruit-stalls, caught a glimpse of an emporium of broken meat, and recollected our vicinity to the Scrap-Stall. Turning across the *Place* towards the surrounding houses, we immediately stationed ourselves at the window of the neighboring herborist, as if to gaze upon its heterogeneous adornments—its garlands of fresh ivy-leaves, dried hyssop, camomile flowers, bunches of *chien dent*, horse radish, poppy heads, millet seed ; its fine lively leeches, gold-fishes, birds' nests, marine shells, and stuffed birds ; its split peas, dried violets, marsh mallows, and other elements of diet drink ; but, in reality, to fix our observations upon the adjoining booth. It would have been cruel to approach nearer. We love to play Apemantus at the banquets of the rich ; but would, on no account, run the risk of damping the appetite of the poor.

The motive, however, of our especial coyness on the present occasion, was that we had noticed, advancing from the corner of the Rue de la Corderie, a remarkable looking individual who appeared to be directing his indirect route towards the *Café de la Misère*. It was the wreck of one of the finest of fine forms ; displaying, even amid the gauntness of famine, that air of distinction which nature confers in her bounty when she would create a noble of her own. But the stranger's hat was pulled so closely over his eyes, that we could by no means catch a

view of his countenance; and the lower part of his face was covered by a beard of a week's growth, leaving to view only two parched lips, scarcely discernible from the sallow visage. Nevertheless, around that mouth lurked a singular expression of mingled good and evil—of tenderness blended with ferocity—of the lion and the lamb.

For some minutes he walked leisurely but uncollectedly, along the line of stalls; as if contemplating the rich display of summer fruits still remaining unsold. Yet ever and anon he returned towards a certain spot, watching to see if any were on the watch, and circling round and round like a hawk on the eve of a stoop, ere he ventured to settle at the Scrap-Stall.

At length, little suspecting that the spectacles, through which we were pretending to examine the glass-cases of shells and minerals stuck up in the herborist's window, were in truth fixed upon his movements, he made a sort of dart at the stall, whispered a word to the old woman presiding over its unctious compter, seized the bowl of miserable morsels she presented, emptied it into a handkerchief, and throwing down in return a sum, (it were vain to guess how pitiful,) hurried back towards the obscure street from whence he had issued. Scarcely, however, had he reached it, when some sudden idea appeared to strike his mind, probably in repentance of the haste of his bargain; for having groped to the corner of his pocket and discovered some unexpected store, an odd halfpenny or farthing en-

sconced in its farthest corner, he retraced his steps, unfolded the handkerchief, examined the quality of its revolting contents, demanded the price of a plate of choicer viands set apart from the rest, tendered his last coin, and was so fortunate as to obtain an exchange of commodities.

And now he appeared grown bolder in his vocation, from having obtained a momentary triumph over his pride; for, on returning once more towards the Rue de la Corderie, his steps were no longer hurried, nor his face so studiously concealed. It is true the twilight was growing duskier every moment—so dusky, that even through our spectacles his features were no longer distinguishable.

Something in the air of decayed nobility investing his person, and a sort of self-disdain or disdain of his pitiful position, interested our feelings; and having thus admitted a sympathy with the sorrows of life wholly at variance with an editorial nature, let us fling aside the magniloquent “we” of our ordinary diction, and admit ourself—nor more nor less—a man!

I resolved, then, to follow the stranger compelled to furnish his meals at a scrap-stall; feeling convinced that the food thus painfully procured was not intended to appease his solitary hunger, but that the daintiness of the after-thought, urging the proud man to return and mend his cheer, avouched that the sacrifice was made to some being dearly loved—some companion—a wife—a darling child—whose delicacy might be revolted by the coarseness of the

viands which the haste of shame had made his own. I assured myself, in the first instance, that my purse was in its right place in my pocket, (I knew that my heart was in its right place in my bosom !) and making my stealthy way after the stranger, made up my mind to ascertain the exact place of his abode, and learn as much of his character and habits as might warrant me in becoming his benefactor. It seemed an act of injury, however, to misdoubt him ; his every look and motion gave token of a superior nature struggling with adversity.

To follow him closely enough for my purpose was, however, no easy matter ; for, no sooner had he cleared the open area of the market place, and entered the adjoining dark and narrow street, than he stepped on with gigantic strides ; and it required my utmost exertions to overtake him as he reached one of those miserable streets, the abode of vice and infamy, crossing from the neighborhood of the Rue de Richelieu to that of St. Roch, where he turned into a low, filthy gateway and disappeared.

But I was already close upon him. A glazed box, situated on one side of the entrance, and recognisable by the sliding panel in the window as intended to represent a *loge de concierge*, presented itself, to remind me that I needed a pretext for my intrusion.

"I want to speak to the gentleman who has just gone up stairs," said I, confronting the effluvia of leeks, tobacco, and *soup aux choux* sure to emanate from the porter's lodge of every house of even secondary condition in the French metropolis.

"To Monsieur Jean?"

"Yes, to Monsieur Jean," I replied, glad to have obtained even so much intelligence of my unknown friend; "on which floor does he lodge?"

"But, if Monsieur is an acquaintance, surely he should know as well as myself!" observed the surly, dirty old woman, evidently disposed to close her window against my interrogations.

"I have not visited him since he lodged here," was my evasive reply.

"Then Monsieur cannot certainly pretend to be his friend, since he has been in the house two years and half a term." And she muttered something about my "friend" not being likely to lodge there much longer, unless his two last terms were speedily accounted for.

"Monsieur Jean lodges, then, still on the fifth floor?" said I, willing to try the hazard of a supposition.

"Does he, indeed!—I am your humble servant!" cried the woman; "I would have you to know that the *cinquième* of my master, Monsieur Courvoisin's house (three comfortable chambers and a kitchen, to say nothing of closets!) was never let to persons of *his* class, or the like of them."

"Of his *class*?" I involuntarily reiterated.

"I mean, to beggars wanting a coat to their back, and a meal to their table," added she; subjoining with great *hauteur*—"No, Sir! if you grope your way up to the *mansarde*," (Goldsmith's "first floor down the chimney," thought I, *par parenthèse*!)

“taking care not to miss the steps of the ladder in the dark, you may chance to find your *friend*,” (again she laid a malicious emphasis on the word) “gnawing a mouldy crust, and as proud over it as a lord !”

And with a significant jerk, *Madame la portière* closed the window, evidently disdaining further colloquy with the friend of “Monsieur Jean !”. I had, therefore, only to follow the stranger up stairs and ladder, with the provoking certainty that, having now got so long the start of me he must, by this time, be engaged in feeding on the provisions of which I had seen him become the purchaser.

The miserable staircase creaked under my footsteps ; and, as not a ray of daylight or candle-light penetrated its foul recesses, it was only by a compound of villainous smells that the fikhiness of the place revealed itself. By sad degrees, I climbed the first, second, third, and fourth floors, even to that honorable eminence of the fifth, so ostentatiously advocated by the porteress. There was still a sixth intervening betwixt me and the *mansarde*, nor was it till I had reached the ladder’s foot, that I began to contemplate the hazards that might be connected with my intrusion into the den of one so opprobriously designated by the only person from whom I could obtain intelligence of *him* or his whereabouts. Whispering to myself, that persons of very suspicious character are seldom to be found lodging for three years together, in a quarter so strictly under the *surveillance* of the police as that in which I found

myself, I determined to persevere ; and having attained the *mansarde* or loft, boarded off as in all Paris houses out of the sloping of the roof, I peeped through a pane of glass, forming the ventilator in the door of the first of the two rooms composing the apartments ; and by the light of a rush-light burning within, beheld my friend, Monsieur Jean, in the act of arranging on a platter scrupulously clean, the most choice morsels of his wretched repast. Ude himself could not have shewn greater fastidiousness in his mode of placing them to the best advantage. A fresh roll, and some salt screwed in a cornet of paper, lay beside the plate.

“ The fellow cannot surely be taking all these pains for his own supper ? ”—was my involuntary notion, as I marked the gleam of satisfaction—of anticipated enjoyment—irradiating his wan, sunken face. “ He cannot be playing the Lucullus over his scraps ? ”

But while I was thus cogitating, the ear of the stranger was startled, probably by the rustling of my coat against the boards of the partition ; for flinging over the preparation of his meal the handkerchief in which it had been transported, and thrusting into his bosom a table-knife with which he had been arranging them, Monsieur Jean turned to the door, impetuously drew aside its rusty bolt, and fiercely demanded, “ Who was there ? ”

“ *A friend !* ” was my instantaneous reply, the knife not having failed to produce a certain effect upon my feelings.

"I have no friend!—Name yourself!" persisted Monsieur Jean.

"You would not recognize my name," I replied, with as much calmness as I could assume; "and I would willingly prove my pretensions by deeds, not words;—suffer me to enter your room, and hold a few minutes' conversation with you."

"You are a spy of the police!" cried he, adding an injurious invective, and evidently disposed to make me descend the ladder in a mode far more summary than that of my ascent.

"I am no spy, Monsieur Jean," said I, "and I could easily make you ashamed of your mistrust."

Evidently startled at hearing himself addressed by name, he exclaimed,—

"And what, then, is your business here, that you come in this stealthy manner, and at this unseasonable hour?"

"I followed you home, Sir," I replied, judging it better to be explicit with an individual holding me on the brink of a six-foot ladder, with a sharp point-knife concealed in his breast—"I watched you from the Marché St. Honoré; I observed the nature of your purchase, and, forming my own conclusions, that—"

But he did not suffer me to conclude. "*You watched me—you dogged my steps—you come to pry into the nakedness of my home, and exult over my misery!*"—interrupted he with a furious burst of indignation. "Meddling fool! I should do but justice on your miserable person, were I to precipitate

you headlong from the retreat you have invaded. Know you not that the home of affliction is sacred as the Temple of God? Away with you!—Be off!—Disappear!—Or, as Heaven is above us, I will spurn you with my foot from hence to the stairfoot, as a lesson to such base, eavesdropping intruders!”

I saw that he was about to suit the action to the word; and, as neither the man nor his mood were to be argued with, I profited by his exhaustion of breath to *creep* down the ladder with as much alacrity as I could muster, and saw him pursue me from landing to landing, till I attained the second floor, from the window of which, overlooking the entrance he probably assured himself of my exit from the house.

And thus ended my errand, though not my projects!—Harshly as my good intentions had been negatived, I was only more persuaded than before of the necessities of their object, and determined to minister to their alleviation. It was not too late to visit the Scrap-Stall; nor did the sense of degradation urge any motive to myself to shrink from its humiliating vicinage. Ten minutes carried me back to the market-place, already deserted by the venders of fresh provisions. But there was light at the miserable mart of broken victuals; for this was the hour most convenient to the waiters and lackeys, the habitual purveyors of the establishment, for conveying to the booth of La Mère Urs’line, the pilferings and perquisites supplying the elements of her commerce; and when I made my way to her wooden chair of

state, there stood waiting around it a circle of *commissionnaires*, errand-boys, and the *gargons* of the *gargons* of the cafés of the Rue de Rivoli; some bearing tureens of gravy meats; some, salad bowls, piled with trencher scrapings; some, a china-dish containing choice morsels; and some, pitchers and other uncouth utensils of *grès*, laden with pickings and stealings of a most miscellaneous nature. It resembled a procession of marriage gifts in an English Easter-piece; but the wooden platter supplied the place of the goblet of gold, and the bride was evidently daughter to the King of the Beggars!

Nor was the booth wholly cleared of its customers. A *gourmet* of the first water—from the silver plate on his breast and glazed hat on his head, evidently a hackney coachman—(cunning rogue!) was culling the *choice* bits of the newly furnished larder; the carcasses of capons and ribs of lamb, freshly purloined from the sideboards of Laiter and Morinot. He was either a favored friend—the fancy man of *La Mère Urs'line*—or a caitiff deeply studied in the *Code Gourmand*.

“Hark ye, Prosper!”—cried he, to a sallow lad, whom I had often noticed as a sort of deputy’s-deputy of a hanger-on to the waiters of Meurice’s hotel—“your *chef* at Meurice’s is not what he used to be. All last winter I did myself the honor of boarding with *La Mère Urs'line*, instead of frequenting a wholesome *Cuisine bourgeoise* for my *soup* and *bouilli*, like No. 301, No. 74, and No. 200; my particular cronies. I condescended to come scrap-hunt-

ing here to the Jacobins like the driver of a cab or a *coucou*—induced by the capital *morceaux truffés*, it was now and then my fortune to fish up out of yours and Laiter's remnants. But, by the bones of St. Magloire ! I would as soon have to dine off the whittings' heads and lobster shells of the *Poissonnerie Anglaise* as depend on anything you have furnished for the last three months."

" 'Tis no fault of mine !" cried the lad sullenly ; for his basket was just then under the scrutiny of *La Mère Urs'line*. " We have had such wretched low company of lodgers in the hotel this winter—not so much as a minister or a Milor !—The pitiful fellows we have at Meurice's at present, will pick you a fowl to the very drumsticks, and were never known to leave so much as a truffle or cockscomb of the *vol au vent* in the dish, for manners."

" The beggars !" cried *La Mère Urs'line*.—

" Quels dinés,
Quels dinés
Les ministres m'ont donnés !
Oh ! que j'ai fait de bons dinés !"

sang out No. 109 ;—for such, I perceived, by the silver plate on his blue coat turned up with red, was the familiar designation of my friend, the *fiacre*. "*La Mère Urs'line—la Mère Urs'line ! si c'est l'effet de vot' complaisance—la carte payante !*" And taking from his pockets a long leathern bag, he proceeded to tell over his two-penny pieces—favoring us, during the operation, with another gay *refrain* of Béranger's

"Où dans ton Empire
 Coccagne, on respire—
 Mais qui vient dérèler
 Ce rêve enchanteur ?
 Amis, j'en ai honte—
 C'est quelqu'un qui monte
 Apporter le compte
 Du Restaurateur."

A long flourishing cadence concluded his song ; for No. 109 had evidently imbibed more than was good for his reputation as a charioteer, of the red gargle sold under the name of wine at the nearest *cabaret*, before he had done justice to the dainty viands of *La Mère Urs'line*.

"*Après nous, s'il en reste, not' bourgeois !*" was his parting apostrophe to myself, plucking me familiarly by the sleeve, as he staggered away from the compter, evidently mistaking me for a fellow-customer or perhaps a bottle companion ; and the attention of *La Mère Urs'line* thus directed towards me, she forthwith addressed me with an explicit "*Qu'est-ce qu'il y a pour le service de Monsieur ?*"—to which I was forced to reply with an entreaty for a few words of private audience.

A remonstrance immediately rose to her lips ; probably anticipating a request for credit, or, perhaps an eleemosynary meal. But her greasy hand once crossed with silver, her apprehensions subsided, and she invited me to follow her a few steps apart from the wooden chair forming her throne of empire ; so that, while answering my interrogatories, she might still keep an eye upon the Scrap-Stall.

"You are acquainted with Monsieur Jean?" said I, coming at once to the point.

"And if I am, I know no harm of him!" was her tart reply. "If you have no better business, friend, than to ask idle questions about my customers, prythee let me proceed with my own, that yonder lads may be off to theirs."

"In a minute—in a minute!" cried I. "I have no idle demand to make. I would only fain acquaint myself what are Monsieur Jean's pursuits and habits, before——"

"A *mouchard*,—as I live, a spy of the villain Gisquet!" cried *La Mère Urs'line*, recoiling from me as from a viper. While I, aware to what unsatisfactory treatment so degrading an accusation might subject me in a place such as I was then frequenting, silenced her outcries by the summary measure of covering her mouth with my hand, while I assured her, with considerable vehemence, that I was no *mouchard*, but merely a well-wisher to Monsieur Jean, desirous to learn from her, whether he were not in necessitous plights, and had not other mouths than his own to supply from her stores.

"More, poor fellow, than he has well wherewithal to satisfy," replied the old woman. "Either the sick or aged, I suspect, are dependent on his providing; for 'tis always the tenderest of food he chooses at my stall. Poor as he may be—no bargaining;—a question, and down with the money; or his hat pulled over his eyes, and away at once—as much as to say, 'I have not so much to give.' And all the

time, such a grand look with him, that one daren't venture to say, 'Take it, and much good may't do ye ; pay me when ye can.'"

"Poor Jean !"

"Ay, poor indeed. Every day poorer—every day weaker, and more wasted. It will not last long, I'm thinking. 'Tis now near a year since he first furnished himself here, always with the ready penny. But his visits and his pence grow rare. More's the pity that a noble heart like his, should ever want."

"You think, then, that he is in trouble?" I inquired. "You think money would relieve him?"—And, by the flaring of the lamp suspended over the stall, I could perceive that La Mère Urs'line grinned a grin, which plainly inferred, "*What cares are there that money will not relieve ?*"

"Take this, then," said I, tendering her a small sum. "When Monsieur Jean presents himself, you will, for the future, be careful to provide him with your best, and in sufficiency. Tell him a friend has paid his *écot*, and will pay it through the summer." And, without waiting to listen to the flattering epithets with which the old lady seemed disposed to qualify my conduct, I made off again towards the street inhabited by my protégé, in order to inquire of the porter, whether her employer, Monsieur Courvoisin, lived in the house, and was to be spoken with.

"Where had I lived," she roughly demanded, answering my query with another—"not to be aware that Monsieur Courvoisin inhabited the second floor of his residence in the Rue Pavée St. André ? He

did not so much as visit his possessions in the *quartier St. Roch* above once in two months ; all his arrangements with his lodgers being managed by herself—his confidential *concierge*."

"You can inform me, then," said I, "exactly what sum Monsieur Jean is indebted to your master for the two terms already expired ; or, rather, the exact rent per year of the *mansarde* he inhabits ?"

"Ten crowns per annum, and not a franc overpaid," cried she ; even including the five franc-piece of *étrennes*, which it is the custom of all the lodgers in the house to present to Monsieur Courvoisin's *concierge* on New Year's Day."

On this hint, I could do no less than stand reminded that the two terms owing included this memorable epoch of annual largesse ; and without inquiring whether Monsieur Jean had already fulfilled a similar act of justice, placed the specific coin in her hand, with the six others of similar value necessary to make up a year's rent for the lodger of the *mansarde*. Having pointed out to the woman, who had already begun to overpower me with civilities, that "my friend" was now Monsieur Courvoisin's tenant till the ensuing Christmas, she insisted on writing me out a receipt for the money, probably in the hope of making herself acquainted with my name ; but having requested her to substitute that of Monsieur Jean, I desired that the paper might be presented to him on the morrow, with the best wishes of his late visiter.

And thus, having purchased a good night's rest at

the expense of little more than a couple of guineas, I cheerfully resigned myself to the loss of my walk in the gardens ; and went home with the flattering unction laid to my soul, that, although debarred from the exercise of philanthropy on a very extensive scale, I might flatter myself with the hope of having now and then Macadamized the flints scattered along the rugged pathway of my fellow pilgrims of the world.

It was my serious intention to take an opportunity of revisiting La Mère Urs'line, and inquiring further into the prospects of my *protégé*. But the summer heats brought illness, and illness necessitated a removal to Montmorency, for change of air ; and, on my return, to the shame of my humanity be it written, I had forgotten Monsieur Jean. Lodging near the Barrière du Roule for the benefit of a purer atmosphere, I ceased to traverse the Marché St. Honoré ; and the reeking steam pots of the Scrap-Stall, and the broken victuals of its *buffets*, totally escaped my recollection.

One evening—one of those heavy evenings in November, when the chilly fog clings round one's limbs like a shroud glued by the death-damp—it happened that I was alighting from one of the better order of hackney coaches, known by the name of *citadines*, at the door of Borel's celebrated *restaurant*, the *Rocher de Cancale* ; when the pleasing contrast of the bright lamps within, or perhaps the still more agreeable anticipation of the excellent dinner I was about to digest, warmed my heart to

the point of bestowing an extra franc upon my civil driver. But the man, instead of pocketing my gratuity, stood twisting the coin between his finger and thumb, smiling in my face, and giving me no opportunity to extricate myself from his vehicle.

"I fancy *not' bourgeois* does not recollect me?" quoth he; at last. "I am Gregoire, Sir—the same who used to drive No. 109, at your service; but my old master is lately dead, and my good certificates have promoted me to the coach-box of a *citadine*. It was but t'other day, *not' bourgeois*, we were talking of you at the Jacobins, and La Mère Urs'line said, she would give her best copper stew-pan to see your face again; for 'twas not often she had set eyes on such, or so warm-thoughted towards the poor. You see, Sir, Monsieur Jean has been in trouble."

"Aha!" cried I—the name of Jean bringing at once to my mind the whole scene of the Marché St. Honoré—the Scrap-Stall, and gastrophilite hackney coachman. "And why did they not let me know?—But I forget; I gave them no address—no name. I am in fault—I must repair it.—In trouble, say you? Of what nature?"

"The common nature of human trouble, *mon bon Monsieur!*" cried No. 109, casting a significant glance towards the resplendent windows of the café: "an empty stomach, or rather empty stomachs, and nought to put into 'em. Methinks Madame Urs'line said something, too, of sickness and affliction in his family," pursued he, assigning a very secondary

influence to all but the disappointments of the appetite. "But I scarcely know what!"—

"We will go and see, Grégoire," said I. "I retain you by the hour. In twenty minutes or so, I shall have dined, and we will set off and make inquiries."

"Twenty minutes for a dinner at Borel's?" cried 109, with a knowing smile; "a thousand pardons, *not bourgeois*; but your oysters alone (the small *Murênes* sort are in season now, Sir,) will take you half the time!—But *n'importe!* Here I am, and shall be at your service; and if you miss me at coming out, I shall be no farther off than the sign of the Golden Quince at the corner of the next street. They have *cassia* there of a quality that I make it a point never to come so far as the Rocher without tasting."

Grégoire was, however, better than his word. When I issued forth at the close of one of those exquisite dinners of Borel's which sit as lightly on the digestion as a good action on the conscience, I found him watching through the window the antics of Madame Borel's celebrated Angora cats; and on perceiving me, he whistled to his horses who advanced a few yards at the signal. Down went the steps of the citadine—up went my noble self—the steps—the glasses; and off at a long trot along the Rue Montorgueil towards the Palais Royal. I had directed Grégoire to stop a few doors from the dwelling-house of Monsieur Jean; and this time, at least

I found no difficulty in procuring admission from the surly *concierger*.

"God bless you, Sir," cried she, on recognising me—"You are come late; but, I trust, not *too* late; poor Monsieur Jean has had much need lately of his friends." She even deigned to lend me her candle, (she could not quit her post to give me the honor of her attendance,) to secure me from the perils and dangers of a second escalade in the dark.

Nor on this occasion had I much to apprehend from the surliness of Jean. The door of the outer garret was unbolted; that of the inner one wide open, as if to ventilate the chamber. And truly even cold as was the weather, the precaution was needed;—for, within that narrow space, were crowded four living individuals, and a corpse!—

Foremost in the melancholy group that met my eye as I entered the room, was Monsieur Jean, the mere shadow of his former shadowy self—a hectic flush upon his cheek—a wild glare of desperation in his eyes—hanging over and intently regarding a sick infant, which a pale, miserable-looking young woman was soothing and striving to pacify on her knees, lest its cries should disturb some person apparently asleep, on a field-bed placed against the wall—the only one which the denuded chamber seemed to contain. Nearer to the sloping window of the roof, with a tall taper burning on a chair at its feet, lay the body of a young child stretched on a table covered with a linen-cloth; and, ever and anon, between the peevish shrieks of the sick in-

fant, the young mother cast wistful looks towards the remains of her first born ;—beside which she longed to weep—beside which she longed to pray—and, perhaps, could her heart have spoken—longed to die.

I was standing by the side of Jean, before he noticed my approach ; but when our eyes met, he seemed very little startled by my intrusion ; not that he recognised my person, but he cared for nothing now. All the world might come if they pleased, and pry into his wretchedness. The man was heart-broken.

“Have you had medical advice ?”—whispered I, touching him on the sleeve.

“Where was I to get it ?—What doctor climbs up to the beggar’s *mansarde* ?—Are you, Sir, a physician ?”

I shook my head in reply.

“A nurse who lodges in the *entresol* of the house, came to look at the other,” said he ; “but she told me it was too late for the reach of skill. My boy died of want of proper air and nourishment ; and this one is going too, and of the same fever. I know not why we weep :—God judges better than we judge for ourselves ! Why should we wish our children to survive to a life of hunger and wretchedness ?”—And the proud man clasped his hands over his face, and wept aloud.

I did not attempt to console him ; but instantly and silently quitting the room, betook myself to the concierge, to inquire whether there were no wholesome chamber untenanted in the house ; and on

learning that the front apartment on the fourth floor was disposable, begged her to make a fire there at my cost, and prepare beds in the two chambers of which she stated it to be composed. I next visited Grégoire, and despatched him in search of a medical man of my acquaintance, residing at no great distance; and having re-ascended to the attic, Jean looked round as I entered, and seemed to welcome my second coming as that of a friend.

"I know you *now*," said he, in a hoarse whisper. "You are the good man who secured us food and lodging at the height of our distress in the summer."

"Let us not talk of that now," said I; "I am much to blame in having so long forgotten you. Unhappily, you still need the consolation of friendship—trust to mine."

"It is too late," faltered he, again clasping his hands. "Some of those dear ones are gone—others are going—what further need have I to live and suffer?"—

A low tap at the door now attracted my notice, though lost to the ear of Jean; and, going towards it, I found a neat-looking little girl of about twelve years old, waiting without, with an earthen pitcher in her hand.

"Madame Urs'line sends her best respects to Monsieur and Madame Jean," said she, placing it under my care; "and hopes they will find the *bouillon* good, for she made it for them with her own hands; and she begged me to say she should be able to shut up her stall in an hour or two, and, if it

could be in any wise comfortable to them, she would come and sit up. Send back word by me if there be any thing wanting, that she may bring it with her.”

Eager to benefit by the good old woman’s assistance, my orders were promptly given, and liberally reinforced ; and by the time the porter arrived with intelligence that the apartment below was warm and ready for the reception of its new tenants, my quondam friend, Madame Urs’line, had also made her appearance, charged with those necessities of life which seemed so miserably deficient in the sick household. One arrival, however, was still indispensable. The sanction of my friend, Dr. Dubois, was necessary, ere we attempted the removal of Jean’s aged father and dying infant. But this having been at length procured, with an assurance, moreover, that change of air would be highly beneficial to both, we managed with no small difficulty to accomplish the translation.

Dubois, and myself aided in transporting the poor old man, insensible to our interference ; but I overheard the young wife whispering an intreaty to her husband that no hands but his own might be laid on the dead body of her darling child. With a woman’s instinct she still yearned towards the wasted, frail, inanimate remains, stretched beneath that miserable sheet, more than towards all else this world contained ! *La Mère Urs’line* was of material service in forwarding our measures ; suggesting when we should have been ignorant how to suggest, supplying, when we were ignorant what was needful.

There was no great stock of goods to create confusion. Within an hour all were installed in peace; the old man resting in a clean and comfortable bed, a nurse recommended by the porter stationed by the fire-side, and, in the other room, the mother and her babe reposing in an easy chair, with Jean beside her, watching the effects of the potions administered by Dubois. Already hope shone in their faces. They had found a friend; heaven had not deserted them. It was only the mother who still murmured through her falling tears—"He has done wonders for us; but he cannot call back the dead!"

Thus comforted, *La Mère Urs'line* and myself agreed to leave them to their rest. Grégoire was still in waiting to convey us home; and when I remembered that she alone, herself necessitous and laborious, had continued to minister to the wants of the needy family I had forgotten, I felt proud of being seated in my citadine, driven by No. 109, and side by side with the mistress of the Scrap-Stall.

On the morrow I was early at my post; for I had promised Jean to bear him company in following his child to the grave; who, but for the timely intervention of Grégoire, would have been consigned to the *fosse des pauvres*, or paupers' grave. I had not courage to witness the anguish of the mother in parting from the body of her child, for to *that* I could bring no alleviation; but waited with the priest and his silver cross beneath the white serge draperies of the gateway, which the *concierge*, having received my orders for the arrangements of the funeral on a *decent scale*, had judged it due to the credit of the

house to see appended. A bitter winter's wind, mingled with sleet, blew in our faces as we quitted the house to carry forth the human clay unto its parent dust. All was cheerless—all in consonance with the darker realities of life—with want, with wo, with the cutting off of the young, with the lingering life of the helpless and decrepit.

But it is not my purpose to retrace, pang by pang, the sorrows of the afflicted family, or their gradual restoration to a happier frame of mind and body. Suffice it that every hour of the day I devoted to their service, tended to elevate the kind husband, the devoted son, in my estimation. All that I saw, all that I heard of Jean, displayed him in a noble light ; and, within a week of my first re-introduction, he imbibed sufficient faith in my good will to confide to me his eventful history. To relate it with the wild eloquence of feeling that characterised his own narrative, is impossible ; but even briefly and simply told, there is a lesson worth a thousand homilies in the life of the hero of the Scrap-Stall.

“JEAN was the only son of a man of high integrity and moderate abilities—(a Marquis, but ennobled by a mere *noblesse de province*) whose family interests had procured him, at the restoration of the Bourbons, a place in the administration with a salary of some twelve thousand francs per annum, a considerable income in France.

“The Marquis, as it may be supposed, was, or became, a stanch royalist ; while Jean, who, at the arrival of the Allies, had been on the point of entering the Ecole Polytechnique, could by no means re-

concile himself to his auspicious change of prospects. As an *Etudiant en Droit*, (the profession now chosen for him by his family,) he remained an enthusiastic Bonapartist, associated himself with turbulent and disaffected companions, and, although a tender and devoted son, could not be induced to believe that the political intemperance which, at twelve years' old, was regarded as the folly of a boy, might, at twenty, tend to endanger the social position of his parents.

“His father grew anxious—more, however, for the prospects of his enthusiastic and talented son, than for his own; and in his eagerness to break off certain connexions formed by Jean among the leading liberals of the times, rashly accepted the proposal of a near relative, opportunely nominated to a high diplomatic appointment in the United States, that Jean should accompany him to his destination in the capacity of private secretary.

“Five years did he pass in the capital of the free country, familiarizing himself with its laws and institutions, a study which did not tend to deliberalize the principles of the youthful patriot; and when, at length, a change of ministry causing the removal of his kinsman, afforded him a pretext for returning to his native country shortly after the accession of Charles X, the Marquis had the mortification to discover that time, which had so notably matured the mind and improved the person and address of his son, had done nothing towards moderating the ardor of his political atheism.—Jean returned to Europe a decided Republican.

“ During his absence, the marquis had become a widower ; and all his hopes and affections were now concentrated in the one beloved son, over whose noble qualities and endowments he still rejoiced with trembling. But the old man clung with eagerness to his official dignities. The very name of ‘ *fonctionnaire public* ’ was to him, as to most Frenchmen, a title of honor.

“ He loved to pass the day over his desk, to take an early station at his *bureau*, and retain it late ; to attend the weekly levees of ministers ; and twice or thrice a year, ensconce his embroidered suit, and perform his Ko-tou before the face of royalty. His three bows of ceremony in the circle at the Tuileries, stood, in the estimation of the foolish old gentleman as an act of loyal devotion, perfuming and embalming his days—past, present, and to come. His son, meanwhile, smiled at his insatiation ; but smiled apart, so as to give neither pain nor offence to the parent by whom he was so well beloved, so ill appreciated.

“ But the administration of Polignac was already exercising its withering influence over the land ; and Jean, leagued with the high intelligences of the times, a favored guest in the circles of Manuel and Foy, Laffitte and Lafayette, and the hand-in-hand companion of Béranger, Benjamin-Constant, Jouy, Chevalier, Delavigne, Lebrun, and other chosen ones of the heirs of Fame, became loud among the discontented, and, at length, active among the disaffected. Young as he was, his voice possessed as much influence as his arm vigor.

“ The result of all this, under a government watched for by the Argus eyes, and administered to by the Briarean hands of the police, may readily be conjectured. The Marquis, on a slight pretext, was dismissed from his office ; and, although he conducted himself on the occasion with more dignity than might have been anticipated, in the conviction that he had been deprived of his beloved place for the sake of his beloved son, and that in retiring to live upon his scanty patrimony, he should be supported by the noble character and strength of mind of Jean, happiness was thenceforward banished from their little household. But the young patriot had already attached himself to a lovely and accomplished girl, to whose hand his sudden reverse of fortune forbade him to aspire ; while the Marquis, deprived of his mechanical occupation, and banished from his daily haunts and ancient neighborhood, became peevish, sickly and hypochondriac.

“ Jean had, however, too much occupation, and of too serious a nature, on his hands, to lose time in fruitless discontent. The oppressions and exactions of a most unpopular government were daily lending strength and activity to the republican party. The gradually increasing murmurs of the press, like the progressive growlings of a volcano, gave tokens of a coming eruption ; and Jean, leagued only with the pure in intention and lofty in spirit, rejoiced in the approach of an hour of danger—a sublime crisis, promising regeneration and tranquillity. He saw that the blindness of the king, and the madness of *his counsellors*, would accelerate the already inevita-

ble national revolution ; and, although incapable of so small an exercise of power as to restore his father to his desk, or reconcile the old man to its loss, flattered himself that he could assist in reversing the destinies of a mighty nation, and controlling the fatality which, from age to age engrafts despotism upon civilization, and bases the throne of royalty upon all that is noble in the world of refinement and of art !

“ He blinded himself to the fact, that a social pyramid, with the people for its basis, and a gradually ascending aristocracy for its superstructure, cannot be complete in symmetry without an autocrat for its apex. Clever as he was, Jean retained unlimited faith in the existence of the self-denying republican principle, in vain, frivolous, egotistical France !

“ The day of trial came. The Ordonnances appeared—the people resisted ; and Jean, already guilty of the imprudence of a clandestine marriage, rushed from the blessed retreat of his tranquil home, to defend the cause of his fellow-citizens. A tender-souled and blood-abhorring man, he felt himself under the necessity of serving the good cause, even unto trampling upon the lives of those who spoke his language, and had been reared in the lap of the same mother-country. It was a trying hour ! But the cry of ‘ Liberty ’ and ‘ Liberation ’ was loud in the land—overpowering even the cries of nature and humanity. Jean, participating in the labors, the dangers, and triumphs of the Three Days, won, and not ingloriously, the cross of July ; and witnessed

with joy the banishment of the Vampire Bourbon, and the incarceration of his official administration.

“But, lo! where *one* graven image had been thrown down and stamped into dust, another was reared in its stead;—and, on recovering from the brief intoxication of his triumph, the baffled patriot beheld another sovereign seated on the throne of Charles the Tenth, and his young wife mourning for the loss of her father and brother—victims of that sanguinary struggle. Others had recanted in their creed: but *he*, from that moment, became a thrice-republicanized Republican. A place was offered to him, a pension, an audience, a personal acknowledgment of his services in the thanks of the new monarch;—but Jean was inflexible.

“*Oiseau-timide, fuyant le glu des Rois*—he saw nothing but corruption within the gilded saloons of the Palais-Royal, or haunting the crime-engrained *parquets* of the Tuileries. He had struggled in vain—sacrificed himself in vain—in vain embued his hands in the blood of his fellow-creatures. Blind instrument of a political intrigue, he had only been the means of seating one Bourbon more upon the desecrated throne of France.

“It has been said of the death of Benjamin Constant, that a man ‘may survive the loss of friends or relatives, such being the order of nature; but that it is difficult for a patriot to outlive the loss of a revolution!’ Jean retained *his* life—it was his *doom* to live; for he had now an aged father, a young wife, and soon a younger child to maintain, by the *sweat of his brow*, or worse still, by the labor of

his brains. In his obscure retreat, he toiled by day—he watched by night—to purchase the scanty means of affording daily bread to these helpless ones. The poor old Marquis never reproached him—his wife, bringing forth children in her sorrow, never reproached him—his elder babe soon learned to entwine its little arms round his neck, and thank him for its frugal meal : and all this gave him strength to live, and courage to labor !

“ It was only when he had leisure to note the gradual abandonment of the liberal system adopted as a temporary measure by the citizen monarch in his new monarchy, that Jean grew really desperate. His writings soon became tinged with the bitterness of his feelings ;—he was arrested, imprisoned, tried, condemned ;—and all that remained of property to the little family was speedily absorbed in the payment of a heavy fine to secure his liberation. They removed to the *mansarde* of Courvoisin’s house ; they fed on scraps ; They encountered disease—*death* ; for Jean had been convicted of having publicly torn from his bosom the cross of July, and appealed to the memory of its martyrs as having suffered in vain !

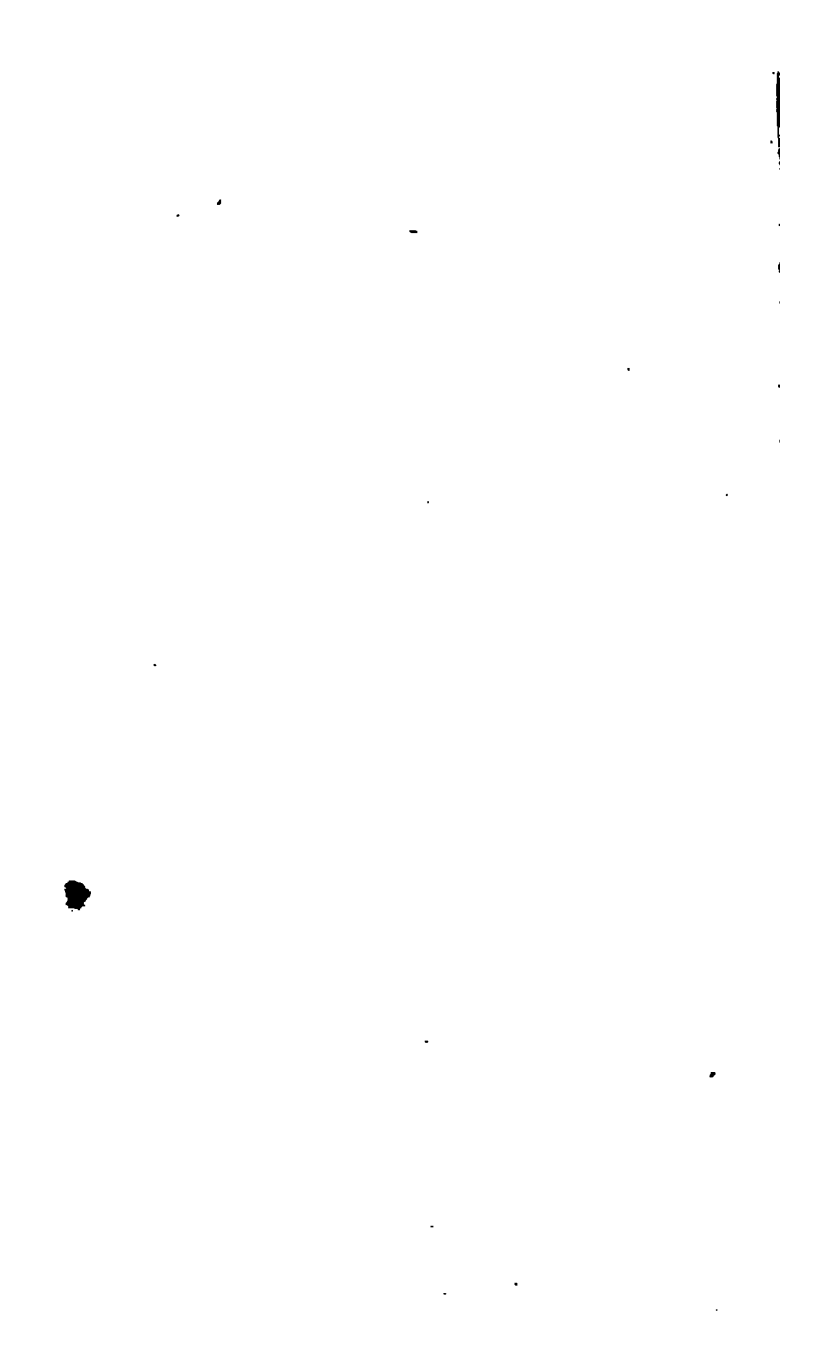
“ He was now under the *surveillance* of Gisquet’s police ; a mark for the accusations of Persil—for the scorn of the apostate Thiers. For Jean was true to his principles. Half perishing with cold—half famishing for lack of food—half maddened by the sight of his grey-headed father’s tears, his wife’s privations, he envied not Mordecai the Jew sitting in the King’s gate ; he spat not upon the symbol of

the good cause ; *he* deserted not the cause of the people !”

Such was he when I beheld him first, skulking under the cover of night, to procure food for his starving family. Such, alas ! is he no longer !—Removed from Paris to a secure retreat in the country, his doting father, his wife, his babe, soon experienced the benefit of pure air and nutritive diet. But for *him*, the relief came too late. Vigils, want, broken-heartedness, had undermined his constitution ; and it soon became evident that another victim was doomed to perish. The insurrection and massacre of April served to shake the few tremulous sands yet remaining in his glass. At the very moment when engaged in the composition of an eloquent defence of the prisoners implicated in that fatal affair, a sudden convulsion overpowered his feeble frame, and all was over !—

You may visit the grave of Jean, marked out by a solitary cypress, at the corner of the little cemetery of Passy. His father already lies beside him—his wife will soon be there ;—for, since the death of her beloved, the poor soul has been gradually sinking under her accumulated sorrows. But already I have adopted the little orphan baptized in the life-blood of so many martyrs ; and, should it be my fate to be summoned hence before he grows to manhood and achieves the independence denied to his unhappy father, I call upon my readers—I call upon all lovers of heroism—of virtue—to prevent the child of Jean, the champion of liberty, from becoming a pensioner of the SCRAP-STALL.

THE MILLER OF CORBEIL.



THE MILLER OF CORBEIL.

"Why marvel ye if they who lose ,
This present joy this future hope
No more with sorrow meekly cope ;
In madness do those fearful deeds
That seem to add but guilt to woe !
Alas ! the heart that inly bleeds
Hath nought to fear from outward blow."

Byron.

IN rural landscape, the French are apt to prefer the beautiful to the sublime. The scenes "by savage Rosa dashed" are not near so much to their fancy as those which "learned Poussin drew;" and the Lake-land valley, conceitedly described by Avision as "Beauty lying in the lap of Horror," would have filled their souls with consternation. They love a scene whose very surface bears the promise of corn, wine and oil,—a land flowing with milk and honey,—a Canaan which borrows no enhancements from the picturesque. The rocks of the royal forest of Fontainebleau described by Francis I. as *mes déserts*, are regarded by the Parisians as terrific, rather

than as constituting an element of beauty in a woodland landscape; and a smiling scene,—more especially the scenery of *ces riens côteaux de la Seine*,—affords the greatest attractions to the *badauds*, or cockneys, of the French metropolis.

For this reason, Corbeil is a favorite spot with them;—Corbeil, with its fertile and vine crowned banks rising above the Seine uncontaminated by the pollutions poured forth thereafter into its glassy waters by a filthy capital;—Corbeil, which, as Bologna is termed the Fat, might, assuredly, be called the Mealy;—Corbeil, whose villas line the shore with their well trimmed avenues of limes, and here and there a shrub dipping down into the stream. The prosperous little town is neither so ornate in its environs as Richmond, nor so stately in its domiciles as Hampton Court; but the wooded heights of St. Germain rise majestically above its suburbs;—and, if a palace be lacking, it boasts an edifice still more unique, and almost as imposing—the celebrated Mill of Corbeil.

The antiquarian, too, finds ample employment for his researches. On the outskirts of the town, and sloping to the edge of the Seine, lies the Pleasaunce of the Tremblay, the summer palace of Queen Blanche of happy memory,—still sending up its bubbling springs with as crystalline a grace as when the stone fountains in which they are still contained formed the bath of sovereign beauty; but devoting those lofty walls, once the precincts of a court, to the humbler but more useful purpose of ripening

some hundred weight of *chasselas* grapes for a market gardener. Yet although thus strangely degraded in its destination, and having its level lawns variegated with sundry patches of oats, wheat, barley, rye, Indian corn, lucerne, French beans, and vines, according to the agricultural propensities of the cultivator; whose fertile farm is bounded by those lofty walls and entered by the stately gateways that afforded access to royalty itself,—the Tremblay retains many a scattered relic of former grandeur.

Like a waiting gentlewoman, retired from service to live upon her means in her native village, and occasionally stealing to church in a suit of paduasoy manufactured from the court train of her former lady,—here and there, in the midst of a vineyard or corn ridge, we fall upon the ornamented basin of a fountain that plays no longer; or stumble against a stone bench, half hidden among the shoots of the beech tree, under whose shade it formerly afforded a resting place to the noble saunterers of the palace. The very canal still shelters among its flowering flags and water lilies a few overgrown golden carp, glittering among the more sober-suited fishes of its waters, like the last courtiers of the place. For Queen Blanche and her successors were, in turn, succeeded at her Pleasaunce of the Seine by nobles of high degree; nor was it until the last century that it fell into plebian hands—

And laughing Ceres re-assumed the land!

It happened, however, that, at the period imme-

diately preceding the frightful epoch of the French Revolution, the Tremblay had brighter things to boast of than its golden carp,—purer things than even its crystal fountains. The little farm, concealed within its cosy nook, was tenanted by a worthy wight named Mathurin, whose two daughters enjoyed the envied appellation of the Roses of Corbeil. It is impossible to conceive two lovelier creatures, or two more closely resembling each other in person,—more thoroughly dissimilar in character and disposition. There was but a year's difference between them in age ; there was a century's in sentiment !

Manette the elder sister, was a light, lively, gay-hearted creature, *riante* as the landscapes of Corbeil. Justine, the younger, with the same blue eyes, the same silken hair, the same trim ankle and well formed figure, was sad and sober ; and the neighbors who noted among themselves her gravity of aspect, were apt to attribute it to the influence of the broken constitution of her mother, who died of a pulmonary disorder in giving her birth. Both sisters, however, strengthened by the discretion of their deportment the high distinctions attained by their beauty ; and Mathurin, although watchful over the two nymphs of the Tremblay, as a miser over his gold, was not afraid to let his daughters take their stand on market days upon the Place de Notre Dame of Corbeil, with their fair faces shaded by the wide straw hats in use among the peasants of the department of the Seine-et-Oise, to preside over the

sale of the vegetable produce of his farm, and more especially over the stand of garden flowers and exotics, the pride of the gay parterres surrounding the limpid bath of the Reine Blanchè. Every thing prospered with them. While the father busied himself with the cares of his farm, the daughters contrived to render it available. 'The barley mow and the hay rick diminished,—the beds of ranunculuses and tulips were bereft of their brilliant show ; but Mathurin's long leathern purse grew heavier, his linen press was stocked ; and, at length, he took his pipe at even and morning tide, without much self-reproach on the score of economy. He even made the girls partakers of his gains, and Justine had the happiness to secure from her earnings a weekly mass for the spiritual repose of her mother at the altar of the Sacré Cœur in the church of St. Spire !

Manette, however, had other objects to which to devote her superfluous wealth. Manette was young and pretty enough to be curious in the lace of her pinnars, and the lawn of her kerchief. It was observed one day, as she took her usual stand on the market place, that she exhibited a pair of long gold ear-rings under her straw hat, and that a cross of gold was suspended to the black velvet which habitually encircled her slender throat ; and one or two of the most censorious of the ladies of the Faubourg, who were accustomed to exchange a few civil words with the Roses of Corbeil when they laid in their stock of mignonette-seed, turned disdainfully away

on noticing this accession of finery. Mademoiselle Benoite, indeed, the squint-eyed daughter of a retired notary at St. Germain, was heard to whisper that it was no wonder Manette of Tremblay grew so fine, now she was rowed over the river so often by young Monsieur Félix Clérivault, of the Douze Moulins; and now that young Monsieur Clérivault of the Douze Moulins found the fountains of Tremblay so refreshing during the midsummer heats.—The prudes and scandal-mongers were determined to spy mischief in the innocent coquetry of poor Manette!

Félix was a man whom, if few people loved, most people feared. Although, in every way, extrinsically endowed to win affection, and only qualified to excite apprehension by a taciturn reserve inspiring involuntary mistrust of his temper and disposition. He was chargeable with no act of violence, no act of injustice. He was charitable, generous, humane, yet his associates one and all, refrained from making him their friend;—and from the singular motive that they felt convinced he was capable of becoming a bitter enemy.—And thus it was that few people loved Félix! He was the son of old Clérivault, the rich miller of Corbeil—but he was nothing more.

The mill—or, as it is called on the spot, the *Douze Moulins* of Corbeil (although no less a number than twenty-eight are comprehended in the one huge building, resembling, at a distance a strong fortress, rather than an humble corn-mill),—was then a recent erection—one vast wing of the building be-

ing devoted to the government service of the public hospitals of Paris, the other to the private speculations of Clérivault. At a time when all other branches of commerce were declining under the influence of the political dissensions already agitating the kingdom—and the rich silk-weavers and bronze founders of Paris were beginning to foresee a term to their prosperity,—the staff of life was not the less needed that its consumers were bent on establishing a general equalization of their rights. Bread was wanted at Paris whether Girondin or Jacobin ruled the senate ; and old Clérivault, profiting by the facilities afforded by the vicinity of the river Juigne to the spreading corn-fields of La Brie towards the provisionment of the capital, had invested a large portion of his fortune in the creation of an establishment likely to perpetuate his name, and multiply his means beyond all calculation.

His whole life had, in fact, been spent in the task of money-getting and money-sparing, and the pastime of deceiving the world as to the extent of his gains and savings. No one, not even his only son, had the most remote idea of the amount of Clérivault's property ; but when it was rumored in Corbeil that he had made overtures for an alliance between Félix and Mademoiselle de Montigny, co-heiress of the château de St. Port, the gossips of the town decided that he must have been a bolder or a richer man than they had previously imagined ;—the aristocratic “ de ” prefixed to the name of the young lady being equivalent to the value of at least thirty

thousand crowns in a marriage-contract with the son of the Miller of Corbeil. Neither the distinction it imparted, however, nor any other attraction, sufficed to overcome the opposition of Félix to the match. While Mademoiselle Benoîte and her crew were busy in computing what amount of wealth could justify the Clérivaults in pretending to so grand a connexion, the young man explicitly declared to his father his determination to wed elsewhere!

This might have been held sufficient provocation. But when Félix came to particularise that the partner he had chosen was no other than pretty Manetto, the twin Rose of Corbeil, the gardener's daughter of le Tremblay, the wrath testified by old Clérivault against his son was easy to be accounted for. The cast-off prejudices of the great usually descend to the little; and at a time when even the peerage of France was beginning to republicanise,—when Versailles itself had declared in favor of the natural equality of the human species,—it was time for the Miller to disdain the inter-alliance of his family with that of a market-gardener; nor could an Emperor of Germany, insulted by the determination of his son the King of the Romans to espouse the daughter of some pretty baron of the Empire, have shown himself more fiercely indignant than old Clérivault.

"I had already heard from our cousin Benoîte," cried he, "that it was inferred in the town no good would come of your everlasting visits to the sty of a farm yonder, over the water;—but, look you, Master Félix! if ever again you set foot upon the turf of the

Tremblay, I will assuredly put the width of my threshold between you and me for evermore ;—ay ! Sir, and marry again—(Mademoiselle de Montigny, perhaps,—why not the father as well as the son ?)—and beget sons and daughters, who shall not thwart me in my old age, although they share my inheritance with my elder and more stubborn child.”

“ You cannot do better, Sir,” replied Félix, without moving a muscle of his handsome but impassive countenance. “ Although you oppose my choice, I am far from inclined to find fault with yours. Marry Mademoiselle de Montigny—disinherit me if you will. I have still two strong arms, and as strong a heart, to enable me to get my own living and pursue my own inclinations.”

And Clérivault, aware of the obstinacy of his son’s resolves, gave over the case for lost ; and even made a solemn progress to the Château de St. Port, to offer his apologies to the family of Montigny, and tender the retraction of his proposals.

Yet, in spite of this resignation and these formal measures, all hopes of alliance was not at an end. Old Clérivault had an abettor in his projects on whom he little calculated. He could not be more firmly determined that Félix should never become the husband of the gardener’s daughter, than Manette that she would never become the wife of the Miller’s son !—No ! it was *not* for *him* that she had added the offending trinkets to her costume, or folded the snowy lawn upon her bosom—it was not for him that she loitered by the way on the road from le Tremblay to the

market-place—it was not for him that she ensconced her well-turned foot into slippers of Spanish morocco to dance upon the green sward at the annual fête of Saint Etienne at Essonne. There were other attractions at the Mill of Corbeil than the homage of Félix Clérivault ; and Mathurin's daughter, so inaccessible to the addresses of one who wooed her with the stern gravity of a Spanish hidalgo, or rather, with the jealous but impassioned tenderness of an Orosmanes, had given her heart with very little asking to young Valentine, the son of Charlet, a poor ferryman of Corbeil !

As it has been already observed, the prejudices of the great are eagerly adopted by the little ; and the rich miller could not express himself more vehemently against his son's attachment to the daughter of the market-gardener, than did the market-gardener, in his turn, on hearing his daughter's engagement to the son of a ferryman of the Seine. Clérivault wished to marry Félix to the high-born Clarisse de Montigny ; Mathurin to marry Manette to the wealthy Félix. Clérivault threatened to disinherit his son—Mathurin threatened to horsewhip his daughter ; and when on the evening succeeding the general *éclaircissement*, Félix rowed over to le Tremblay, and, having fastened his boat to the usual stump, made his way towards a stone bench among the acacias where often at the same hour he had found the two daughters of Mathurin sitting together—now talking, now listening—sometimes to each other, sometimes to the gurgling of the springs among the

grass, or the whistling of the blackbirds in the groves of St. Germain,—he was bitterly taxed by Manette with the indignity he had been the means of drawing upon her endurance.

“It is a cruel thing of you, Monsieur Félix,” said she, “to persist in persecuting me thus after I have again and again told you that were you Count of Corbiel, or the King of France himself, I would never be your wife!—And now you have provoked my father to misuse me (the first time he ever breathed a harsh word against either of his children!) I do but detest you the more!”

“Hate me, and welcome!” said Félix, in an unaltered voice. “I have heard you say as much before, Manette, and been nothing moved. But never till to-day—never till from your father’s lips, this morning, did I learn that you preferred another—that you stooped to bestow the love denied to me upon yonder beggar, the son of a beggar—the hireling drudge of my father’s mill!—What in heaven—what on earth—do you see to move your affection in such a fellow as Valentin?—Answer me, Manette, what do you see to like in Valentin?”—

“That if he were rich, like yourself, Monsieur Félix Clérivault, he would not always be thinking of riches, and giving the name of beggar as a word of reproach, to others less fortunate than himself; Valentin has the heart of a prince!”

“Truly a ragged prince, and with a precious cabin for his palace!”—retorted the Miller’s son, instantly justifying her accusation: “as you will find when

you take your place yonder in Charlet's hovel, among the ten half-fed, half-clothed brats who call him father!"

"And who, even for that scanty food and scanty clothing, are indebted to the labor of Valentin!"—added Manette, with firmness; "of Valentin, who, when his work at the mill is over, comes to his father's hut with a smile upon his face and a song upon his lips; and, instead of grumbling and murmuring that his limbs are aching with toil, sits down cheerfully to his osier-weaving or mat-work; or, during the summer season, rows off as stoutly as though his arms had not done a turn of work through the day, to cut reeds for the thatchers or the tile-makers. And for what does he labor?—To lay up hoards for himself, or to purchase the means of selfish pleasure?—No, Monsieur Félix, no!—to get bread for his paralytic mother—raiment for his brothers and sisters—rent to requite your own purse proud father for the use of the miserable hut you hold so cheap. Proud as you are of your fortune, your very means have been swelled by his industry."

"Manette!" whispered the gentle Justine, laying her hand imploringly upon her sister's shoulder, "you know not how great an injury you may be doing Valentin by this violence."

"I understand you!" replied Manette, aloud, "although you are afraid to speak out. You mean that Monsieur Félix will be a powerful and malicious enemy to him. Courage, courage, sister! Valentin, by the sweat of his brow and the labor of his hands,

earns wages from the Miller of Corbeil ; but he is not therefore the slave of either old Clérivault or his son. There is nothing to fear from Valentin ; nor any reason why I should not acquaint the gentleman, who is base enough to taunt him with beggary, that I would rather make one in the hovel by the river side among [its merry inmates and the warm hearts that would welcome me so kindly—than play the lady in the cold narrow-minded family of Clérivault, where the only cheerful sound is the clack of their own mill !”

By this time the soul of Félix was overflowing with rage. He ground his teeth for rage as he thought of Valentin !—But he uttered not a syllable. —His wrath was silent as it was deadly ; and the stillness was only interrupted by the sobs of Manette, whose petulance, as usual, exhausted itself in tears.

“ Father !” cried she, suddenly starting up from Justine’s pacifying embraces, as the footsteps of Mathurin were heard approaching the bench on which they sat, “ I beseech you, command Monsieur Félix Clérivault to quit this place. You explained to me this morning the wickedness of children presuming to disobey their parents : you will not, surely, encourage a son to rebel against his father ?—Old Clérivault has laid his injunctions on Félix to visit le Tremblay no more. You have pride ; too, father ;—surely, surely, you will not stoop to have it said that you laid snares to seduce a raw inexperienced boy into marriage with your daughter ?”

“ And *who* will dare to say so !” —ejaculated the

young man, trembling with repressed rage at the epithets bestowed upon him.

"Your own kinswoman, Mam'selle Benôte, has said so a thousand times."

"Mam'selle Benotte is a prating fool!" cried old Mathurin; and young Clérivault saw no cause to dispute the assertion.

"But you cannot surely, my dear father, wish Monsieur Félix to get into trouble by his visits to the Tremblay?" said Justine, mildly—a question to which the gardener-farmer found it so difficult to reply, that he leant down, on pretext of caressing the shaggy-looking cur which was accustomed to lag at his heels, rather than venture on a direct answer.

"And how is my father to hear of them?"—demanded Clérivault, haughtily bending his brow.

"Thus!" replied Justine, pointing through the dusk, now gathering round them, to the approaching figure of a man bending under the weight of a sack of meal; who, on putting down his burthen, and raising his head, as he proceeded to wipe his streaming brows, presented to their view the homely features but prepossessing countenance of Valentin; while Charlet's son, startled to find his young master thus apparently domesticated with Mathurin and his daughters, yet in no wise daunted by his presence, cheerfully saluted the party.

"What are you doing here, Sir?"—demanded Félix, in an angry voice.

"Obeying the orders of the overseer, Monsieur Félix," replied the young man; "who bade me *bring over*——"

"Is this a time for doing your mill-work?"—interrupted Félix. "I shall represent to-morrow, to my father, that you defer the execution of his business till after-hours, in order to suit your own whims and convenience."

"You will represent what you please, Sir," answered Valentin. "But one honest man's word is as good as another's; and Monsieur Bernardin, the overseer, has known me too well from a boy upwards as a truth-teller, and fair-dealer, not to credit my assurance, that every minute of my morning's time was spent in my duty to my employer. If I have pushed the boat over to Tremblay, to deliver to Monsieur Mathurin his meal this evening, instead of to-morrow morning as I was directed, it is only because I desired to offer him the *bonsoir*, and my respects to the young ladies."

"Your respects and your salutations are not wanted here, my lad," growled Mathurin. "If you had brought me the couple of crowns I have had to score up against your father for milk and meal furnished to your family, you would have done something more to the purpose." And Mathurin, excited by the desire of saying a vexatious thing to the pauper who had presumed to lift his eyes to his pretty Manette, renounced the generous intention of his better nature to make a free gift to the needy family of the overflowings of his cruise of plenty.

"Do not fancy I am come empty-handed," said Valentin, mildly, but drawing up with conscious pride as he tendered the payment of two crowns to

the more prosperous farmer ; and Manette's heart beat till it was ready to burst her bosom, for joy that her lover was able to redeem himself from humiliation in his rival's presence. " If I have delayed thus long, Monsieur Mathurin, it is that grievous sickness has arisen in my family from the damps of the season,—Monsieur Clérivault's workmen have neglected to repair the roof of our hut, according to his covenant. But remember that, although the cost of drugs and doctors may have kept us in your debt, it has not caused me to break my word. I promised you payment at midsummer, and Saturday next is the eve of St. John."

" Good,—Valentin, good !" replied Mathurin, jerking the money into his pocket, and ashamed of the meanness into which he had been betrayed.

" You are an honest lad ; and I have nought to say against you in your way. But your way is not mine, and I do not intend to make it so. Henceforward I shall beg Monsieur Bernardin to choose some other of his mill-lads to do what business may chance to stand between us ; and charge my old friend Charlet to lay his injunctions on yourself not to be gadding about upon idle errands, of evenings, or, at least, not upon premises of mine."

" You have said enough, Master Mathurin," answered Valentin, involuntarily glancing towards the two girls, who stood overcome with grief and embarrassment, leaning on each other, under the acacia trees ; " I am well aware to whom I am indebted for this sudden change of welcome, and shall take an

opportunity to thank the tale-bearer who, for some time past, has been base enough to play the spy upon my actions."

"*You lie!*—" vociferated Félix, on whom the accusing looks of Valentin were now directed. "You lie like a dog!—"

"Coward that you are, in daring to use such words to *me!*" cried the young man, suddenly smiting a violent blow upon his own breast; "when you know that I cannot raise my hand against you so long as the bread eaten by my family is provided by your father's wages."

"You have also their beggary to thank for screening your insolence from chastisement," said the contemptuous Félix. "And as you seem to be in no condition to play the hero, beware, in future, how you assume the braggart."

"Valentin—dear Valentin!" exclaimed Justine, throwing herself before young Clérivault, to intercept the spring which she perceived Valentin on the point of making upon his person, "remember your poor mother, remember your sick sisters."

"Let me go!" cried he, struggling with the silent embrace of Manette, which not even her father's presence sufficed to check when she saw her lover on the eve of rushing into violence—the inevitable source of ruin to himself and his family. "Let me go;—let me not live to have it said of me, that I dared not defend myself against the insults of a villain!" Then dashing forwards, and again, as suddenly, checking himself, he burst into tears, and covered

his face with his hands while he exclaimed, "He is right!—I *dare* not strike him,—I dare not lay hands on the son of the Miller of Corbeil!—I was born too poor to indulge in the sense of justice and honor. The walls that shelter us are his father's walls,—the food we eat is derived from *him*. Father—mother—brothers—sisters!—this is the hardest thing I have had to bear for your sake!"

"Never mind him, Valentin!—be of good cheer, dear, dear Valentin!" sobbed Manette; her sensitive nature excited to its utmost pitch of violence by his distresses. "Let him be as rich and as audacious as he will, I hold him but a dastard and a beggar!—From me he will obtain nothing, Valentin;—nothing but scorn and detestation. Poor as you are—so poor will I be! Despise you as they may—I honor you,—I revere you,—I *love* you!—My father may drive me forth,—my friends disown me; but they have urged me on to defiance by their misdoings towards *you*.—Valentin, dear Valentin, hear me,—hear your wife, and leave this man to the rebukes of his own conscience."

Sad was the scene that ensued upon this open violation of parental authority. But Valentin had not the affliction of seeing the woman he loved savagely entreated by her enraged father; for while Mathurin was engaged in driving back his daughter to the farm and locking her into her chamber, Félix and himself were entwined in a deadly struggle,—a struggle that left him, for a few seconds, breathless and senseless on the turf; for the athletic Clérivault.

was as much the superior of the ill-nourished, over-tasked Valentin, in personal strength, as in worldly endowments. Young Baptiérét, a hind employed upon the farm, attracted to the spot by the tumult of the scuffle, proceeded to raise him from the ground, while Félix hastily made off towards Corbeil. But when Valentin recovered the effects of his stunning fall sufficiently to comprehend what had passed, and to feel that he had been engaged in an altercation with his master's son which would probably end in the ruin of his whole household, he wrung his hands for very bitterness.

"Would that I were dead!" he ejaculated, as he took his way back to his father's ferry-boat. "MATHURIN has sworn to bestow his daughter upon another. Monsieur Clérivault will eject my mother from her habitation when he learns what has occurred. My intemperance will seal the fate of my family, without obtaining me the hand of Manette.—Would! would that I were dead! Better be in my grave than thus a burden to myself and all the world."—

"Be of good cheer, Valentin," cried the lad Baptiérét, who had followed him, and was aiding him to unmoor his boat. "Ma'mselle Manette loves you in spite of them all. Ma'mselle Manette has promised that she will one day be your wife!"

"No!—no wife—no house—no hope—no rest!—I was born with the curse of God upon my soul!"—uttered the ferryman's son, looking up to the sky (where the faint flushes of a summer storm were already streaming,) as if in impious reproach to the

Omnipotent who had created a wretch so miserable.

—“I was born to eat the bread of toil and bitterness;—what matters it that such an outcast should cease to live?”

And it came to pass that every petulant word uttered by Valentin to the farm-lad Baptiérét during that brief colloquy, was eventually inscribed in the judicial archives of the country, with the view of throwing light upon the incidents following the quarrel of that fatal night!—Old Charlet's son never again set foot upon the turf of le Tremblay!

Valentin was mistaken, however, in supposing that his dispute with Félix would insure his dismissal from the Mill of Corbeil. Either old Clérivault saw no cause for displeasure in his conduct, or Félix had generously or perhaps, discreetly forborne to prefer a complaint against him:—when, at the ringing of the work-bell the following morning, he presented himself as usual among the men, not a word of remark was made on the subject by Bernardin the overseer. Valentin had been cutting rushes on the river from earliest day-light, in order to repair to the best of his own abilities the dilapidated roof of the hovel, from whence he so much dreaded to witness the ejection of his family; and, heart-sick with labor, and fasting, was scarcely able to support the struggle of his feelings on ascertaining that his rashness had not been the means of immediate injury to his sick and feeble mother. In the course of the day he had still stronger evidence that no displeasure existed against him in the mind of the Clérivaults; for

a trust-worthy messenger being needed to carry over to La Brie the copy of a contract of sale, for signature, to one of the most extensive corn-growers of the district, Valentin was chosen for the office,—the usual factor being absent on pressing business at the market of Melun. Having received his instructions, he accordingly departed ; and, as it was impossible for him to return to Corbeil till a late hour at night, it was settled that he should tender an account of his commission to Monsieur Bernardin the following morning, when he was to be at the mill half an hour previous to his usual time.

At the usual time, however, the work-bell rang, but no Valentin made his appearance ; and the young men in Clérivault's employ began to joke among themselves, swearing that the sober Valentin must have been guilty of some excess, and detained on the road. At a late hour, Bernardin dispatched one of the boys to Charlet's cottage to make inquiries, but still no Valentin had been heard of.

Before evening, they knew all ; but the all was indeed no trivial matter. Before evening, the public authorities were summoned, and a *procès-verbal* was drawn up, specifying the finding of the body of the unfortunate Valentin, suspended by his own handkerchief to a tree in the Forest of Sénart.—*He had destroyed himself.*—It was noticed with sympathy by all, that throughout the investigation of the case, young Clérivault, who could not but tax himself as the unintentional cause of the misfortune, was present, pale as death, and completely overpowered by his feelings.

But if Félix sorrowed for the departed, what was the affliction of her whom he had so dearly loved—of those who so dearly loved him?—what the agony of Manette when she knew that he for whom she would have sacrificed all, had incurred the guilt of the suicide?—*She* did not hold him guilty, except, indeed, in leaving her to struggle alone with the troubles of the world; and as soon as the daylight dawned, on the day succeeding that when the body of Valentin was discovered in the forest, and after the usual forms deposited by the Maréchaussée of Corbeil in his father's hovel previously to interment, she set out alone for Charlet's cottage, —to comfort the living,—to mourn over the dead!

It was a grievous sight,—that miserable hut standing alone in the midst of the green meadows on the borders of the Seine, like a thing abandoned to the mercy of nature;—that miserable hut whose prop was now reft away—that refuge for those who had none left to succor them, none left to minister to their wants, or wipe away their tears!—Mathurin's daughter lifted the latch as gently as though it were possible that any under Charlet's roof could at such a season be sleeping; and with the calmness of despair, entered the house of mourning.

And mournful, indeed, was the spectacle!—There, on the only pallet, lay the paralytic mother hiding her face in the clothes, that she might not look upon the disfigured corps of her first-born,—the mattress affording the customary bed to the children having been already carried out and sold by the poor ferry-

man, to secure the means of a decent burial for his boy!—And there lay the livid body of Valentin stretched upon the very rushes which his own hand had cut for so different a purpose, while his little brothers and sisters, deprived of their rest, and terrified, and hungry, were huddled together in a corner, staring with wonder at all that was passing. Charlet, usually so reckless amid his wants and misfortunes, sat with his head drooping on his breast, and scarcely raised his eyes on Manette's entrance; nor was it till she went close up to him, and knelt at his feet, and called him "father," and reviled herself as the cause of the evil, that the unhappy man seemed moved to consciousness.

"Had ~~he~~ lived, I should have been your daughter," said Manette, hiding her weeping face upon his knees, "and then, all I had would have been yours. Accept it *now*, Charlet, for his sake," she continued, placing in his hand a small bag containing the amount of hers and Justine's earnings. "Accept it now, when it can be useful; for to *me*, worldly goods are henceforward vain." And she wept long and bitterly, while the little children, who had been taught by Valentin to love her, crept forward and clung to her gown, and whispered to her to be comforted, for that their brother was surely with God!

"Yes, he *is* with God!"—said the broken-hearted old man, in a hoarse voice. "He whose loss renders these little ones worse than fatherless, and gives so bitter a pang to the poor grey-headed parents to whom he never, never gave pain before, *must* be with God

My boy may appear at the tribunal of Grace with the stain of self-murder on his soul. He, who never injured mortal man, may have been moved to lift his hand against his own precious life. But Heaven judges us not as we judge each other ;—Heaven witnessed the cares, the trials, the struggles of my blessed Valentin, and noted the maddening brain and breaking heart of the proud pauper—the tender son—the good brother—the good Christian ;—and Heaven will forgive him !”

“ Why, why did he forsake us ?” ejaculated Mathurin’s daughter, rising from her knees and tottering towards the body. “ Oh, Valentin ! Valentin ! why did you forsake me ?” and lifting up the cloth with which the pious care of the father had covered the face of the dead, she imprinted a fervent kiss upon the lips of him who should have been her husband.

At that moment her father and sister, having missed her from the farm, and readily conjecturing her route, entered the cottage in search of Manette. But Mathurin’s displeasure against the deceased was over now, and instead of expressing dissatisfaction at his daughter’s proceedings, he not only advanced with tearful eyes to sprinkle holy water on the body of her ill-starred lover, but asked permission of Charlet to follow it to the grave. And when the remains of the warm and true Valentin were deposited in the pauper’s trench of the churchyard of St. Germain, they were transported thither on the shoulders of his comrades, and followed by so vast a concourse

of his fellow-workmen and friends, and the incense of their affliction was as that of a burnt-offering calculated to propitiate the mercy of God towards the suicide.

It is probable that a catastrophe so lamentable would have produced a greater sensation and elicited a closer scrutiny in a little town so uneventful in its history as Corbeil, but that the still fiercer disasters of the French Revolution had already begun in the capital ; and soon afterwards, Félix secretly took his departure to join the armies of the Republic.

“ I knew it would be thus,” murmured the gentle Justine, as she sauntered along the river-walk of her father’s garden looking towards the Mill of Corbeil, when intelligence of young Clérivault’s departure transpired in the town. “ I was sure he could not remain here, haunting the same spots and communing with the same associates *as before*. He is right to fly. Félix has nothing more to do at Corbeil ; his penance must be accomplished elsewhere—Miserable, miserable Félix !—What thoughts, what recollections accompany him in his flight ;—what griefs, what terrors have been undermining his health ? Yet Manette, who so dearly loved Valentin, has seen and suspected nothing of all this ;—while I, I so long, so hopelessly devoted to Félix, discerning his conscience-struck affliction from the first moment I saw him gazing yonder from the shore on Charlet’s hovel !—The Forest of Sénart,—the Forest of Sénart !—Oh ! that I could free myself from the imagination of that scene,—that fatal, fatal night !—No

sooner am I left alone than involuntarily the whole black business rises before me. I fancy their encounter,—I seem to hear their quarrel—I seem to see the struggle in which Valentin must have fallen a victim, ere the dreadful idea presented itself to Félix of making him pass for a self-murderer ! Appearances avouched the imputation,—appearances deceived the officers of justice,—deceived his comrades, his master, his father, his friends, his affianced wife,—but they did not deceive *me* ; for it was not on Valentin's life, but on the well-doing of Félix Clérivault that my happiness was pledged. And, oh ! how have I watched over his repentance, his despair ! —Had he triumphed in his wickedness, I should have learned to hate him ; but to see him self-convicted,—penitent,—wretched,—although thrice secure from discovery ! Miserable, miserable Félix ! —Driven from his home by the clinging curse of reminiscences henceforward to be attached to his birth place—Oh ! when will he venture to return to Corbeil ?”

Years rolled on ; old Clérivault had already resigned the presidency of the mill to Bernardin, the overseer ; and the fine domain of St. Germain having become national property by the emigration of the noble family with whom it was hereditary, the Château was purchased by the assignats of the Miller of Corbeil. Thither, with a scanty household, he retired ; and there, uncared for and alone, falling gradually into a state of imbecility, it was a gratification to him when tottering round the lawns whose beauty he was incapable of appreciating, to be accost-

ed by the younger daughter of his neighbor Mathurin, with inquiries whether tidings had reached him from his son, and how it fared with the armies of France. But the old man's answer was ever the same:—"The armies of France were triumphant,—but no tidings from his son!" Great names were beginning to arise from obscurity in the annals of the country,—Lannes, Victor, Bernadotte, Murat, Duroc, Berthier, Suchet, Soult.—A mighty soldier had conquered to its banners the eagle-plumed ensign of victory; but no conjecture enabled Clérivault to discover under what designation Félix had either fallen on the field of honor, or was struggling onwards in the career of fame. It was rumored in the town that once, when a brigade on its march to join the army of the Sambre-and-Meuse halted at Essonne, a superior officer was seen galloping back to the high road in the dusk of the evening from the portal of the church of St. Spire, where, in the *tronc des pauvres* adjoining the mausoleum of Count Haymon of Corbeil, a bank-bill of considerable amount was found on the succeeding morning. But none could say that the stranger was Félix Clérivault; and if indeed he, the suns of Egypt and Italy had "written strange defeatures in his face."

At length (it was at the triumphant epoch of the recognition of *le sol dat heureux* as Emperor of France) the Miller of Corbeil, long sickly and doting, was finally gathered to his rest; when a public advertisement having been legally circulated by the authorities of the department and the sale of the property subsequently announced,—the heir,—the long-

absent, the half-forgotten Félix,—appeared on the spot, in the person of one of those eminent generals whose names had long been rife in the mouths of the inhabitants of Corbeil, and their destinies commended to Heaven by the prayers of their fellow-countrymen. But, even when, shortly afterwards, the equipage of General Le—— was seen one fine summer evening entering the iron gates of the park of St. Germain, the notion of the presence of one of the heroes of Marengo, of the Pyramids, of Austerlitz, seemed to have superseded all recollection of Félix Clérvault. The villagers gazed on the noble person of the handsome, grave, middle-aged soldier whose head was more than slightly silvered by the toils of war; and saw no traces of the petulant youth they had been accustomed to watch, eighteen years before, crossing the river to Tremblay to laugh and jest with the Roses of Corbeil.

To *his* eyes, meanwhile, the season and the scene were much as when he quitted them. *He* had become a hero,—a statesman;—Europe was familiar with his name, and his voice had obtained weight in the councils of France. His port was now erect and stately,—his step firm and measured,—his voice stern and commanding; he had learned to control the desires and passions of others,—*he* had learned to control his own. Nothing in *him* but was altered. But *there* rolled the same blue Seine,—there smiled the same vineyards,—there stood the Mill of Corbeil,—there rose the woods of St. Germain,—there the chimneys of the farm of Le Tremblay;—there, far below in the meadows, crumbled the ruins of a hovel the

hut of the ferryman,—and there,—*there*, in the distant horizon, *gloomed the Forest of Sénart*.

And, lo ! unsilenceably resounded in his ears the mandate, “Thou shalt do no murder !”

It was some comfort to him to learn that Mathurin was no more, and the family of Charlet the ferryman dispersed and forgotten. “And the Roses of Corbeil ?” inquired General Le——, in a low voice, as accompanied by the game keeper of St. Germain, on the evening of his arrival, he pursued his way along the terrace, gazing through the grey evening light upon the open country.

“Mathurin’s elder daughter, mon Général, she who married the young farmer named Baptiérét, is the mother of ten fine children, and still living at the Tremblay,” said the *garde-de-chasse*. “Her sister Justine, poor soul ! has become a Sister of Charity.”

Hastily proceeding in their walk, the opening of the upper avenue of the Château towards the vineyards brought them in sight of a fine, comely looking countrywoman driving two cows, and accompanied by a lout of a farming boy and two healthy little girls, with untrimmed heads and dirty faces.

“*Tiens, voilà justement Ma’ame Baptiérét et ses enfans !*” continued the gamekeeper. “*Ma’ame Baptiérét ! Holà Ma’ame Baptiérét ! voici Monsieur le Général, qui s’informe de vous et de votre famille.*”

And General Le—— found himself perforce required to stand and receive the awkward courtesies

of the great fat countrywoman and listen to her history of her father's dying of an asthma, and her own happy match with Baptièret the cow boy! "*Brave garçon si jamais il en fût, et bien aimé de ce pauvre Valentin. Monsieur le Général se rappelle sans dout, ce pauvre Valentin ?*"

Alas! what else but the remembrance of Valentin had kept him so long an alien from his father's hearth,—so long an exile from home?—And it was for the woman before him that he had born so much,—incurred so much,—sinned so greatly, so irreparably!—Poor feeble human nature!—Poor murdered Valentin!—

But the trial thus voluntarily encountered proved too much for Félix; and, after remaining a few hours longer at St. Germain, General Le—— quitted for the last time a spot abounding in soul-harrowing reminiscences rendering vain his toils of honor, his career of glory.

For the brief remainder of his life, the fine mansion of St. Germain remained uninhabited. But the grave of General Le—— is now at Ehrenbreitstein, his monument in the Panthéon, and his property, having been bequeathed to the foundation of a military hospital, otherwise invested. Strangers abide at the château,—a company of speculators have assumed the direction of the mill of Corbeil; and nothing remains to commemorate the past, but the clear fountains of the Tremblay, and in the churchyard of the village of St. Germain,—a grave whose accusing voice will be heard by the guilty soul throughout the fearful stillness of eternity!

**SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S
PICTURE GALLERY.**



SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S PICTURE GALLERY.

"I was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations, the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures; and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself on his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures."

Spectator, 109.

"A LOVELY creature," said I, placing my hand athwart my forehead by way of sight-shade, with as much the air of a connoisseur as I could manage to assume.

"A dear one, a prudent, and a virtuous," rejoined the knight, turning sharply away, and betaking himself to his box, as if he had made an effort to look upon an object connected with painful recollections. Nay, if I am not mistaken, there was moisture on the lace of his sleeve as he raised his arm to his eyes, affecting to ward off the sun-beams glaring through the windows.

Now for worlds I would not have entrapped him into the discussion of the subject; but reading curi-

osity in my looks, he paused when we reached the door of the gallery, and, tapping me significantly on the hand, said in a low voice, "I have her history written out in fair text hand among my family papers. My cousin Ursula was the choicest scribe in this part of the country. You will find specimens of her best Italian manner in the great family recipe book ; but if you are inquisitive touching the memoirs of her sister Milicent, why 'tis heartily at your service." The word "prudent" was a stumbling-block. I was ever inclined to banish from among the cardinal virtues, the prim, self-contented, prudish-looking damsel with the looking-glass ; and since even Saint Augustine pleads guilty to a similar prejudice, I,—a sinner,—need not hesitate to avow the antipathy. Nevertheless, the following sketch of family history could not but interest my feelings ; and I have no scruple in pointing out the picture of the Lady Keswycke at her looking glass, as the sweetest personification of Prudence that has exemplified the duty of self-examination since the days of Penelope.

Sir Lawrence de Cressingham, of Cressingham Hall, was the friend and companion of the great Clarendon ;—sat in the Long Parliament, retired to France on the ruin of the royal cause, and died in exile. In compensation for these disasters, his son, Sir Giles, received at the Restoration offers of a pension and peerage ; both of which he stoutly declined, as being connecting links with a court towards which he was any thing but favorably disposed.

Retiring, therefore, to the estate or remnant of estate still pertaining to the family name, he devoted his time to its cultivation and his thoughts to the rearing of two daughters, bequeathed him by his wife, Ursula de Coverley, grand-aunt to the good knight, whom it was the ambition of his frugality to raise to the condition of co-heiresses.

Unfortunately, however, little Milicent and Ursula were not the sole objects of his solicitude. The charge of a young cousin, son to a younger brother of Sir Lawrence who had fallen on the field of Worcester leaving a young wife and posthumous child to the mercy of his then wealthy relative, was entailed upon him with the family estates; and Francis de Cressingham grew up as the sole child of the house, till, thirteen years after his melancholy birth, little Milicent made her appearance to initiate the heart of the bluff Sir Giles into the still warmer tenderness of actual paternity.

Frank, a spirited lad, with the wild blood of his race already boiling in his veins, was not jealous of the little stranger;—nay, he would often snatch the pretty doll into his arms and cover it with kisses, till the lady mother shrieked aloud lest its delicate frame should be injured by his rough caresses. But however blustering elsewhere, Francis became a tamed lion on approaching the nursery; and when, a few years afterwards, the Lady de Cressingham died of a slow decay, there was no one in the house whose endearments afforded consolation to her two moping motherless girls, saving those of “cousin

Frank." His visits to the Hall from college or his regiment were hailed as signals for a general holiday.

Sir Giles prepared for a carouse with the neighboring squires ; Milicent, who at that period inclined to the coquette, began to gather the bright rings of her chestnut hair under a *fontange* of the newest fashion ; while Ursula, her younger sister, would sit for hours at her spinet, studying sonatas for his amusement. The worthy knight was scarcely prouder of his young relative than were the two girls ; and during the perils encountered by the combined fleet in which young De Cressingham was serving with honor as a volunteer, Dr. Esdras, the family chaplain, could by no means determine which of the three displayed most fervor at morning and evening prayer, in commending to heaven the destinies of those who " travel by land or by water."

Sooth to say, the reverend divine regarded much of this tenderness as a work of supererogation ; for Francis de Cressingham was not only a scape-grace by nature, but a papist by profession ; his mother (who survived his disastrous birth long enough to influence his religious principles) being issued of the noble house of Norfolk, and boasting the celebrated Cardinal Howard among her uncles.

Meanwhile the peace of Nimeguen restored tranquility to Western Europe, and Captain de Cressingham to the Hall ; and it was well for him that he escaped being drowned in sherries-sack by his kinsman, or smothered in kisses by the two girls, during the first twenty-four hours of his sojourn. Milicent was

scarcely fourteen ; yet Dr. Esdras was of opinion that the raptures of her welcome might have been moderated with advantage to all parties. He even ventured to express some such notion in the hearing of his patron and disciple Sir Giles ; who swore in good round terms that he had no mind to be chaplain-ridden, and would foster no crop-eared puritan in his household till the doctor was fain to retreat into the little study that served him for dormitory and all, leaving the young people to be as loving and frolicsome as they and the obstinate knight thought proper.

But however warm the welcome of the elder Cressingham, and however strenuous his opposition to the innovations of a meddling chaplain, there existed between himself and his kinsman a fertile and inextinguishable germ of discord. They had lived on easy terms in the relative position of benefactor and *protégé*, guardian and ward ; but as man and man, the case was widely different. Frank was a blind and hot-headed royalist ; while the loyalty of Sir Giles was somewhat refrigerated by the sacrifices he had been compelled to make to the improvidence and obstinacy of the House of Stuart. Frank was a courtier ;—Sir Giles a clown. But above all, the knight had formed, or, as *he* said, *obtained* an opinion, that, by means of certain fines and recoveries, the residue of the Cressingham estates were fully redeemed from the original deed of entail ;—while Frank regarded the whole as his inalienable inheri-

tance ; and dearly as he loved his two fair cousins, had no mind to be swaggered out of his birthright.

A sovereign regnant is apt to look with a jealous eye upon his heir apparent, and still more upon the heir presumptive, or presumptuous, who advances unrecognised claims. The young captain had not been six weeks established at the Hall, before theological differences ran high between himself and the pragmatical Esdras ; and the party designations of Whig and Tory, then in the first blush of their virulence, were soon fiercely bandied between the two cousins. The attempt to restore episcopacy in Scotland affording an overflowing theme for those political squabbles, miscalled argument ; and while the heart of the young volunteer waxed hot within him to hear himself stigmatised as a vaporing boy, the nose of Sir Giles waxed hot without him on being upbraided as a recreant from the faith of his gallant ancestors.

It soon became apparent to Milicent and Ursula, that the sooner cousin Frank returned to Whitehall the more agreeable to cousin Giles. The young man was indebted to the testamentary dispositions of his uncle, Sir Lawrence, for a sufficient provision to supply the sword of a De Cressingham with new scabbards ; and he now burst forth once more upon his perilous career, and was soon heard of fighting with the great Sobieski against Tekeli and the Turks.

At this period, Milicent de Cressingham, now rapidly advancing towards womanhood, was often heard to interrupt her sister Ursula's labors in the

wardrobe and still-room with expressions of joy that their cousin should be absent from England during so stormy a season of political strife ; more particularly as the zeal and domestic influence of Dr. Esdras increased in proportion as the public influence of his party declined ; while the sinister aspect of their father's affairs only tended to irritate his prejudices against the ascendant faction. And yet, considering how often young Mistress de Cressingham declared herself " rejoiced " by the rambling campaigns of " poor Frank," it was surprising how much her coquetry subsided and her gaiety declined during his absence. Instead of the *fontange* with its ribands of cherry color, Milicent's tresses were now confined under as simple a riding-hood as the starchest puritan of them all ; and having laid aside the rhapsodies of Dryden and Nat Lee and the mellifluous vagaries of Waller, she was oftentimes found seated in a favorite arbor of phyllyrea, looking out on the great canal, with a volume of the Pilgrim's Progress open upon her knee.—Whither her thoughts were straying none could tell ;—perhaps they were lost among the knots of a new stomacher ;—perhaps at the siege of Vienna ;—perhaps in the Slough of Despond !—

It is needless to relate how slowly the monotonous years passed away at Cressingham Hall ; or how many hogsheads of wormwood wine, or gallons of rosemary water attested the housewifely diligence of its young mistress, when, to the amazement of

their good father and the surprise of his moderately good chaplain, the elder, the fair Milicent, was moved to decline the suit of Lord Keswycke, a worthy gentleman from the North, with the wisdom of fifty years on his brow, and the virtue of half as many annual thousand pounds in his pocket; and who appeared, on the field moreover, in a coach and six surpassing the splendor of the Dutchess of Portsmouth's!—The siege of Vienna and the lady were raised together; and in the course of the same summer, after a submissive epistle claiming pardon of Sir Giles for past offences on the score of youthful intemperance, cousin Frank returned from the Danube;—his handsome face garnished with a pair of mustachios that streamed on the troubled air like the sacred horse-tail of the prophet which he had recently assisted to capture.

The conquering hero came—and all dissensions were speedily forgotten in the enthusiasm of a stretch of heroism, such as had not graced the annals of the House of Cressingham since the Crusades. The knight felt conscious that he could do no less than take by the hand a kinsman who had ventured to take the Turk by the beard,—closed weapon to weapon with a wild Pandour,—and trampled under foot the consecrated standard of Mahommed. Again and more warmly than ever he was welcomed at the Hall;—and amid the florescent marvelousness of his recitals (attested by many an ugly gash, as well as by a complexion of *terra di Sienna*, emulat-

ing the right genuine Mocha on which he had been dieting,.)—Milicent's eyes were seen to recover their sparkling lustre, and her riding-hood to assume something of a more courtly shaping. The clipped arbor was now deserted, or made to shelter a pair of turtle doves in lieu of the solitary sparrow.

But lo! before cousin Frank's complexion had lost a shade of its Hungarian swarthiness under the less fervid skies of Britain, he and the old knight unluckily hit upon a matter of contestation far more stimulant to the wrath of both parties than either the test act, the orthodoxy of Dr. Sancroft, or the authenticity of the Rye-house plot. Francis de Cressingham ventured to demand the hand of his cousin Milicent in marriage;—and Sir Giles scrupled not to inform him that he was a blockhead for his pains!—

It was on a hot, sultry, cross-grained afternoon in August, the chaplain and the ladies had accepted the hint of the knight's loyal toast to retire to their devotions; and the host and the young colonel were left *tête-à-tête*. On the table between them were flagons and flasks, and tall spider-legged rummers; with a dish of mellow jarganelles, over which buzzed a swarm of summer flies and a malignant wasp or so, at which Sir Giles sat fencing with his hunting *couteau*, till his nose grew as red as a love-apple, and his temper correspondently inflamed. After uttering divers pishes and pshaws and other interjections to which Dr. Esdras and the recording angel might have found much to object, he looked down

on his Spanish leather boots, and laid the blame on the twinges of a flying gout ; and it was at this inauspicious moment, that Frank (who, having defied Kara Mustapha and all his hosts, made light of the peevish mood of a country cousin,) with most audacious self-conceit, proceeded to tender his proposals for the hand of his cousin !—The old man winced grievously ; but he no longer ascribed his grimaces to any physical ailment.

“ Look ye here, Colonel Francis de Cressingham,” cried he, striving to subdue his rising choler, but pushing forward the flagons of Rhenish till they chimed together like an alarum. “ I esteem you well as a kinsman, as my father’s ward, as the orphan of a gallant man, and so forth ; but if you fancy that a girl of mine shall ever camp in the tents of Belial ;—if you suppose that Milly de Cressingham has been reared to tramp, at the heels of your troop, starch your ruffles six days o’ the week, and clear accounts with her conscience by half an hour’s whisper in the ear of some confounded jesuit of a confessor on Saturday night,—i’faith you are mistaken, colonel !—plaguily mistaken,—and no thanks to you for the blunder. The wench will carry with her to some honest man’s bosom half of my lands here pinned to her sleeve ; without needing to graft herself and them on the withered branch of her family stock.”

Frank de Cressingham’s reply was given in a tone worthy the fiercest pacha whose scimitar he had seen waving on the walls of Buda ! He swore that, however beneath the notice of a needy knight-baronet,

he might obtain richer and nobler wives than Mistress Milicent of the Hall, any day of the year; boasted his favor both with the king and the duke; denounced his kinsman as obnoxious to the court; nay, even threatened him with the growing ascendancy of popish influence. The old man's rejoinders grew louder and hotter, as he recognised the truth of Frank's allusions to his falling fortunes; and it was well, perhaps, that the dormitory or library of the good doctor was sufficiently near at hand, and his slumbers or studies sufficiently light, to admit of his being roused by the fray. Dr. Esdras rushed into the eating hall, to separate the disputants, just as the hard argument of a heavy parcel-gilt goblet (an heir loom from their common grandsire) was flung at the head of the hero of the Danube!—

It needed not long for Colonel Frank to cause his horse to be saddled for instant departure; yet brief as the period was between his offence and flight, he found leisure for a moment's interview with the lovely origin of both. They met as usual, in the ever-green arbor;—where Frank, with the foam still moist on his lip and the sparkle of rage still bright in his eye, mingled his blessings on herself with curses on her father; implored,—besought,—nay, almost compelled her to fly with him; retraced their long years of tenderness; pictured their still longer years of future separation; till Milicent grew cold and pale as a marble statue in his arms, and the tears rolled down her unconscious cheeks as she listened. But Frank de Cressingham, though brave as a soldier and glow-

ing as a lover, was not endowed with a right generous spirit of humanity ; and in the improvidence of his selfishness, he now ventured to put forth an argument fatal to his cause : he told her that the ruin of her father's house was accomplished ; he entreated her to fly with him from its desolation.—He did not perceive with what thrice holy sanctity he was investing the duty of a daughter !

Assuming a dignity such as had never before elevated her graceful person, Milicent instantly extricated herself from his embraces, and bade him adieu forever. A few minutes afterwards the colonel and his horse were enveloped with clouds of dust on their road back to Whitehall ; and Milly was weeping at the old man's feet. Her father had been insulted ; and the perpetrator of such an offence she no longer recognized as a lover. She implored the forgiveness of her parent,—the forgiveness of Heaven,—for that one short moment of rebellion ; and poor Ursula de Cressingham had a hard task in soothing the ire of the old knight and the tears of her sister.

But the love that is grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength is not to be cast away in an hour, however grievous the backslidings of its object. The indignant daughter wavered not a moment in her determination, nor was there one tear of repentance among the floods with which she bathed the green boughs of the arbor after Cressingham's departure. But she soon grew more than ever attached to the spot ;—coming hither in the first place

to sigh for her lover's offences,—in the next to bewail his departure with Lord Dartmouth's expedition to Tangier ;—and lastly, to commune with her own prudence touching her father's entreaties that she would once more give ear to Lord Keswycke's tender overtures.

The situation of poor old Sir Giles was now indeed, every way deplorable. His health had long been breaking. Early hardships endured during the civil wars had prematurely bowed his frame ;—the consciousness of apostacy, combined with the mortification of beholding the cause he had embraced on the death of his father gradually sink into nothingness, only augmented the mischief ;—while the position of public affairs, the death of Russell and Sydney, and the flagrant malpractices of Jeffries, filled him with consternation.

Every day some harsh warning was breathed in the old man's ears ; every day the denunciations of his young cousin recurred to his memory ; and each retrogressive step taken by the protestant party seemed to augment the triumph of Francis and his own degradation. All these things were solemnly pointed out by old Esdras to the attention of Millicent and her sister. He assured them that their father's injudicious zeal had attracted the fatal notice of the lord chief justice ; that the name of Sir Giles de Cressingham was entered in Jeffrie's black list ; and that nothing less than the protection of a son-in-law rich and influential as the Lord Keswycke, would secure the old knight from impeachment and the

Tower. The two girls, who were no strangers to their father's imprudence of speech and action, trembled while they listened!—and on the very evening of the chaplain's argumentation, Lord Keswycke arrived anew at the Hall!—

But having formerly put to the proof the fair Milicent's inaccessibility to the ordinary temptations of her sex, he this time left the coach and six at Keswycke Moat, and pursued his courtship in the simplest and most straight-forward manner. Perhaps his lordship was conscious of having no extrinsic advantages to match with the heroic vein; for he was a tall, stern, hard-favored, ungainly man; wanting only a Geneva skull-cap and cloak to look the perfect puritan. His voice was tuneless—his manner harsh—his matter dry—his demeanor cold; and but that on the week succeeding his arrival, the old knight her father was subpoenaed to appear before Jeffries as witness on one of those deadly trials manufactured to fill out the purposes of his commission, it is probable that Milicent might have been unable to control her repugnance sufficiently to give him her hand.

But after due self-interrogation, terror-struck by the approaching danger, she finally consented to become Lady Keswycke in time to justify her lord in calling together his retainers, and accompanying his venerable father-in-law to the tribunal in the West:—and when soon afterwards Sir Giles was dismissed with honor from the prosecution, it was rumored in the court and city that his preservation had cost a

sum of five thousand pounds to Milicent's bridegroom. Whole years of tenderness and devotion would not have impressed the heart of his young wife so strongly as that one week of self-sacrifice and generosity!—How could she do otherwise than venerate the hand which had preserved the life of her father!

Lord Keswycke, meanwhile, expressed a decided objection that the Cressingham family should prolong their residence at the old hall. The evil spirit of the new reign was already abroad. Faggots were heard crackling on every side as in the bloody days of Mary, while the martyrdom of Mrs. Gaunt and the Lady Lisle, attested that they were not kindled in vain; nay it was a favorite sport with James to entertain his foreign ambassadors with vaunting narratives of what he facetiously termed the "Campaign of Jeffries!" The revocation of the edict of Nantes had cut off even the hope of a refuge in France; and Milicent, while she contemplated the perils and dangers of her infirm parent, offered up fervent thanksgivings to heaven for having afforded the means of securing him a strong-hold against his enemies, and a shelter for his old age. With her father and her sister as her inmates, her dreaded residence at Keswycke Moat lost all or half its terrors.

But though many persons averred that the stern bridegroom was mainly anxious to remove her from a spot pointed out by Esdras as replete with associations inimical to the growth of wedded love, the world

was, as usual, mistaken.—However little calculated to shine at Whitehall, or vie with the attractions of the cavalier cousin's sweeping plume and mustachios, Keswycke was a man of unswerving honor; nor would he have raised to his bosom a wife whose virtue he deemed it necessary to fence round with such fierce guardianship. Milicent might have loitered out the remainder of her days in the phyllyrea bosquet, without exciting any alarm in her husband beyond that of her catching the ague from the malaria of the stagnant canal.

And well did the lovely bride repay this honest confidence in her prudence. In ceasing to be a child, Milicent had put away childish things. Her lover's egotism, her father's danger, her husband's excellence, had sobered her fancy and strengthened her character. Like "the gentle lady wedded to the Moor," she beheld her husband's image in his mind,—or rather had ceased to notice the uncomeliness of his aspect;—but, apprehending the holy value of the name of wife and reverencing the mighty importance of its duties, she felt that she had a part to play in the sight of man, and the sight of God; and that, having fallen upon a period of national trouble, it was incumbent on her to meet the tumult with redoubled firmness, even as the mountain shrubs root themselves the stronger for the tempest.

Lord Keswycke, if he did not yet touch her heart, already commanded her respect. He was neither gracious nor graceful; but his every word was bright with meaning—his every action with no-

bleness. She looked up to his intellectual superiority as to the majesty of the firmament over her head, which, transparent as it is, no eye can search or measure ; and grew more important in her own eyes, on finding herself valued and approved by a being of such eminent endowments. She knew (for Keswycke was not the man to bestow his name on one he deemed unworthy his utmost confidence), that it was to *him* the protestant party looked for furtherance and protection against the innovations of a despotic king and corrupt ministry. She knew that he afforded the connecting link between the Court of the Hague and the people of Britain ; that it needed but the uplifting of his hand for Mary of Orange to appear on her native shores, and assume a throne forfeited by her father's blind and bigoted defiance of its laws and constitution. She knew that on the acquittal of the bishops at their trial at Westminster, it was Keswycke's name that was shouted loudest by the rejoicing populace ; that it was *his* influence which upheld the opposition of the University of Oxford to the imperious mandates of the king—that the chief men of the city—the chief prelates—the chief jurists,—were in constant and confidential communication with Keswycke Moat.—Yet in spite of all this, Milicent feared nothing for his safety ; for she also knew the purity of his life, the steadiness of his judgment, and the total absence of worldly and interested motives from his proceedings. She saw that his measures were taken for conscience sake ; that he was above the influence of ambition, beyond

the reach of venal calculations ;—the diligent servant of God, the vigilant master of his own passions ;—and believed him as secure as the ark of the covenant from the touch of a lawless sovereign. It was not with her liege lord as with her rash and vacillating father.

Keswycke could have said or done or thought no weak or evil thing ; and Milicent was as proud of the greatness of her husband's mind as many women would have been at the mightiness of his estate and condition. Once or twice it was insinuated to her by old Sir Giles, now verging on his dotage, that Francis de Cressingham, (who was well known as an accredited emissary between the courts of James and of the Vatican, or rather as the efficacious agent between Father Petre, the royal confessor, and his own uncle, Cardinal Howard,) had pointed out the popular influence of Lord Keswycke as a matter of peril and terror to the weak minds of James and his queen ; and that a system of espionage was accordingly instituted in the environs of Keswycke Moat. Yet still Milicent feared nothing. Whenever Ursula was moved to the acknowledgment of her apprehensions, her sister did but incite her to join more fervently in prayer for their mutual consolation, and more actively in study for the engrossment of their faculties, lest she should be induced into the frailty of weak-heartedness in her lord's behalf.

"There is a mighty duty in his hand," said she, as they walked side by side along the stately terraces of the old castle. "The fate of nations is com-

mitted to his charge,—the welfare of millions,—the destinies of interminable posterity. Shall I then,—even I,—by my weak terrors molest my husband in his most responsible career, or add one thorn to the anxieties of his arduous undertakings?—No, no! Ursula:—if I am weak, pray that I may be strengthened,—if perplexed, pray that my paths may be made straight;—but hazard not one word to me of my husband's danger, lest I grow faint in my good intent. Talk to me of other things. The earth with its flowers, which is so bright around us;—the Heavens with their stars, which are so bright above;—futurity with its hopes, brighter, yea! a thousand-fold brighter, beyond.—Let us talk of these things, Ursula; nor linger one sentence longer amid the political dissensions of a misgoverned nation."

So steadfast was Milicent in this prudent and virtuous resolve, that throughout the perils which ensued, though her frame wasted to a shadow and her voice grew even as a whisper for very wretchedness, she breathed not a word of fear or misgiving.

From the momentous period of the landing of William, she suffered no hour of the twenty-four—no moment of any hour—to remain unoccupied; for now,—for the first time since her marriage, she was withdrawn from her husband's company. Lord Kerwycke had hastened, by pre-appointment with the Lord Churchill and the Duke of Grafton to join the protestant prince at Axminster;—and even at the moment of bidding him farewell, Milicent had the noble fortitude to say—"God speed him!" with-

out embittering their parting-embrace by a single tear. She looked upon him as a nuncio of Heaven, going forth to fulfil his master's work; nor was it till after his departure, after the old gates of the Moat had actually closed upon the last straggler of his train, that she fell down on the threshold in a deep swoon, struggling for hours between death and life, while the doting old knight tore his gray hair by her bedside, and Ursula sat chafing her cold hands without hope of her recovery. Her disorders arose, however, from weakness of body, not weakness of mind. Her soul was worthy of her husband and his cause; and, in the course of a day or two, she was enabled to rise and go into her oratory, and pray with all her spirit for a blessing on the absent one.—“He saved my father;—he is about to save my country:—strengthen him, O Lord God, with thy mighty power; and prosper his undertaking!” said Milicent; and, in the sight of Heaven at least, she had no need to check the bitterness of her agony.

Her prayers were heard!—the hour of danger passed away!—But although Milicent knew him to be standing at the king's right hand at Westminster, she had prudence to refrain from joining her husband in the capital, or from interceding for a short visit to the Moat, lest she should intercept, however slightly, the fulfilment of his public duties. Mighty indeed had been the strife within her soul, and mighty the anguish of her heart, during the political conflicts of that bloodless revolution. But still more mighty was her reward when, summoned by her lord to their

new residence at court, she heard his name shouted by the grateful populace as he approached ; and, amid the tears that sprung into her eyes and which she was no longer compelled to repress, hailed for the first time the countenance she loved, brightened by the sunshine of perfect contentment !—The destinies of his country were secured, and Milicent was again in his arms !—

Amid the tumult of this unhopcd-for triumph, Lady Keswycke and her lord were summoned to receive the old man her father's dying benediction ; and it was an affecting thing to hear the aged knight, reversing the law of nature, render thanks to his child that she had solaced him, and supported him, and had been a stay to his feeble footsteps. He bequeathed his daughter Ursula to the guardianship of his high-minded son-in-law as to that of a second providence ; and then like Simeon was ready to "depart in peace, now that his eyes had seen the salvation of the Lord : " leaving it to his daughters, to carry back the remains of their old father to the abode of his ancestors,—where he had hoped to return and find a tranquil home, and where it was their pious duty to lay his gray head in the grave.

Some years had now elapsed since they quitted Cressingham. The hall had grown damp and gloomy, even to the uttermost desolation ; while the gardens, like every spot recommitted to the hand of nature, were only the more beautiful in proportion to their abandonment. The trimmed shrubs had shot forth into a natural shape ; the flowers, un-

checked and unpruned, had sprung up as in a wilderness of blossom; song-birds had built unheeded on every side; and even the wild bees now deposited their treasures in the clefts of its solitary trees. As the sisters bent their steps on the evening of their arrival across the weedy gravel, or ascended the mossy stone steps of the terrace—startled in their turn by the wood-pigeons they scared from their nests, Ursula vainly attempted to beguile her sister from the path leading to the phyllyrea bower. “Nay, let us not bend our steps thitherward,” faltered she at length, fancying that the spot would present painful recollections to the mind of Lady Keswycke.

“And wherefore not?”—answered Milicent, in her own sweet stedfast voice, turning upon her sister a countenance that their father’s recent death had stripped of its natural bloom. “It is my place of triumph, Ursula!—the spot where I was tempted—the spot where I was sustained against temptation. But for that green arbor and its scene of parting I had followed my youth’s vain fancy, and never been blest as the wedded wife of the noblest of mankind; had never enjoyed the triumph of being dearest of all to one whose love extends to the meanest of his fellow-creatures:—the glory of holding a part in that mind to which the nations of the earth turn for guidance and instruction:—the holy joy of knowing myself a first object in those prayers, betwixt which and Heaven no vile or worldly object interposeth!—My sister—my dear sister,—look around! look at these shapeless walls of verdure, these do-

caying benches, this weed-entangled ground under our feet ;—and then thank Heaven for me that they were made to bear witness to my eternal separation from one who would have had me desert my father in his falling fortunes !”

The influence of a woman thus gifted was necessarily great at the sober court of the new queen ; where, solely against her will and solely in obedience to her husband, Lady Keswycke had undertaken the post of Lady of the Bed-chamber. Resigning the tranquil seclusion of Keswycke Moat for the stir and pageantry of Hampton Court,—and elbowed in the antechamber of the palace of St. Jame’s instead of presiding over the restoration of the Cressingham estates,—Millicent, over whom from her youth upward the word duty possessed a paramount authority, renounced without repining the simple habits which her country breeding rendered second nature. The buoyancy of her youthful gaiety had long been subdued into the matronly dignity of a wife ; but an innocent joyousness of spirit still sparkled in her eyes whenever Keswycke’s weight in the council, or arguments in the House, or favor with all classes of the realm ; were commended in her hearing.

It was the custom of Queen Mary to sit amid the ladies of her court, engaged in needlework, or other exercises which could be made available to benevolent purposes ; and among these the Lady Keswycke was the fairest, and most graceful, and most favored. Her prudence, her dignified humility, as well as her

enthusiasm in the cause sanctioned by a father and a husband, rendered her an invaluable companion to her majesty ; and when, sixteen months afterwards, the king departed on his Irish expedition, it was in the bosom of her friend (her friend—not favorite) that the daughter of James—the wife of William—deposited her two-fold sorrow. And well indeed could Milicent appreciate their influence ; and earnestly did she rejoice that the necessity of Keswycke's presence in the council prevented him from following the fortunes of his royal master. He had been appointed by the king, with seven other statesmen, to exercise a direct influence over the measures of the Queen ; and his position as the husband of her favorite friend having invested him in the royal mind with a degree of interest beyond that of the Lords Carmarthen and Nottingham, his time was soon wholly engrossed by hurried journeys between Windsor and Whitehall.

But the crisis of Milicent's destiny was now at hand.—One morning, some days after the arrival of intelligence of the battle of the Boyne, Ursula de Cressingham burst with frantic gestures and quivering lips, into the cabinet of her sister.

"Weep with me," cried she ; "weep with me :—our fathers house is dishonored ! Frank,—our cousin Frank—our play-mate,—the hand-in-hand companion of our childhood—is a prisoner ; ay, and likely to perish by an ignominious death !"

"The clemency of the king is well known," said

Milicent, coldly ; “ nor is it the custom of modern warfare to injure an honorable captive.”

“ Alas, alas !” cried Ursula, “ can I, dare I, tell you all and move you to interfere in his behalf ?— Shall I avow the weakness of my heart ?—Yes ! I love him, Milly ;—love him with all the fervor of womanly attachment !—While the eyes of our cousin Francis were riveted on *you*, mine saw nothing on this earth besides himself. Judge, therefore, my dearest sister, judge of my feelings on learning that a great victory has blessed the protestant host ; and that the papers of the Lord Tirconnell having fallen into the hands of the victors, a horrible plot has been discovered for the assassination of the king’s majesty.—Sister,—it is rumored that a De Cressingham is the enemy to whom was delegated the perpetration of the crime !”

“ Great Heaven !” exclaimed Milicent, “ I thank thee that my father did not live to see this day !”

“ He is innocent !—our cousin is innocent !” cried Ursula.

“ Surely it is guilt enough to be accessable to the charge of so heinous an enormity,” said Lady Keswycke, shuddering with horror.

“ And has your heart no memory ?”—ejaculated Ursula : “ do you recollect nothing of your childish endearments,—your youth ful - friendships !—The same blood which flows in the breast of Francis, animated our father’s ; would you see it outpoured on a scaffold ?—Would you hear the name of your forefathers profaned by the common voice as that of a

traitor and malefactor?—Your influence is great with your lord. Plead with him,—plead with him,—and save our kinsman from this disgraceful end!”

“Leave me”—said the lady, bestowing a warm sisterly embrace upon the trembling Ursula; I have need to ponder upon these things.”

Milicent was seated at her tiring mirror when her sister burst into her chamber;—and there she still sat,—perplexed by that stir of pulse which, however great the influence of female prudence, is apt to wake anew on mention of the lover of our youth. The recollection of those early days was as a far-off vision connected with her mother’s endearments, her father’s pride in her well-doing;—with holy memories of the dead, with holy reliance on the living. It was strange, she thought, that her sister’s partiality should have escaped her observation. Was it vanity that had blinded her eyes?—Had her persuasion of her cousin Frank’s exclusive devotion to herself rendered her insensible to the possibility of his becoming an object of attachment to another?—How came it, too, that Francis should have overlooked the lighter and brighter graces of her young sister, when connected with this flattering partiality?—Milicent was still but five-and-twenty years of age; and in spite of all her prudence, an involuntary glance bent itself on her tiring glass for a reply to the question?—

That Francis was really guilty of the offence laid to his charge, did not for a moment occupy her fears.

A de Cressingham turn assassin?—No, no, Frank

might have subjected himself to suspicion—but to become a deliberate murder?—Impossible!—She knew him to be deeply pledged to the fugitive king,—the advocate and upholder of his most obnoxious measures. He had probably been induced into some outrage whereby still deadlier suspicions became attached to his designs.

What was to be done?—The court was at Hampton; and Keswycke had but an hour before departed on state business for an audience with the queen. Should she despatch an express to him, imploring his intercession?—Alas! how hard the task to commence a letter to the lofty Keswycke with an allusion to her girlish weakness,—with the narrative of a love tale!—But there was no time for deliberation. In the midst of her perplexities, Ursula claimed admittance, and placing the Gazette in her hand pointed out to her horror-struck eyes the ancient name of her house pointed out in large capitals to the detestation of the kingdom!—Yes, all was too true. Among the papers left by King James on his precipitate flight from Dublin, was a letter (addressed to the queen from St. Germain) detailing a plan of assassination, whereby Sir Francis de Cressingham had undertaken to cut off his royal son-in-law!

“This is no business for Keswycke’s interference,” cried Milicent, drawing on her hood. “For twenty cousins or twenty worlds I would not peril his noble name by entanglement in so vile a thing!—But the queen loves me,—I will try my own influence over

her heart. God has been merciful to her in sparing the lives of her father and husband in this unnatural conflict ; let her show mercy in return."

When the Lady Keswycke's coach entered the quadrangle of the palace at Hampton, all appeared in confusion. Courtiers were thronging in on every side to tender loyal congratulations to her majesty, who was still occupied with her cabinet council ;—but on the announcement of a lady of the bedchamber, respectful way was made ; and Milicent was able to take her seat nearest the door of the audience chamber, and await as patiently as she might the coming forth of the queen. No one approached her. The name of Cressingham seemed to have communicated some fatal infection to Lord Keswycke's wife ;—and the courtiers and the ladies of the household stood in groups afar off, smiling and sneering and admiring how soon the rumor of her family's shame had brought the favorite of the queen to be a waiter in antechambers !—

But Milicent saw them not—heard them not—heeded them not !—She had drawn her hood closer over her face. Her thoughts were far away in the dimness of years ; her heart was back again to the green arbor.—Again she seemed to see the fiery youth at her feet ; again she seemed to shudder and recoil as he denounced her father to be a ruined man, and invited her to forsake him in his helplessness. But for that spot and for that hour she might now have been the wife of a convicted traitor and malefactor !—Had she not cause for thankfulness

to the Almighty Being, by whom her determination had been inspired?—

But Milicent's prudence was about to encounter a new ordeal. On entering the presence, to which she was now hastily summoned, she discovered that she had to confront not only the searching gaze of her royal mistress, but the wondering looks of her husband, and the some-what supercilious smile of Bishop Burnet, who stood at the queen's right hand. Milicent's footsteps trembled for the first time on approaching an earthly throne; but after kissing the hand, she unhesitatingly kneeled down, and implored in simple terms the queen's clemency for her cousin, Sir Francis de Cressingham.

Never before had Lady Keswycke perceived the angry blood rise to the brow of her royal patroness! Mary, who resented not this bold application as a queen, but as a wife, hastily demanded, while her eyes sparkled with anger, whether the Lady Keswycke in hazarding so audacious a supplication could be aware of the crime of which that person stood accused?

Milicent clasped her hands; but said not a word in reply.

"Let, me hear no more, of it!" said her majesty, seating herself beside the council table with an air of dignity she was rarely seen to assume, "*or I may be tempted to inquire to what strange influence over the wife of Lord Keswycke, the traitor Cressingham is indebted for this eager intercession!*"

Even this harsh taunt did not divert the lady from her purpose.

"Suffer me, madam, to forestal the question," said she, striving to assume a composed demeanor:—and without rising from her kneeling position, and regardless of the stern gaze fixed by Keswycke and the queen upon her face, she proceeded to relate all;—her cousin's hereditary devotion to the house of Stuart,—his intemperance of spirit,—his betrothment to herself,—his interest in the heart of her only sister.

Mary bent a significant look towards Lord Keswycke, who was visibly affected by the narration.

"Rise!" said he, raising Milicent from her knees with an air of inexpressible dignity; "rise, my beloved wife, nor humble yourself further for this thing. Your kinsman is beyond reach of the mercy or vengeance of kings. A price was set upon his head; and being overtaken, Francis de Cressingham perished in the ignoble scuffle of capture. See, madam," said he, replying with proud consciousness to the glance of the queen "My Milicent blanches not!—Your Majesty will now graciously admit that her petition arose not from any unworthy predilection. Blessed is the husband whose heart, in spite of insinuation—in spite of prejudice—in spite of every sinister appearance—is anchored on the unswerving prudence of a virtuous wife!"

It was a proud moment for Lady Keswycke.

Mary,—generously retracting her momentary mistrust,—caused the doors of the presence-chamber to be thrown open, and walked forth into the gallery betwixt herself and her lord.

“For once, my lord, the text is at fault!”—whispered the queen to Bishop Burnet, as she saw her two friends depart together in undiminished love and confidence:—“The children of this world are not *always* wiser in their generation than the children of light!”



AN ODDITY
OF THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



AN ODDITY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

VALUABLE hints concerning the morals and manners of an historical epoch, are often to be derived from the sectional history of persons, little distinguished from the mass by virtue, understanding, or social position. The flippant dandyism of the regency for instance, would be better understood by posterity, from a perusal of the memoirs of Beau Brummell than from half a hundred more important biographies ; and the corruption and coarseness engendered in the higher classes of female society, toward the close of the last century, by the prevalence of gaming, could not be better illustrated than by a correct picture of the *coterie* of Albina, Countess of Buckinghamshire ; or a sketch of Lady Betty Luttrell, who closed a disgraceful life, sweeping the streets of Norwich, as the penalty for an act of swindling.

As regards the manners of the present day, we could point out a dozen individuals, both living and recently defunct, a sketch of whose lives and appearance would do more to illustrate the reigns of our

two last sovereigns, than all that has been sung by the laureat, or said by the Cabinet Cyclopædias and Penny Magazines—those chartered chronicles of useful knowledge. But it is probable that posterity will judge us from the discreet pages of partial biographers; and pronounce upon the nineteenth century, in the prim attitude in which it places itself when avowedly sitting for its picture.

Nothing is more amusing than to find an occasional rent in the tapestry of history, through which its reverse may be examined. The stately times of Louis XIV., for instance, and the formal epoch of Louis XIII.;—how delightful to find them divested of their tinsel and buckram, in the pages of some contemporary, and ex-professional writer. How diverting, for instance, and how characteristic is the career of the eccentric Madame Pilau!

“But who,” we hear our readers exclaim, “who on earth was Madame Pilau? We never even heard the name! It is certainly not of literary—it is certainly not of political interest. It must be some foolish *nom de guerre*!”

Yet, time was, and only a trifle of two hundred years ago, that not to know Madame Pilau was to argue yourself unknown. The first remark hazarded in Paris, in the occurrence of any extraordinary event, from the queen and her court down to the quizzical old Hugonot ladies, residing between the Faubourg St. Antoine, and Charenton, was, “What will Madame Pilau say of it?”

During the ascendancy of Cardinal Richelieu,

Madame Pilau was the privileged Mrs. Grundy of the French capital. She was allowed to say any thing that came into her head, because nothing seemed to come into it but what was worth saying. She was the pacificator of family feuds—the banterer of all established abuses, the bringer to reason of all obstinate old men, or fanciful old women;—the Mrs. Makepeace, in short, of both the court and the city.

“But to attain this singular ascendancy,” methinks we hear our readers resume, “this woman must have been extraordinarily beautiful; or backed by great advantages of birth and fortune?”

So far from it, that she is recorded to have been, from her earliest youth, the ugliest woman ever beheld. She knew it, and took pleasure in adverting on all occasions to her own unseemliness. “I am the only woman in the world,” she used to say, “who have accepted with a courtesy those two grievous misfortunes, called ugliness and old age.”

With regard to her origin, Madame Pilau was the daughter of one obscure attorney, and married to another. She appears to have been born about the year 1580;—for at the coronation of Louis XIV., in 1654, at which she figured, she was more than seventy years of age. A small fortune, bequeathed to her by a certain Madame la Fosse, a rich widow of no great reputation, afforded her the means of mixing in society; and her gay humor and serviceable disposition, soon rendered her a general favorite! Her husband's residence was in the Rue

St. Antoine, containing, at that time a considerable number of the hotels of the highest aristocracy, and closely adjoining the Place Royale ; so that, inhabiting the most fashionable quarter of the town, she was in some sort intermingled with the great world.

The ladies of the Place Royale (the Grosvenor-square of Paris, during the reign of Louis XIII.) did not enjoy the most unsullied reputation ; and if we are to believe the songs, and Pont Neufs of her day, Madame Pilau, who, from her extreme ugliness was exempt from all suspicion of gallantry, passed for being an evil counsellor to those younger and handsomer than herself. It was said or sung of the beautiful Madame de Maison, first, that she was no longer so cruel,

" Depuis qu'elle fût à St. Cloud
Avec Madame Pilau ;"

and of the celebrated Madame de Chalais we learn,

* Brian Sanpire
Et n'ose dire

A la Chalais qu'elle fait son martyre,
Un moment sans la voir lui semble une heure
Et Madame Pilau veut qu'il en meure."

The good lady herself, however, seems to have greatly resented, and completely exculpated herself from such accusations.

" It is not my fault," she observed publicly to the Bishop of Langres, at a great dinner at his house, " that the morals of the Place Royale are at so low an ebb. When first admitted to the society of Madame

de Rohan and her set, which I find remarkably agreeable, I soon saw that a woman who had so little birth or beauty to recommend her, would be voted insupportable if she set up for a rigid moralist, and was always intruding her lectures. "Those who see me on terms of familiarity with these gay ladies, are charitable enough to suppose that I am at heart no better than the rest; whereas, if the truth were known, it would be found that I have kept more of them out of mischief, than they care to admit."

On her own showing, however, we perceive that Madame Pilau's advice chiefly regarded the propriety of keeping up appearances. Prudence and not virtue was the one thing needful.

"Why in the world must you commit yourself by writing to your lover?" was her inquiry of Madame de Castille, and a circle of her giddy associates.

"Because without an interchange of letters, we should feel that we were entertaining them no better than chambermaids!" was their reply.

A, correspondence was at that time an affair of first-rate pedantry. Most of these thoughtless women belonged eventually to the set of the Hotel Rambouillet; to deride whose pretensions to wit, Molière wrote his inimitable comedy of "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*."

Madame Pilau was a prodigious favorite with the Cardinal de Richelieu, who appreciated her strong natural sense, and was amused by her anecdotes concerning the great families of France. As far as her

bon mots have reached our time, they consist in straightforward exposition of the plainest truths, in language far from refined. Anne of Austria, who often invited her into her private circle, used to laugh heartily at her sallies; and during a dangerous illness, by which the old lady was attacked fifteen years previous to her death, both the king and the queen-mother used to call daily at her door to make personal inquiries on their way from Vincennes to the Louvre.

Her bosom friend, the Princesse de Guéménée, used to say to the queen, "Make Madame Pilau divert your majesty with such and such an anecdote,"—alluding to various stories she had been heard to recount at the arsenal, which was the resort of all the wits and fashion of the day.

During the troubles of the Fronde, the inhabitants of the quarter St. Antoine were in the greatest consternation in the expectation of a blockade. Madame Pilau hurried to the President de Chévry for his advice, who assured her that the enemy would indeed force their entrance by the Porte St. Antoine, and that their cannon would be so placed as to sweep the whole street.

"Never mind," said Madame Pilau; "in that case, I will creep into the crooked cross-streets."

The President at length succeeded, however, in persuading her to decamp from her house; and as her husband had been many years bed-ridden, she

took an affectionate leave of him previous to her departure.

I am forced to take myself off to the other end of the town," said she. "You, my dear good man, have nothing to fear. When the troops come into your room, you have only to close your eyes and pretend to be dead."

This *ruse* perfectly succeeded. A few years afterwards Pilau departed this life in reality, leaving his widow in such easy circumstances, that she was thenceforward called "Pilau the Dowager."

She had one son who was of a devout turn of mind. They resided together; and instead of making a display of their wealth, gave away large sums in charity to the poor. When her son injured his health by the strictness of his devotional practices, Madame Pilau exclaimed, "What can you mean, my dear Robert, by all these efforts? Do you want to go a step beyond paradise?"

In all respects, her son was a source of annoyance to her. Her house and establishment were models of neatness and elegance, and visited by the first society of the court; but the dirty habits of Robert Pilau often put matters into confusion.

"Don't worry yourself, mother; I shall improve as I grow older," said the sloven; and he was then in the fifty-third year of his age.

His mother once made him a present of a handsome winter mantle, which accorded so ill with the rest of his dress, that he was taken for a thief who

had made away with a rich cloak, and so severely beaten in the street that his life was despaired of. Robert Pilau made it his last request that those by whom he had been injured might not be prosecuted. Being nearly as eccentric as his mother, he had made an enormous collection of invitations to funerals—the *billets d'enterrement* still in use among the French.

Madame Pilau was occasionally diverted in public, by overhearing exclamations of horror at her extreme ugliness.

“ Ah ! my pretty lady,” she would reply, “ I have worn better than you will. Such as I am now, I was at fifteen. Which of you, at seventy years of age, will be able to say as much ?”

In the “ *Clélie*” of Mademoiselle de Scudery, she figures under the name of Arricidie, as a person of singular philosophy, but the highest merit. On visiting the authoress a short time after the publication of the work she observed, “ You must be indeed a woman of genius, for you have converted an old rag into cloth of gold.”

Madame Pilau was frequently applied to by families of distinction to undertake explanations requiring more than usual firmness and presence of mind. The Dutches d'Aumont used to say, “ When Madame Pilau is no more, how will people ever obtain justice from their relations ?” Nothing, however, would ever induce her to recommend a servant or a tradesperson ; “ offices,” she said, “ in which peo-

ple were sure to disoblige all parties." Her functions, indeed, were of a far higher order. When the Duc de Tresmes, at eighty years of age, was on the point of death, no one could induce him to perform the customary offices of religion. His son, the Marquis de Gesvres, consequently addressed himself to Madame Pilau, who visited the sick man, and, though insulted by his physicians, who bade her "hold her preaching," persevered till she succeeded.

She was also frequently selected to undertake the charge of large sums of money for her friends. On one occasion she missed five hundred livres from a sum thus deposited, and thought proper to discharge a favorite servant, the only person besides herself who had access to it, and who chose to resent her inquiries. It afterwards appeared that the owner of the money had returned furtively, and carried off the missing sum, which he had placed in a small bag expressly for the purpose of theft, as remorse eventually urged him to confess. Madame Pilau immediately recalled her servant. "I paid you handsomely on dismissing you," said she, "that it might not be said I picked a quarrel with one of my household as a pretext for a shabby action. I now give you a pension for life of two hundred livres, in atonement of an unjust suspicion; and if you choose to return to my service, I will double your wages."

When she was on a visit to the Princess de Gué-

ménée, at the Chateau of Meudon, Servieu, the *sur-intendant des finances* (a man enormously rich and influential), gave a magnificent entertainment, to which Madame Pilau accompanied her friends the Rohans. Servieu, enchanted to receive a person so universally known, made her unlimited offers of service.

“Keep your good intentions for those who are in need of them,” she replied. “Robert Pilau and I are too well off to stand in need of you. All I request is, that whenever we meet, you will be as gracious as you are at Meudon, for you have nothing to fear from me. I am one of the few persons who never have any thing to ask of you ; and am probably the only one in France who dare say so in such plain terms.”

One day, when visiting at the Hôtel de Chaulnes, the duchess did something to offend her. “Because you are a duchess, and I the wife of an attorney, you fancy yourself privileged to be impertinent,” cried she ; “but either you must treat me with the respect due to your guest, or I will never set foot in your house again. I am independent in mind and circumstances, and care very little to reckon a duchess more or less of my acquaintance.” She had scarcely left the hotel when the Duchesse de Chaulnes wrote her a letter of apology couched in the handsomest terms.

Madame Pilau had a similar explanation with Chavigny, then one of the most influential men in the

kingdom ; who ever afterwards treated her with the utmost deference, and forestalled all her requests. The Cardinal de la Valette, however, whom she offended by her plain speaking, threatened to have her tied upon the bronze horse placed in the centre of the Pont Neuf.

During her widowhood, three different suitors pretended to the hand of Madame Pilau. "But I must do them the justice to add," she used to say in telling the story, "that all three have since died in the *Pétites Maisons*" (a lunatic asylum). One day the Abbé de Lenoncourt attacked her with ill-timed pleasantries in a large party. "May I inquire, sir, whether you have been condemned to be witty by a decree of parliment?" said she. "Nothing short of *that* can excuse your attempt." On another occasion the curé of a parish announced a series of sermons from the pulpit against dancing. Madame Pilau paid him a visit and advised him to desist. "You are talking of what you know nothing about," said she. "*You* have never been to a ball, *I* have ; and can assure you that there is no sin in the matter worth mentioning."

Whenever any droll occurrence took place in Paris, Anne of Austria used to observe, "Madame Pilau would be worth hearing on that subject." On a certain occasion, the Cardinal de Richelieu, aware that Madame Pilau was acquainted with a thousand curious particulars of the life of the President de Chévré, one of the most irregular men of those irregular

times, entreated her to favor him with a few anecdotes ; but not a syllable could be extorted from her, as she was apprehensive of doing an injury to the son of the president, who still survived.

A woman of fashion, who was confessing to her that she had a lover, a secretary of legation, seemed inclined to boast that this was a solitary error. "*Ma mie!*" replied the shrewd old lady, "I see nothing to be proud of. There is more distance between none and one, than between one and a thousand."

At eighty-six years of age, Madame Pilau was near coming to an untimely end, from lighting a taper at a poisoned candle, composed by some lackeys for the purpose of stupefying one of their comrades. The old lady was recovered with some difficulty by the prompt administration of an antidote. Louis XIV. sent his first physician, Monsieur Valot, to attend her during her illness.

Madame Pilau was known by sight by half the population of Paris. When the remains of the Cardinal de Richelieu were lying in state, there was a great confusion among the carriages at the gates of the Palais Royal, which caused much consternation among the ladies. Madame Pilau, who was old and infirm, found herself suddenly lifted off her legs, and carried in the arms of a well-dressed man through the whole suit of apartments. She was the only one of her party who saw any thing. On turning to thank her assistant, "You don't know me," said he, "but you once took an occasion of obliging *me*, as

you have thousands ; and I am happy in an opportunity of being useful in return."

Once, as she was hurrying to a grand church solemnity at the Minimes of the Place Royale, her foot slipped, and she fell into the mud. Her servants wished her to return and change her dress. "No, no !" said she, "There will scarcely be a vacant seat at church, and, in my present pickle, every one will be glad to get out of my way." By this means she obtained a seat.

When the Prince de Condé was attacking Paris, in 1652, "Your only object," said she to the prince, "is to effect the ruin of Cardinal de Richelieu ; and a pretty piece of work you are likely to make of it ! All your efforts will only establish him more firmly in power. You put the queen in fear of you ; who fancies that, but for the assistance of the cardinal, it would be all over with her."

Madame Pilau survived to an extreme old age : and as she had no capacity for reading or amusing herself at home, she became eventually a nuisance to her acquaintance. The above particulars concerning her are attested by the MSS. of her contemporary and friend, Des Réaux, extant in the Royal library of Paris.

THE END.

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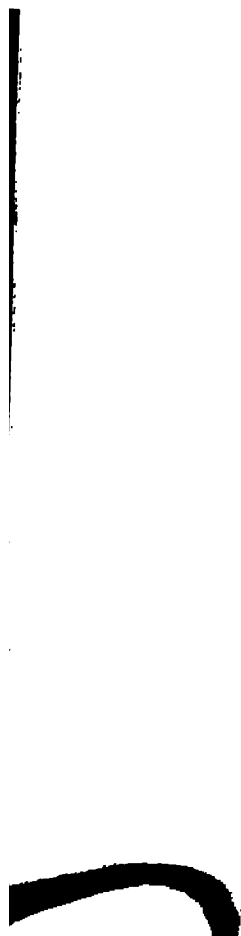


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